NEW YORK GAZETTE: William F. Buckley Jr., John Leonard, Stanley Siegel, Isaac Asimov, David Mamet, and others cover the city. Plus a jumbo Will Weng crossword puzzle!

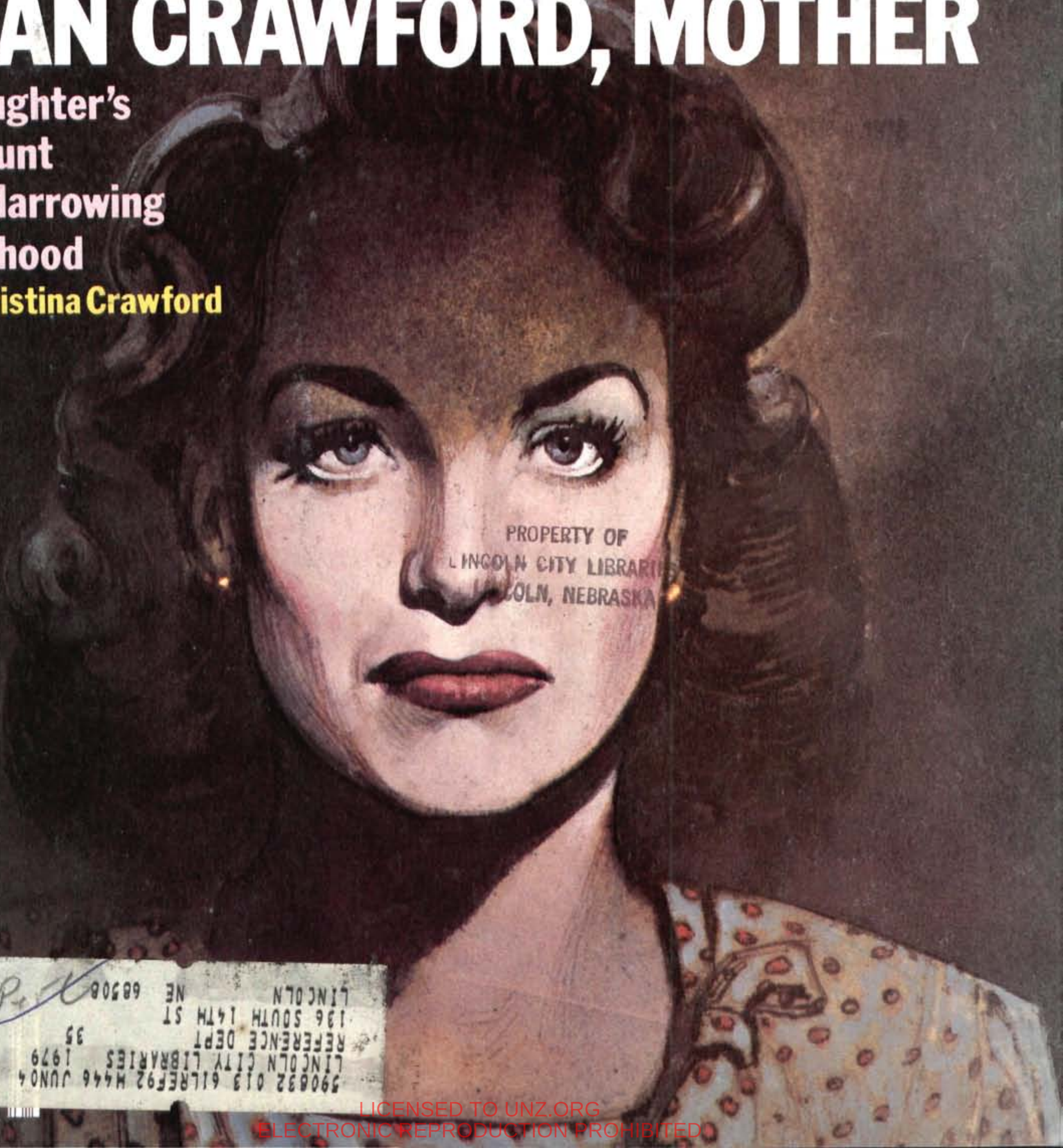
ONE DOLLAR
SEPTEMBER 4, 1978

NEW YORK

JOAN CRAWFORD, MOTHER

A Daughter's Account Of a Harrowing Childhood

By Christina Crawford



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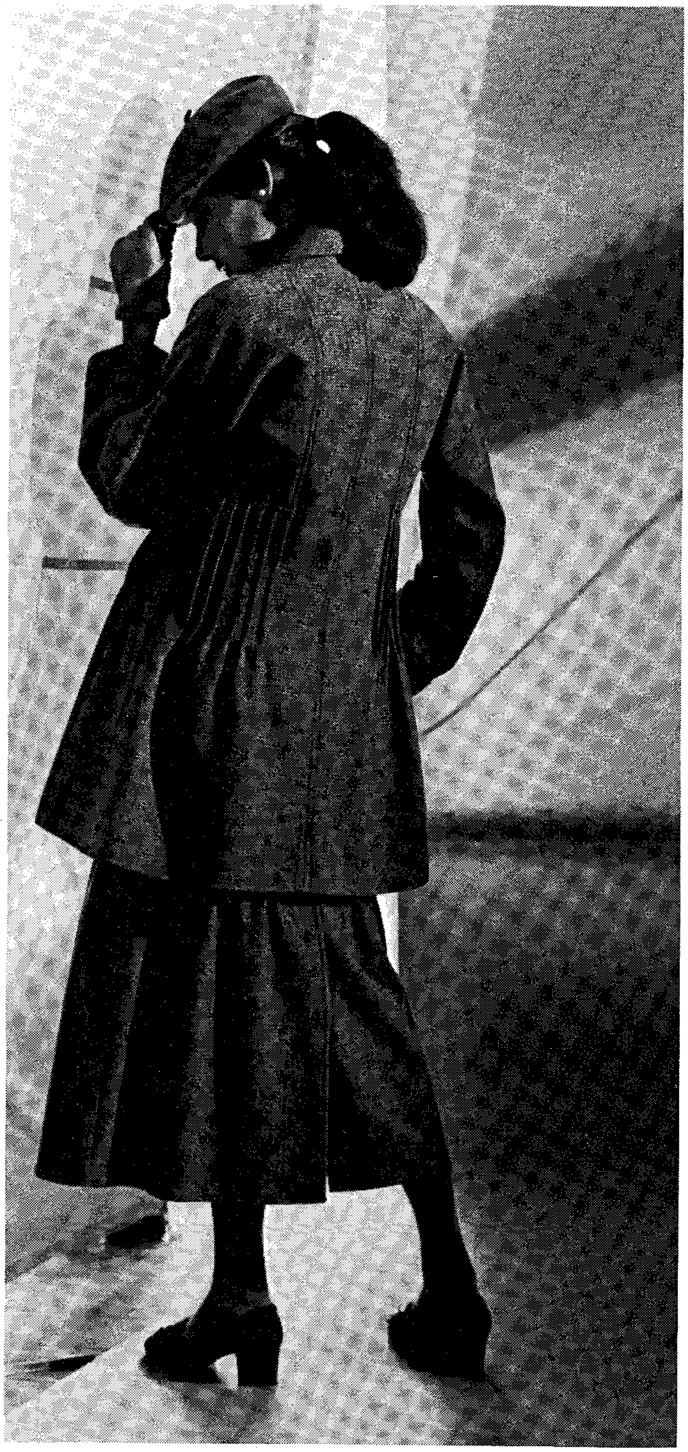

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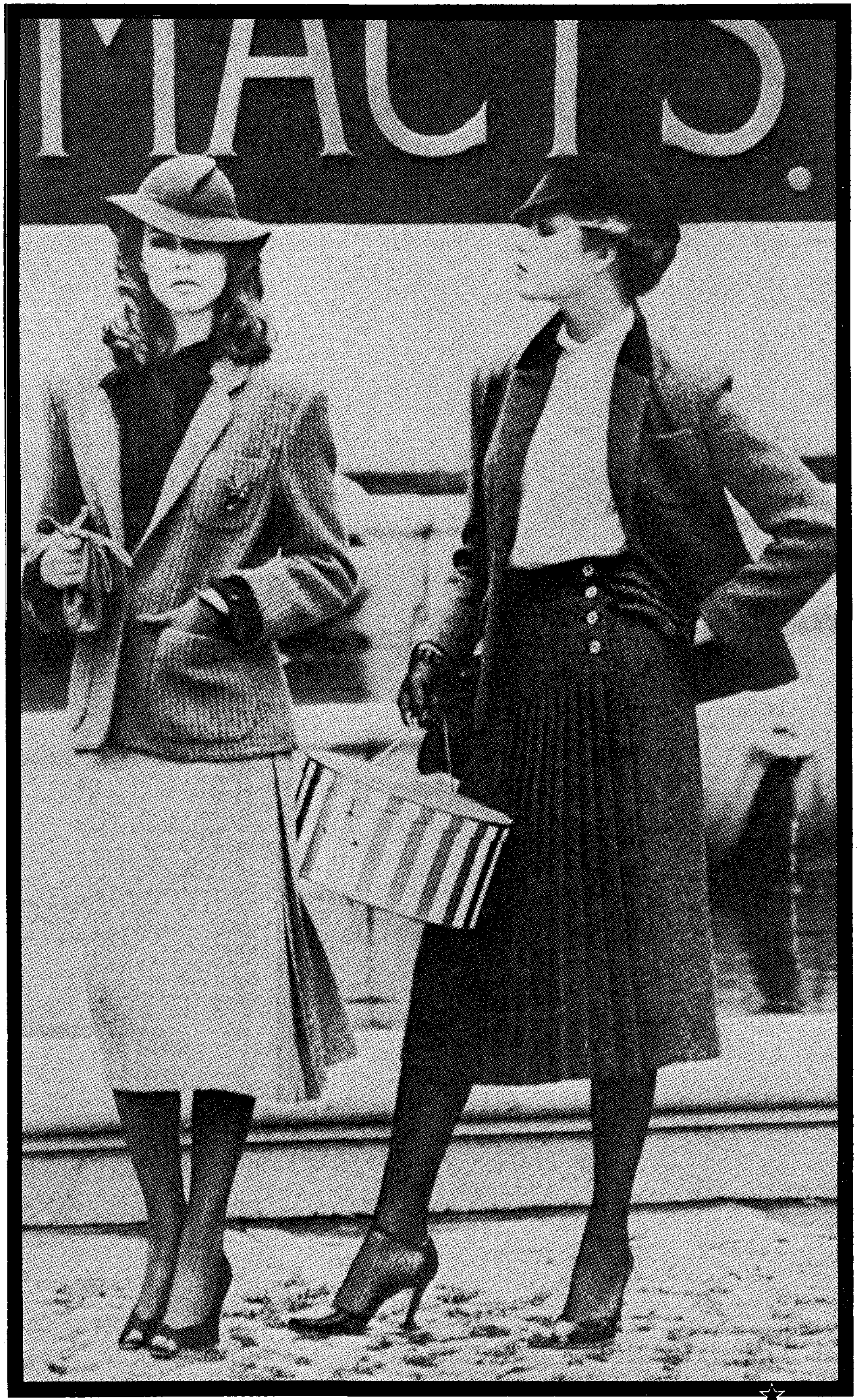

macy's

We have news in store for you.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

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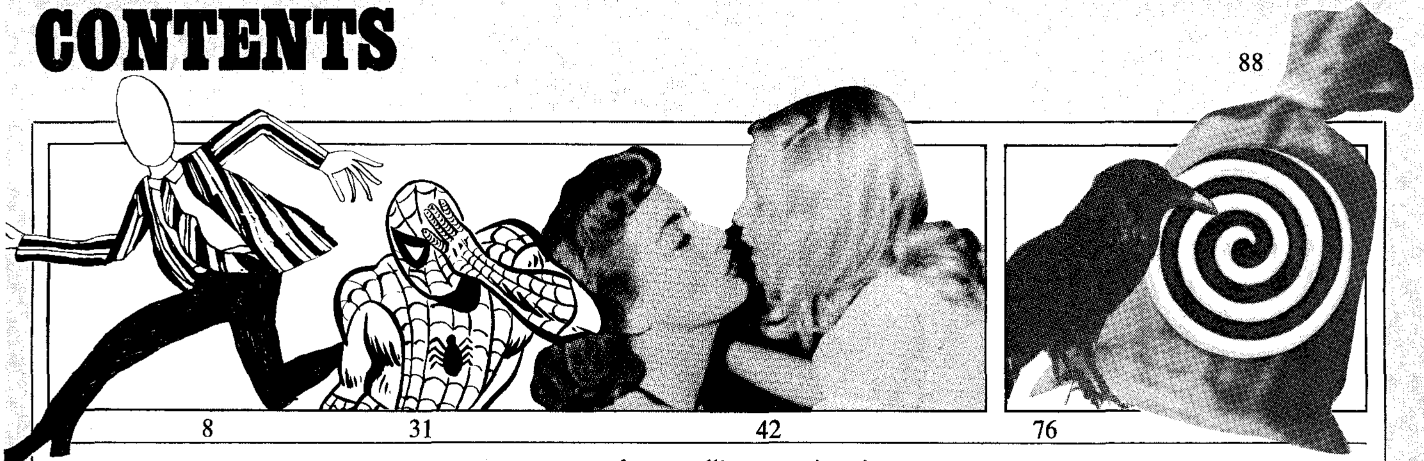

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New York Gazette
Edited by Daniel Lewis and Nancy McKeon

No news just may have been good news last week; a combination of good weather and apparently low traffic density made New York an unusually pleasant place, newspapers or no. To help you keep up on news/no news/good news, or whatever else you think you've missed, we've called in a few celebrities here and there to report on this and that.

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Mommie Dearest
By Christina Crawford

The late Joan Crawford adopted four children and of these Christina was the golden girl, the princess of all she surveyed. Yet life at home, as Christina tells it, was anything but regal. Mommie had a fetish for cleanliness, and her ways of achieving it were not godly. The psychological and physical tortures she devised for her children, including the infamous "night raids," make the most lurid of Joan Crawford's movie scripts read like *Little Women*.

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Home Furnishings: Tall Stories
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59
Interferon: The Cancer Drug We've Ignored
By Joseph R. Hixson

A giant protein molecule called "interferon," manufactured in our own bodies, has been judged remarkably effective as a means of controlling certain viruses and, at least to some extent, some forms of cancer. One problem inhibiting wide-scale use and research, however, is that so far the drug can be produced only in extremely limited quantities. Yet work on interferon goes on, and a breakthrough may be near.

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Recent legislation will hit delinquent landlords right where it hurts, in the pocket.

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The U.S. Tennis Association has cut its ties with Forest Hills and built its own stadium on top of an old one, in Flushing Meadows. John Duka describes the shift in terms of net gain.

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By David Denby

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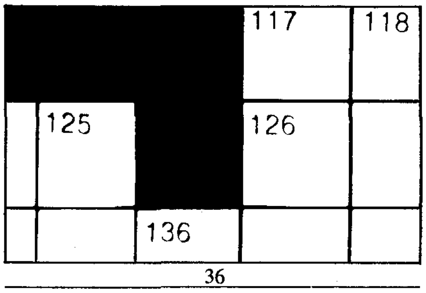

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Cover: Painting by Daniel Maffia.

"Mommie Dearest" is from the forthcoming book Mommie Dearest, *to be published by William Morrow & Company, Inc. Copyright © 1978 by Christina Crawford.*

SEPTEMBER 4, 1978—VOL. 11 NO. 36

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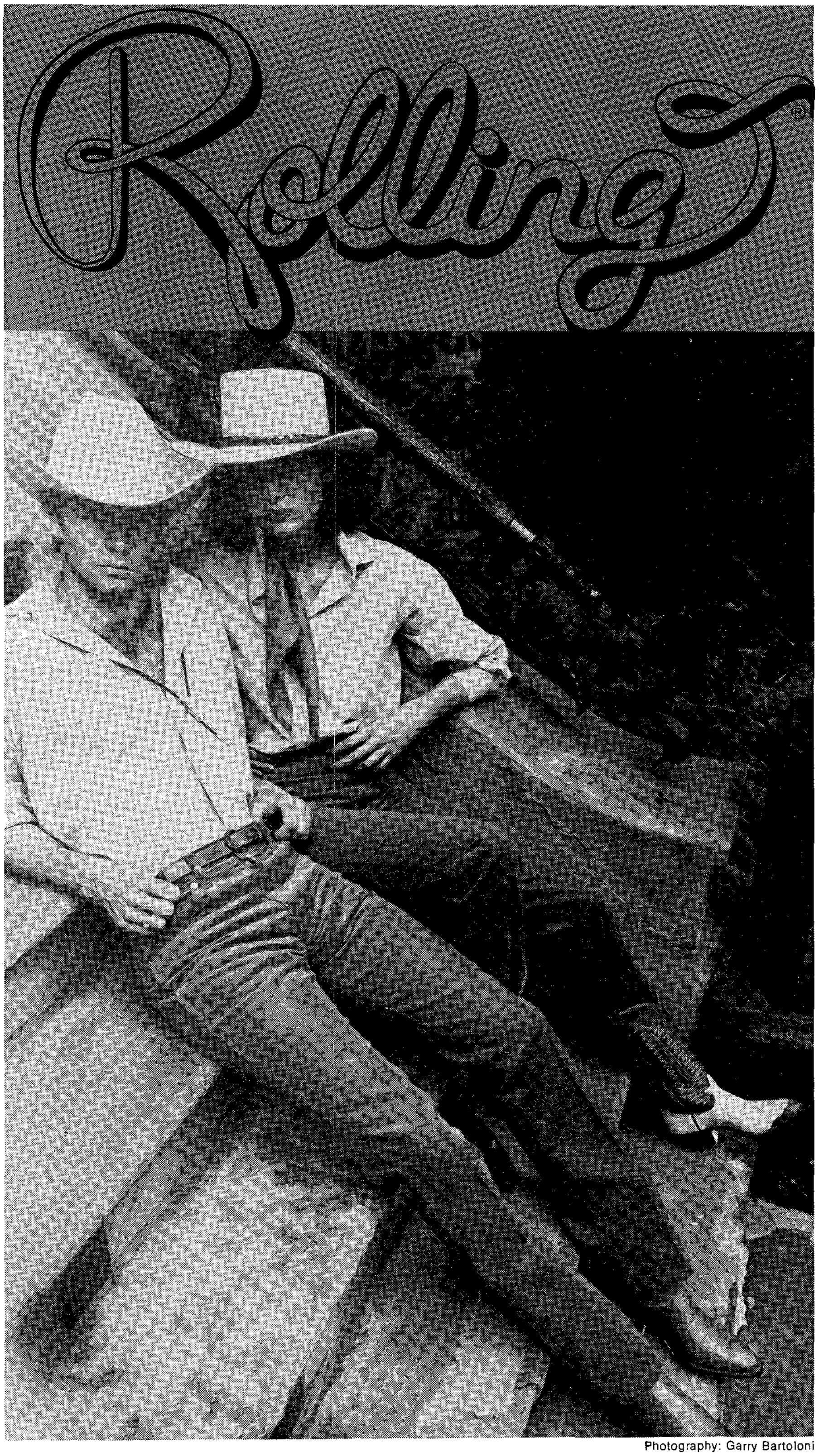

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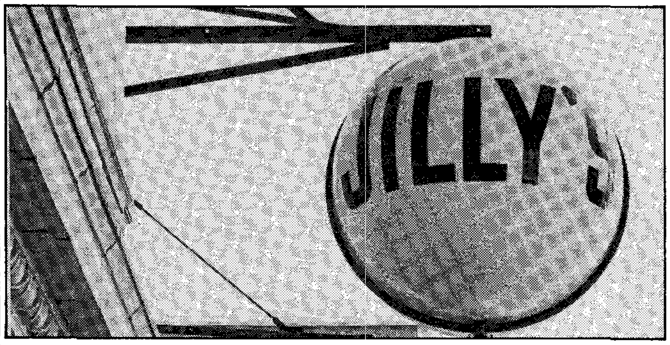
INTELLIGENCER

Tax Man Closes Sinatra's Bar



Jilly's: No more for your baby, and no more for the road.

Frank Sinatra has raised more than a million dollars for his pal Hugh Carey, but the governor obviously doesn't believe in quid pro quo. How else to explain the fact that last week agents of Hughie's own state government swooped down on Sinatra's favorite Manhattan saloon and shuttered it? Yes, Jilly's, the West 52nd Street spot where Ol' Blue Eyes and his followers while away the wee small hours, has been closed by order of the state taxation commissioner. We couldn't reach owner Jilly Rizzo for comment, and the tax people wouldn't tell how much is allegedly owing. But if Rizzo can't come up with the money to satisfy the tax lien, the place will stay closed and, eventually, be sold off. The same thing happened to another Sinatra hangout, the old Danny's Hideaway. The place folded, but a year ago Sinatra invested a sizable sum to help his pal Danny Stradella open at a new location. Maybe he'll do the same for Jilly.

No New Look At New 'Look'

Even as you read this, those two great names in magazines, *Look* and *Life*, are preparing their revival editions for the printer. But don't expect too much that's new. The way we hear it, *Look*'s first cover is going to be of nymphet Brooke Shields. Inside there'll be a Ted Kennedy story and a photo layout on Caroline of Monaco's wedding. Over at *Life* they're still firming up the cover. They wanted it to be Robert Redford inside his new solar home in Utah, but Bob said no. Now they're thinking of a baby picture. The main story is about cocaine. *Look*'s first issue is mostly aimed at advertisers, with only a few copies for newsstands and regular production not scheduled until January. *Life*, out September 25, will go monthly right away.

One That Should Play in the Bronx

You take a tempestuous sports star, the team's manager (who's about to be fired), and the team's interfering owner, and you've got a play about the Yankees, right? Wrong. While the above are the central characters in a play that's now previewing at the Lyceum (opening September 6), it has nothing to do with the Bronx Bombers. It's Australian playwright David Williamson's first Broadway production, *Players*, a drama about a football club, starring Fred Gwynne and Rex Robbins. The dialogue, though, is right out of Yankee Stadium. At one point an angry player turns on the owner and demands: "How can any coach run a team with you sticking your nose in all the time?"

BY NEAL TRAVIS

The Hottest Books in Town

Fiction

1. Chesapeake, *by James A. Michener (Random House, $12.95)*
2. Eye of the Needle, *by Ken Follett (Arbor House, $8.95)*
3. Fools Die, *by Mario Puzo (Putnam, $12.50)*
4. Scruples, *by Judith Krantz (Crown, $10)*
5. Evergreen, *by Belva Plain (Delacorte, $10)*

Nonfiction

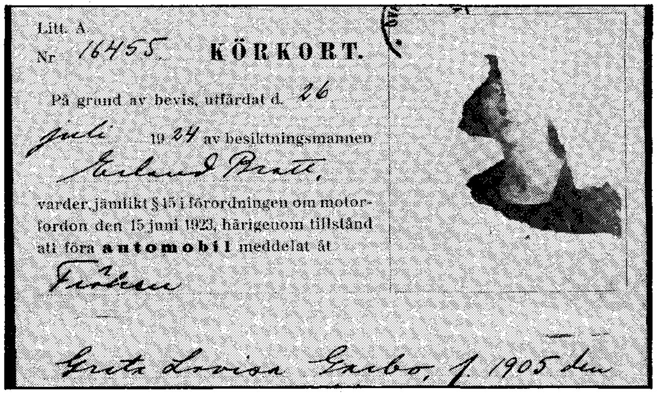
1. In Search of History: A Personal Adventure, *by Theodore H. White (Harper & Row, $12.95)*
2. If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pits?, *by Erma Bombeck (McGraw-Hill, $7.95)*
3. Robert Kennedy and His Times, *by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. (Houghton Mifflin, $19.95)*
4. The Complete Book of Running, *by James F. Fixx (Random House, $10)*
5. My Mother/My Self, *by Nancy Friday (Delacorte, $9.95)*

Patty Gets Her Message Across

Patty Hearst may have got rough treatment from the courts, but she doesn't want anyone making a martyr of her. The other day the newspaper heiress was spotted in the Pleasanton Federal Correctional Institution wearing a T-shirt given her by her younger sister, Ann. On the front it said, "Pardon Me," and on the back, "Being Kidnapped Means Always Having to Say You're Sorry."

Patty: "Pardon me."

Garbo's License Up for Grabs



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Greta Lovisa Garbo, f. 1905 den

Greta Louisa Garbo's 1924 driver's license: On auction block.

Fans of the reclusive Garbo can bid on her 1924 driver's license at Charles Hamilton's September 14 auction at the Waldorf. The document, which Hamilton has authenticated, is interesting for a couple of the details it provides: that she will be 73 on September 18, and that she was already using the name Greta Garbo at age 19, well before she came to the United States to make movies. Hamilton thinks the license will bring between $75 and $100.

Photos: top left, Richard Pan; center, Wide World

Carey, Krupsak Close in Poll

Hugh Carey is beating Mary Anne Krupsak in New York City and the suburbs—but apparently not by enough to offset her upstate support. That's the conclusion from a just-completed poll by Seasonwein Associates. Registered Democrats in the city, suburbs, Westchester, and Long Island gave the governor 45 percent of the primary vote, Krupsak 30 percent, and State Senator Jerry Bloom 9 percent, with 16 percent of the voters saying they didn't know.

GOP Extortion Case Drags On

Albany County District Attorney Sol Greenberg is pressing ahead with his investigation of the William Slocum case. Slocum, former bodyguard-chauffeur to Republican gubernatorial candidate Perry Duryea, is charged with attempting to extort a $25,000-a-year job from the GOP by threatening to reveal "criminal actions" on the part of Duryea. "He's been charged with attempted grand larceny in the second degree," D.A. Greenberg says. "He has made some very vague statements about the knowledge he claims to have. My office is investigating to see if there is anything in those claims. I don't know which way it will go."

Think-Tankers Off to China

The State Department may not be too happy about it, but a small group of experts from the Hudson Institute has just been invited to visit China. The private, nonprofit institute has done a great deal of work for the U.S. government, including studies on the effects of the neutron bomb. The group, including Don Brennan, one of the top nuclear strategists in the United States, will leave for Peking sometime in the next month, we hear.

Photog Snaps Back at Peters

Rebecca Blake, one of Manhattan's best photographers, thinks she has been underexposed. That's why Rebecca is preparing to drag Jon Peters, Barbra Streisand's boyfriend and a very ambitious film producer, into court. Rebecca claims she was ripped off by Peters in his film *Eyes of Laura Mars*. "Jon promised me the world. He said after this film I'd be world-famous. So I settled for very little money and the promise of a big screen credit. I did 99.9 percent of the photographs featured in the movie and I helped them set up the indoor-photography scenes. The picture comes out with a huge credit for Helmut Newton and a vague little one for me. I feel manipulated, used. I think the whole thing was premeditated. Peters hired Newton for a fat fee, then used all my pictures. But Peters still wanted to get mileage out of Newton's name. This has hurt me terribly. Peters won't even return my phone calls, so I've nothing left to do but sue." He won't return our calls, either.

Onassis: Lunching with Beatty.

Editor Jackie Wooing Stars

Jackie Onassis is taking her role as an editor at Doubleday very seriously, but that's not to say she can't have fun at the same time. Like the long lunch she had with handsome Warren Beatty the other day. Warren's apparently on the brink of writing his own story, and Jackie's making sure that when he does, it will be for Doubleday. Another celebrity author she's been palling around with is Dyan Cannon (Beatty's co-star in the hit *Heaven Can Wait*). Jackie, we hear, had Dyan out to her Peapack, New Jersey, estate to discuss the details of the book Dyan is writing.

Queen Liz Gets Scandal Threat

Is there a skeleton in the closet of Britain's royal family? Manhattan author Frank Spiering certainly thinks so, and he's generously offered Queen Elizabeth the chance to bring that skeleton out. If she doesn't, he will. Spiering has a book called *Prince Jack* coming from Doubleday in which he sets out to prove that the Queen's great-uncle, the duke of Clarence, was the notorious murderer Jack the Ripper. Anyway, Spiering just dashed off a letter to Buckingham Palace in which he told the monarch that he has "overwhelming proof" of her relative's guilt and of "the sordid circumstances of the Duke of Clarence's own murder by the Royal Court and its cover-up." Spiering, though, doesn't want to harm the monarchy. "I am therefore prepared to withdraw the publication of my book, return the advance . . . [if you will] open your files and tell what you know about your great-uncle's acts of murder and his own extraordinary death." So far he's had no reply from Buckingham palace.

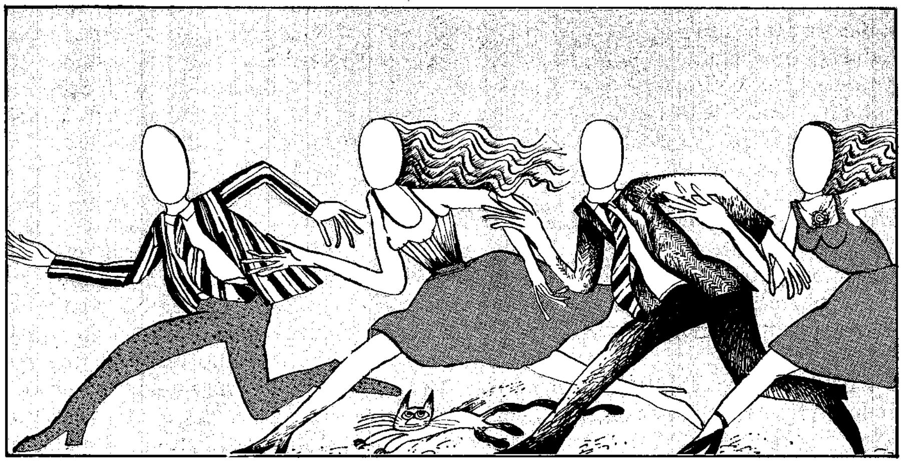
Record Notes From All Over

More trouble for troubled ABC Records with the departure of the best-selling Steely Dan. The group (like Paul Simon, who split from CBS) is signing with Warner Bros. It still owes ABC two albums but after that it's off to the new label. . . . After all the hassles he had with Peter Frampton's manager, Dee Anthony, Robert Stigwood is saying he wishes he'd used Andy Gibb instead of Frampton in *Sgt. Pepper*. The youngest Gibb, currently the world's hottest recording star, will probably star in Stigwood's *Grease* sequel, *Summer School*. . . . Paul McCartney's big new project is laying down the soundtrack for Universal's film of the Broadway hit *Same Time, Next Year*, due at the end of the year. . . . If you're hearing the old ballad *Feelings* a lot lately, blame Ma Bell. The company has been pushing its long-distance service, using Steve Allen and wife Jayne Meadows, who have developed a series of funny radio spots based on the ballad. Now disc jockeys everywhere are playing the original again, and it's moving up the charts. . . . Cy Coleman, getting rich on the royalties from the cast album of his *On the Twentieth Century*, plans to rearrange and record a disco version of the show's music. A disco version of his "If My Friends Could See Me Now" is one of the hottest numbers being played in the clubs. The versatile Coleman will next be seen as guest pianist with the New Orleans Philharmonic, in a benefit for the performing arts. Cy says his one remaining ambition is to have his body, as well as his voice, used on the raunchy *Midnight Blue* cable-TV show. . . . What you don't know about Alessi, the hot group from Long Island, is that its membership (twin brothers Bobby and Billy) is half deaf. Each brother has only minimal hearing in one ear. . . . Peter Allen's next album features a song he, his producer, Marvin Hamlisch, and Marvin's pal Carol Bayer Sager wrote together. It's called "Two Boys," is all about growing up gay, and sounds like a hit. . . . Three years after the movie, A & M is finally releasing the soundtrack of *Harold and Maude*. It's by Cat Stevens and fits right into today's discomania.

Photo: Wide World

The City Politic

WHY GETTING ELECTED IS A PRIMARY CONCERN



A General Question

After serving as the Democratic party's sacrificial lamb against that redoubtable Republican Louis J. Lefkowitz in the state-attorney-general race four years ago (and cutting Louie's previous 1.3-million plurality to a mere 435,000), Bronx Borough President Robert Abrams hoped for a clear shot at the job this year, now that Lefky is retiring.

That's what Abrams hoped for. What he got was Mary Dolores Welch Denman—and a primary challenge from one of the first two women ever to serve on the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court. This provides another, if unnecessary, demonstration of the old Kennedy dictum that "life is unfair." Even to reform Democrats.

Denman—47, Catholic, female, and an upstater—slid onto the primary ballot with 32 percent of the delegate vote at the party's June designating convention (where Abrams got 52 percent of the vote), under the aegis of her political rabbi, Erie County Chairman Joseph Crangle. He had watched the departure from the ticket of Lieutenant Governor Mary Anne Krupsak with real alarm. Crangle forcefully told Governor Hugh Carey that he had seen better-balanced tickets in his time than the one featuring four white, male New York City residents—Carey, Mario Cuomo (subbing for Krupsak), Harrison J. Goldin for comptroller, and Abrams—chosen by the convention.

Carey agreed. With his help, Crangle rounded up enough upstate votes to give Denman the more than 25 percent needed to avoid the costly petition route to the primary ballot.

Since that June day, Denman, who went from Buffalo assistant district attorney in 1969 to appointed city-court judge in 1972 to elected State Supreme Court justice in 1976 to the Carey appointment on the Appellate Division in 1977 (building a reputation for toughness on crime all the way), has been going around saying some mighty unfriendly things about Bob Abrams in her friendly, forthright voice.

Such as that he's unqualified to be attorney general.

"Yup, I'm saying that," she grins. "The attorney general runs the biggest law firm in the state, and Abrams doesn't have enough legal experience," she claims. A supporter of the death penalty in what she calls "limited cases," Denman never fails to say so—even though she concedes that the A.G. has no responsibility in capital criminal cases, and her people insist "we're not pushing" the issue.

She constantly stresses the criminal-justice aspect of the job, claiming that she would vigorously prosecute securities and other white-collar crime in cooperation with local district attorneys. "Just because that office has not occupied itself with the criminal-justice area [under Lefkowitz] doesn't mean it shouldn't," she says.

Abrams, who opposes the death penalty, says Denman is "pandering" to voter frustrations by mentioning it and scoffs, "If you listen to what she says, you'd think she was running for D.A., not attorney general." He says constitutional and statutory law place the attorney general in charge of defending state agencies in the courts; consumer fraud; securities fraud; and such agents as the special prosecutors (which Denman says she would "subsume" into her office).

To claim other jurisdiction is "irresponsible," he insists, adding hopefully, "In the end, I think people respect responsible campaigns, and I think ours will be a winning formula on September 12."

People at least hear about, if not respect, well-financed campaigns, and that Abrams has. He has already reported to the state Board of Elections that he has raised $380,000. Statewide viewers and listeners will be treated to a $200,000 Abrams media campaign starting this week. He also has the support of female pols ranging from City Council President Carol Bellamy (for Carey) to City Councilwoman Ruth Messinger (for Krupsak), the benefit of his run four years ago, and the fervent support of regular Bronx County Chairman Stanley Friedman, who would love to see his borough's favorite reformer move up—and out.

What Denman has is $50,000 to $60,000 ($15,000 of it in loans); the valuable aid of nine upstate county leaders, who will pull out their troops for her; and a $35,000 media campaign on all-news radio stations in New York City which broke the same day as the newspaper strike.

Abrams, well known and popular in the city, can take some comfort in the fact that, unknown statewide and ill-financed, Denman is conceded by all hands to be far behind. "Right now, I'd say about twelve points," her city campaign manager, Don Evans, says in a kind estimate. But she races from suburban-paper editorial board to subway stop to Brooklyn anyway, sometimes with her young son and daughter in tow, pumping sweaty hands.

She is a cool, tough campaigner and a woman who may draw votes not only on a straight feminist basis but also from people who choose not to vote for Krupsak and then give a vote to Denman instead.

Warily conscious of this, Abrams works the same beach clubs and subway stops, sometimes with his wife and two-year-old daughter in tow. Both candidates are concentrating downstate, since 70 to 75 percent of any Democratic-primary vote here comes from New York City and its suburbs.

"If we can take 40 percent in New York City, it's doable," Evans keeps

Illustration by Jo Teodorescu

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Stouffer's INN OF WESTCHESTER

saying. "I'm gonna beat him," Denman says flatly.

Abrams insists that his unlooked-for primary fight puts him in fighting trim to face Republican Michael Roth in November. He thus says publicly what all candidates do, while privately they regard a primary as slightly less desirable than bubonic plague.

"My daddy, who never went to college and spent life in a candy store, taught me, 'Son, everything happens for the best,'" Abrams says wistfully. "I think there's a lot of truth in that, don't you?" **—Beth Fallon**

Go East, Young Man

You might have thought that after last year's battle royal between Andy Stein and Bobby Wagner for the borough presidency, Manhattan voters would need a rest from local political extravaganzas.

Well, guess again. Bill Woodward and Brenda Feigen Fasteau are battling for the right to challenge East Side State Senator Roy Goodman. And while the race may not have the family-feud appeal of the Stein-Wagner contest, it's got everything else: the endorsements from national politicians, the requisite gossip, the show-business celebrities, and—most of all—money, lots and lots of money.

Come November, in fact, the fight for the 26th Senatorial District is almost certain to become the costliest legislative campaign in state history. Upwards of $1 million could be shelled out among all the candidates before the votes are counted.

Why are two Democrats so eager to challenge Goodman, who has a reputation for devouring prominent Democrats in a Democratic district? What happened last year is one reason; Goodman, hoping to follow in John Lindsay's footsteps as the ideal Republican fusion mayoral candidate, got creamed, with just 4 percent of the general-election vote.

Then there's Goodman's insurance, the Liberal-party endorsement. He doesn't have it anymore. He wanted it badly last year—badly enough to go to court when Mario Cuomo won it instead. The Liberals didn't like that one bit. And they may end up laughing last after dumping Goodman this spring for their new political hope—Harvey Baum.

William Woodward III thinks he can do what nobody else has. He's the scion of a wealthy society family; his mother was Ann Eden Woodward, who, in a highly publicized incident, mistakenly shot her sportsman husband, thinking he was a burglar. She was not prosecuted and committed suicide three years ago.

While attending Harvard Business School (as his primary opponent had), Woodward, at 28, was named a summer assistant to then New York *Post* publisher Dorothy Schiff, who is now co-chairing his campaign. After working on Hugh Carey's 1974 gubernatorial campaign, he was named deputy secretary to the governor and later deputy superintendent of banks, a post he held until resigning in April to run against Goodman.

Like Woodward, Brenda Feigen Fasteau is 34, has never run for office, and has connections to money, largely through her brother, art dealer Richard Feigen. A longtime women's rights activist and lawyer, she worked for Senator Birch Bayh and later for the American Civil Liberties Union.

Much of her early publicity came after she agreed to share last names with her husband to promote equal partnerships in marriage. That decision prompted a recent legal battle; the Board of Elections said her name was too long and had to be shortened for the ballot. She sued the board and won.

But while she may have connections to money, she doesn't have as much as Woodward. She's raised about $21,000, mostly from family loans and contributors such as *Times* editor Charlotte Curtis; Gloria Steinem; actresses Marlo Thomas and Barbara Feldon; politicians Carol Bellamy, Howard Samuels, and Karen Burstein; and sculptress Louise Nevelson.

Her campaign often looks haphazard, certainly less professional than either of her opponents'. She has taken a leave of absence from her law firm—although it actually looks like the other way around. The law office has been transformed into a makeshift campaign headquarters, with posters and scattered cartons of literature. Husband-partner Marc is shunted away in a corner office.

Since announcing last November, she's run a shoestring campaign—none of the bus signs or radio ads used by Woodward. Her promotion consists of two extremely wordy leaflets that don't even list her endorsements from Ramsey Clark, Paul O'Dwyer, Bellamy, Burstein, and Eleanor Clark French.

Asked if she isn't being a bit idealistic, Feigen Fasteau, constantly punctuating her sentences with "Candidly, I have to be honest with you," pauses. "I don't know. I'm not a campaign wizard. I always think people know more about these things than I do."

Well, Woodward certainly knows what he's doing. He's running a . . . well, a campaign, and a real one at

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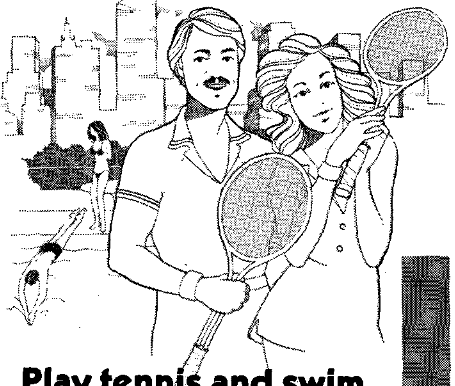

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that, decidedly professional, heavily staffed, and deserving of more than a local legislative race.

He's probably the only local candidate—hell, he's got to be the only candidate anywhere—to get money from the marquess of Lanzarote, Prince Anton Windisch-Graetz, and Dietrich von Boettinger, of Munich, Germany.

And the names get even more impressive: designer Bill Blass, Arthur Schlesinger, P.R. maven Howard Rubinstein, Victor Kovner, Dr. Lee Salk, power broker William Shea, Peter Tufo, radio figures Arlene Francis and Barry Farber (Goodman's opponent in the 1977 GOP mayoral primary), and former Village *Voice* publishers Edwin Fancher and Bartle Bull. All told, he's raised $153,000 and spent just about all of it: $65,000 went to media alone, including two weeks of radio ads.

His staff includes schedulers, press secretaries, personal secretaries, and fund raisers. The candidate has even learned how to delegate authority. Asked an innocuous question about campaign strategy, Woodward responds, "I think I better let my manager answer that."

That's only part of the difference between them. Feigen Fasteau stresses issues; Woodward prefers to talk about past record.

Woodward's major strength is his banking-department work. He released a major study last year on redlining by the state's savings banks. Just how much he should be credited with is open to debate: Woodward's leaflets and commercials immodestly refer to him as "the most controversial person ever to regulate banks," "the guy who forced banks to grant mortgages," and the person who "made it possible for savings banks to offer free checking."

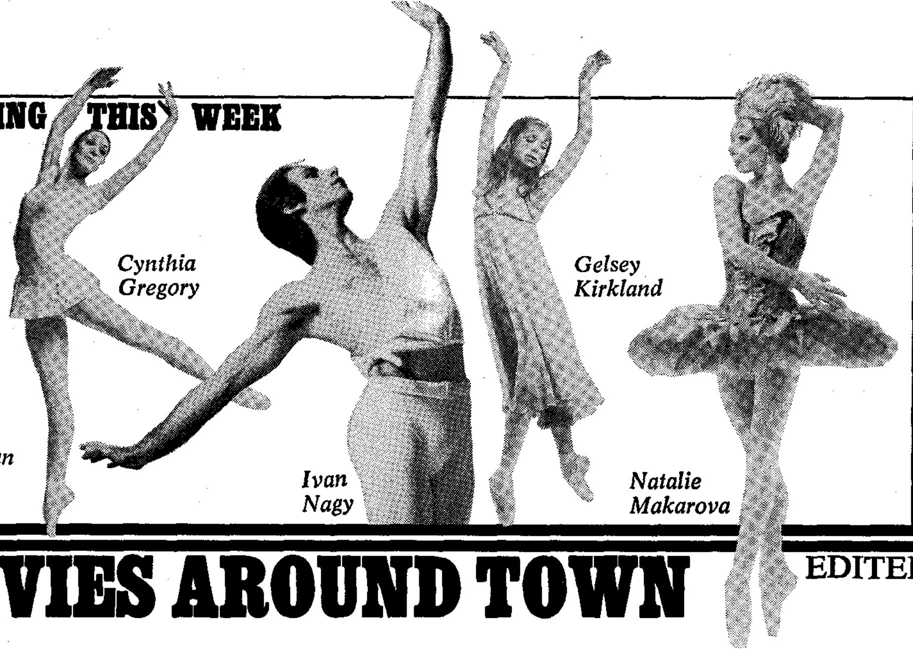
But while the leaflets say "he," Woodward in conversation admits it should be "we." "I was part of the group that lobbied for the checking-account bill," he notes. And, after criticism, Woodward conceded that banks were not forced by him or anyone else to advertise the availability of credit for women.

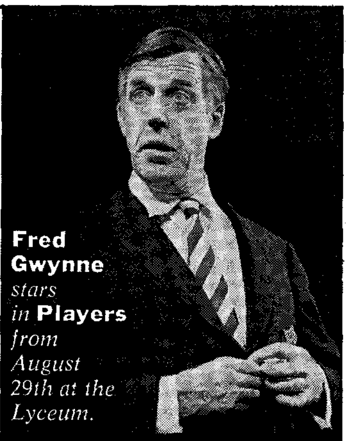
Most analysts think that Woodward, thanks to his money, is way ahead of Feigen Fasteau in the primary. For her part, Feigen Fasteau's problem is the major hardship of most women candidates—trying to convince the voters she isn't another Bella Abzug.

In the end, though, the race may depend on what's left of the late Alex Rose's Liberal machine. Staying with Baum will hurt Goodman, although not fatally. Dumping Goodman for the Democratic winner, though, could just nail the coffin shut. **—Eric Fettmann**

OPENING THIS WEEK

American Ballet Theatre *opens September 4th at the Metropolitan Opera House.*




Fred Gwynne *stars in* **Players** *from August 29th at the Lyceum.*

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

Aug. 29 thru Sept. 5

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

EAST SIDE

Little Theater, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350). (Evenings) 8/29-9/3, *Chulas Frouteras; Always for Pleasure.* 9/5-10, *The All-American Boy* (Jon Voight).

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 8/29, *Outrageous!; Putney Swope;* from 8/30, *3 Women; Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 8/29, *Star Wars; Barbarella;* 8/30-9/5, *The Last Waltz; Midnight Cowboy.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 8/29, *What a Woman; This Thing Called Love.* 8/30, *Balalaika; Cat and the Fiddle.* 8/31, *The Hucksters; Please Believe Me.* 9/1, *The Sun Also Rises; The Snows of Kilimanjaro.* 9/2, 3, *Greene Murder Case; The Canary Murder Case.* 9/4, 5, *Bringing Up Baby; My Favorite Wife.* 9/6, *Rose of Washington Square; That Night in Rio.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 8/29, *Animal Crackers; Horse Feathers.* 8/30, 31, *Two English Girls; My Uncle Antoine.* 9/1, 2, *American Graffiti; Carwash.* 9/3, 4, *More Three Stooges; Two Hundred Motels.* 9/5, *Padre Padrone; We All Loved Each Other Too Much.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 8/29, *Dona Flor and Her Two Husband;* from 8/30, *Madame Rosa.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160). *The Revenge of the Pink Panther.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

34th St East, near Second Avenue (683-0255). *Heaven Can Wait.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Hooper.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Nea.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Slave of Love.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Interiors.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Eyes of Laura Mars.*

59th St E, 220 E 59th (688-0750). *Young Frankenstein.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th Street East of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Jaws II.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Girl Friends.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Cat and Mouse.*

Gemini I & II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). I. *The Buddy Holly Story.* II. *Revenge of the Pink Panther.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Who'll Stop The Rain.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Heaven Can Wait.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 8/29, *Star Wars;* from 8/30, to be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Revenge of the Pink Panther.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *Who'll Stop The Rain.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Hooper.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd Avenue near 86th Street (427-1332). *Foul Play.*

86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Young Frankenstein.* II. Thru 8/29, *The Last Waltz; from 8/30, Jaws II.*

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 8/29, *Last Days of Samurai; Samurai Rebellion.* 8/30, *The Testament of Dr. Cordelier; Day for Night.* 8/31, *Next Stop, Greenwich Village; My Sister Eileen.* 9/1, 2, *The Decameron; Fellini Satyricon.* 9/3, 4, *Women in Love; Marat/Sade.* 9/5, *Sword of Fury; Sword of Doom.* 9/6, *Shoot the Piano Player; Detour.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Madame Rosa.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Revenge of the Pink Panther.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. Thru 8/31, *Lumiere; Cries and Whispers.* From 9/1, *The Buddy Holly Story.* II. *An Unmarried Woman.* III. *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.* IV. *Young Frankenstein.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

Loews State I, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). *Eyes of Laura Mars.*

Loews State II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *Heaven Can Wait.*

Criterion, Bdway nr 45th (JU 2-1796). *Who'll Stop The Rain.*

Victoria, Bdway at 46th (354-5636). *Star Wars.*

Embassy I, Bdway at 46th (757-2408). *Young Frankenstein.*

Forum, Bdway at 47th (757-8320). *Foul Play.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. *Jaws II.* II. *Hooper.*

Rivoli, 49th & Bdway (CI 7-1635). *Tintorera.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *Lin Tse-Hsu.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St at 6th Ave (CI 6-4600). *The Magic of Lassie.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-6100). 8/29, noon, *A City at Chandigarh;* 2:30, *Baboona;* 6 p.m., Emile Cohl Tribute. 8/31, 2:30, *Crazy Mama;* 6 p.m. *Assault on Precinct 13;* 8:30, *Orca.* 9/1, 2:30, *Shining Star;* 6 p.m. *Baboona.* 9/2, noon, *The Big Bus;* 2:30, *The Wilby Conspiracy;* 5 p.m. *Gator.* 9/3, noon, *The Big Bus;* 2:30, *Orca;* 5 p.m. *The Hollywood Ten* and *The Steel Helmet.* 9/4, noon, Emile Cohl Tribute; 2:30, *The Wilby Conspiracy;* 6 p.m. *Report to the Commissioner.* 9/5, noon, Emile Cohl Tribute; 2:30, *Face in the Sky;* 6 p.m. *The Stepford Wives.*

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Grease.*

Festival, 57th nr 6th (757-2715). *Who'll Stop the Rain.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 8/29, *Claire's Knee; The Invitation.* 8/30, *Carmen* (Pola Negri, 1916); *The Loves of Carmen.* 8/31, *The Lost Patrol; Gunga Din.* 9/1, *The Four Hundred Blows; Small Change.* 9/2, *Persona; Hiroshima, Mon Amour.* 9/3, *Children of Paradise.* 9/4, *The Bicycle Thief; Accatone;* 9/5, *Duel in the Sun; Pursued.* 9/6, *The Old Dark House; The Cat and the Canary.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 8/30, *Star Wars;* from 8/31, *An Unmarried Woman.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Bread and Chocolate.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Viva Italia!*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *Foul Play.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *Foul Play.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). Thru 8/29, *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.* 8/30-9/9, *The Lady Vanishes; The 39 Steps.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 8/29, *Forbidden Planet; The Time Machine.* 8/30-9/2, *An American in Paris; Yolanda and the Thief. 9/3-5, Red Dust; Tarzan and His Mate. 9/6-9, Designing Woman; The Women.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). Thru 8/29, *The Cheap Detective.* From 8/30, *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.*

Beacon, Bdway & 74th (874-1717). Thru 8/26, *Yessongs; That'll Be the Day.* 8/31-9/2, *The Song Remains the Same; Medicine Ball Caravan.* 9/7-9, *200 Motels; Mad Dogs & Englishmen.*

Loews Quad, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Young Frankenstein.* II. *An Unmarried Woman.* III. *Hooper.* IV. *The Cheap Detective.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Hazel's People.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 8/29, *Falstaff; The Trial.* 8/30, 31, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington; It's a Wonderful Life.* 9/1, 2, *Persona; 3 Women.* 9/3, 4, Surrealistic Film Festival. 9/5, *Dead of Night; The Most Dangerous Game.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 8/31, *The Cheap Detective; The Deep.* 9/1-14, *Jaws II; Rollercoaster.*

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

Barbarella–The movies of Roger Vadim are midway between picture spreads in girlie magazines and press releases for films in the process of shooting. This one is on the borderline, too, between sci-fi and soft-core pornography, based on a French comic strip, and probably less good. The best strip, though, comes from Jane Fonda, who was not yet politically committed and content to be a sex object. And what a sex object! Miss Fonda, bless her, does nothing by halves. *Thru 8/29, St Marks Cinema.*

Bread and Chocolate–Franco Brusati's poignant comedy (completed in 1974 and just opening here now) is about an Italian worker who emigrates to Switzerland in search of calm and order and finds that he can neither fit in nor give up his native identity. A meditation on homelessness, the movie tries to recapture the pathos-and-laughs mood of Chaplin's films but falls short: the hero is a lot less resourceful than the Tramp. Starring Nino Manfredi. Little Carnegie *(D.D.)*

The Buddy Holly Story–The subtitle might be *A Portrait of the Artist as a Clean Young Man.* This sincere bio-pic traces the career of the awkward but self-assured West Texas boy with the goofy smile and the Clark Kent glasses who became one of the most creative of the early rock singer/composers and then died in a plane crash (in 1959) at the age of 22. The movie glorifies Holly a bit too much, but no matter: Gary Busey is brilliant in the title role. Written by Robert Gittler and directed by Steve Rash. Gemini I; from 9/1, Quad. *(D.D.)*

Cat and Mouse–Claude Lelouch's playful mock-thriller stars Serge Reggiani as the cop/cat and Michele Morgan as the exquisitely magisterial mouse and Paris *et environs* (as the Michelin says) as the playpen in which these two enact one of those ultra-sophisticated duets in which love and money are entwined to the detriment of neither. Cinema II.

The Cheap Detective–Neil Simon's comedy starring Peter Falk is not so much written for the screen as assembled from old-movie cliches patched up and fitted to a new line of stars. It is a very funny idea, but somehow it could have been even funnier—if Simon had been willing to develop the relationships of Peter Falk and Louise Fletcher as a vehicle for more of the personal, slightly bitter sexual humor that provides the film with its funniest and most resonant moments. Thru 8/29, Embassy 72nd; thru 8/31, Olympia.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands–You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Quad; thru 8/29, Cinema Studio and Gramercy; from 8/30, Embassy 72nd.

Eyes of Laura Mars–A slick, violent horror-thriller with psychic overtones about a high-fashion photographer (Faye Dunaway, paler than ever) whose kinky ads are driving a mad killer into frenzies. As he knocks off Dunaway's models and friends (with an ice pick), she "sees" the murders in her head. The script is preposterous but the movie's fantasy of the glittering New York fashion world is often entertaining. With Tommy Lee Jones as an amorous cop, Rene Auberjonois, Brad Dourif, and Raul Julia. Written by David Zelag Goodman and John Carpenter and directed by Irvin Kershner, who has seen better days. Coronet, Loews State I. *(D.D.)*

Foul Play–Chevy Chase as a police detective and Goldie Hawn as a librarian are much too cute together in this jumpy comedy-thriller set in San Francisco. The writer-director, Colin Higgins, borrowing from everyone and everything, has managed to compile an anthology of sure-fire effects. Higgins will get a hit out of it but not a movie he can call his own. Cinema III; Paramount; Loews Cine. *(D.D.)*

Girl Friends–This low-budget independent feature written by Vicki Polon and directed by Claudia Weill is about a bluesy Upper West Side Jewish girl (Melanie Mayron)—a photographer who progresses from bar mitzvah portraits to a gallery show in a couple of years. Along the way, she struggles to remain close with a safe-playing WASP girl friend (Anita Skinner). It's a mood piece about Relationships (particularly the need for female solidarity), but the moods aren't strong enough to affect our emotions. With Eli Wallach and Christopher Guest. Cinema I. *(D.D.)*

Grease–As the nerve center of the revival craze, *Grease* has been hyped so continuously that the movie version seems like one more promotional party. It is well to have Stockard Channing and John Travolta who can impose their personal rhythm on the chaotic and potentially embarrassing proceedings. Film abounds in the presence of veterans like Eve Arden, Frankie Avalon, Sid Caesar, Joan Blondell, and Dody Goodman. Edd Byrnes is hilarious as a TV host who delights in his fox-in-the-chicken-coop position. Randal Kleiser directed. Ziegfeld.

Hazel's People–Geraldine Page and Pat Hingle co-star in a film about the Mennonites of Pennsylvania. Directed by Charles Davis, and filmed entirely in the countryside around Lancaster, Pa. New Yorker.

Heaven Can Wait–Warren Beatty, as a star quarterback, isn't meant to die in a near-fatal accident, but a heavenly functionary plucks him to paradise prematurely. He is then permitted to return to earth in the body of another. Beatty's version of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* tries more for comedy than poignancy, and with Elaine May and Buck Henry sharing credits, the film ought to have been at least 50 per cent funnier. Loews State II; Loews Tower East; 34th St East.

Hooper–A raucous, tough-tender celebration of the childish daring of Hollywood stuntmen, starring Burt Reynolds, Jan-Michael Vincent, Brian Keith, Sally Field, and Robert Klein, who dies a funny and cruel send-up of director Peter Bogdanovich. Mixed in with the macho sentimentality there's some very acute satire of Hollywood filmmaking. A thoroughly enjoyable movie, directed by Hal Needham. Loews Orpheum; RKO Cinerama II; Eastside. *(D.D.)*

Interiors–Woody Allen's austere, utterly serious study of the emotional and spiritual exhaustion of a prosperous New York family is a bit pretentious and occasionally absurd, but by the end the despairing vision of life's inevitable tragedies takes hold, and you're impressed. Woody nearly out-Bergmans Bergman in scenes of frustration and self-hatred, but he has a power of his own, too. Excellently acted by Geraldine Page, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt, Maureen Stapleton, E. G. Marshall, Richard Jordan and Sam Waterston. Baronet. *(D.D.)*

THE MOSCOW HAT

Elena Solovey as Olga in **Slave of Love,** a surprisingly languorous and fine-grained Soviet film by Nikita Mikhalkov about a group of spoiled, childlike Russian filmmakers and actors working on an absurd melodrama in a Crimean resort. It takes long to come to a boil, but is worth the wait. Plaza.

Jaws II–Roy Scheider stars in a sequel to you-know-what. Is *Jaws II* as scary as its predecessor? Yes, possibly more so, depending on which form of torture you prefer. If you prefer violence relatively impersonal, of the hit-and-run variety, *Jaws II* is your poison. Directed by Jeannot Szwarc. RKO Cinerama I; from 8/30, RKO 86th St II; D.W. Griffith; from 9/1, Olympia.

The Last Waltz–Martin Scorsese's elegiac tribute to The Band is the most beautiful rock concert in film ever made, but its vibrant colors and swooping camera movements are curiously at odds with the sweaty immediacy of the rock concert. Stars The Band-leader Robbie Robertson with his musicians, and Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Neil Diamond, Van Morrison, et al. Thru 8/29, RKO 86th II; 8/30-9/5, St Marks Cinema.

Lin Tse-Hsu (Opium War)–Feature film (non-documentary) from the Peoples Republic of China. Guild.

Looking for Mr. Goodbar–This is Richard Brooks's best film. It is harrowing, powerful, and appalling. The tension between his bluntness and Diane Keaton's instinctual delicacy has produced the ideal chemistry in this version of Judith Rossner's grisly socio-sexual thriller. From 8/30, Art.

Madame Rosa–This Oscar-winning fable about the rapport that develops between a dying Jewish ex-prostitute and an Arab orphan is a fantasy of Arab-Israeli old-young togetherness. But even as it strains credibility it breaks the heart, particularly Simone Signoret's breathtakingly courageous performance of a once-beautiful, now old and puffy whore. Waverly; from 8/30, Gramercy.

The Magic of Lassie–The world's most famous canine in a Lassie-type film, also starring James Stewart, Mickey Rooney, Pernell Roberts, Stephanie Zimbalist, Alice Faye; directed by Don Chaffey. Radio City Music Hall.

National Lampoon's Animal House–A genial, uneven, intermittently hilarious celebration of frat-house pranks and raunchiness, set in a West Coast college in 1962. To dismiss it as infantile isn't saying much, since infantilism is precisely the point of frat-house humor. The movie has a tender sexiness that saves it. With John Belushi as a beer-guzzling roughneck and Tim Matheson as a young make-out artist. Directed by John Landis. Beekman; Sutton; Murray Hill; 86th St E.; Loews Astor Plaza. *(D.D.)*

Nea–An irritating, ice-cold portrait of an imperious 16-year-old Geneva girl (Ann Zacharias) who writes a best-selling pornographic novel. The director, Nelly Kaplan (*A Very Curious Girl*) seems eager to celebrate the insolence of youth, though her heroine is anything but appealing (she is also rather opaque). With handsome Sami Frey as a publisher. Trans-Lux East. *(D.D.)*

Revenge of the Pink Panther–After five times around the course, the Panther is beginning to run out of gas. The movie takes an hour or so to get going and never does work up much suspense or comic excitement. As Clouseau, Peter Sellers wears some hilarious costumes and he still speaks to people on the "phoewne," but he doesn't get to do as much sleuthing as before, and the entire cast keeps falling down and crashing through windows and floors. It's a repetitive, tired movie; writer-director Blake Edwards should find something else to do. Trans-Lux 85th; Bay Cinema; Greenwich; Gemini II. *(D.D.)*

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001*. But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. 72nd St East; Victoria; thru 8/29, St Marks Cinema; thru 8/30, Playboy.

3 Women–This is Robert Altman's third dream film, and, like *Images* and *Brewster McCloud*, alternates uneasily between not very real reality and not particularly imaginative fantasy. A very superficial girl and an almost blank young woman keep exchanging personalities, and finally absorb a third, even more nebulous older woman, into a peculiar menage. The minor characters are even more shadowy, and the plot lacks credibility as a human document, and resonance as a dream. Excellent performances by Shelley Duvall and Sissy Spacek; competent cinematography by Chuck Rosher, absurd paintings and music by Bodhi Wind and Gerald Busby, respectively. From 8/30, Art; 9/1, 2, Thalia.

An Unmarried Woman–Jill Clayburgh has the role of a lifetime and is glorious in Paul Mazursky's brilliantly funny comedy about a painful liberation. One-night stands and the singles' scene are ordeals in the process by which a woman abandoned by her husband triumphs over self-doubts and puts herself back together—or assembles herself for the first time. Quad; from 8/31, Playboy.

Viva Italia!–A collection of nine sketches variously directed by Mario Monicelli, Dino Risi, and Ettore Scola that turns out to be much tougher than you would guess from the euphoric title. Much sadness here, and some mordant satire; also the usual movie-Italian buffoonery, with people shouting, singing, throwing things at each other. With Alberto Sordi (doing a terrific turn as a papal aristocrat), Vittorio Gassman, and Ugo Tognazzi. Paris. *(D.D.)*

Who'll Stop the Rain–A scary, taut, bitterly sardonic fable about heroin smuggling in the Vietnam period, adapted from Robert Stone's novel *Dog Soldiers.* Michael Moriarty and Tuesday Weld are only moderately effective as an ordinary couple who fall into crime, but Nick Nolte gives a smashing star performance as a psycopathic but gallant ex-Marine. Adaptation by Stone himself and Judith Rascoe. Direction by Karel Reisz. Festival; Criterion; 68th St Plyhse; U.A. East. *(D.D.)*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

PREVIEWS AND OPENINGS

Tuesday, August 29

Players–An all-male cast in David Williamson's play about a soccer team and the behind-the-scenes power struggle for control of top players, the buying and selling, backstabbing and bulldozing that regulates the life of the club and the lives of its supporters. With Fred Gwynne, Rex Robbins, Gene Ruppert, Michael O'Hare, Tom Carlin, Tom Flagg; directed by Michael Blakemore. Previews start tonight prior to a 9/6 opening. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

Friday, September 1

AN EASILY-DECEIVED MAYOR

Theodore Bikel is the mayor of a small Russian town in Gogol's **The Inspector General,** directed by Liviu Ciulei. Max Wright has the title role. Previews start today prior to a 9/21 opening at Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

CURRENT

Ain't Misbehavin'–Would the slapdash playfulness, the lovable smallness of this show survive the lure of self-aggrandizement, moving from Off- to On Broadway? Nothing to worry about; it did. The cast of five—Ken Page, Armelia McQueen, Andre De Shields, Charlaine Woodard, and Nell Carter—works together as nimbly and wickedly as five fingers in a piece of sleight of hand. The delicious songs by Fats Waller and his friends continue their joyous renaissance. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a nice dog, and a Christmas tree) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Shelley Bruce now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. At the Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas–Attempts to squeeze salaciousness out of a bordello setting are rather repellent, not because of the setting, but because it is like trying to squeeze blood out of stones. Every variation on the brothel theme has been worked into the ground. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (265-4311).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Da–On second seeing Hugh Leonard's bittersweet autobiographical comedy (transported almost intact to Broadway) is even more entertaining, endearing, and gently moving. And at the center of the production are three superlative performances—Sylvia O'Brien's, Brian Murray's, Barnard Hughes's. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Dancin'–Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin'. What doesn't work is the two side by side, like internecine Siamese twins. The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile, tawdry. *Dancin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (247-0472).

Deathtrap–Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Fri at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols. With Jessica Tandy and E.G. Marshall. Maureen Stapleton takes over the Tandy role on Sept. 5th. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

The King and I–Yul Brynner and Constance Towers as the king and Anna. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru New Year's Eve. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed, Thurs, Fri & Sat at 7:30; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; mat Wed at 2. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Judy Kaye, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (398-0280).

WE LOVE OUR WIVES

The **Smothers Brothers** take over the male roles in **I Love My Wife,** on September 4th. It's a tale of wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Monday thru Saturday at 8; matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore Theater, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

Runaways–A new entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (730-1760).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Charles Kimbrough. Mon, Tues, Wed, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m.; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Thru 9/3, Ambassador, 49th St W of Bdway (541-6490).

Timbuktu!–The performances in Geoffrey Holder's musical are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown. *Kismet,* which it was based on, was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; Gilbert Price sings compellingly but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed &

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Tribute–Bernard Slade's new play starring Jack Lemmon is extremely clever and likable, which is as unusual a combination in plays as it is in people. A play that mixes laughter and tears with almost supernatural skill, always sidestepping ultimate frivolity, always teetering back from the abyss of mawkishness into the happy pratfall of farce, that takes the sting out of adultery, divorce, prostitution, failure in business, nonachievement of artistic aspirations, family in-fighting, and, best of all, death itself, is the most comforting news this side of a cure for cancer. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Wiz–Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (247-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

Academy Arts Repertory–Pinter's *The Dumbwaiter;* Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape,* 9/1-3, at 7:30 p.m. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

American Theatre Experiment–Thru 9/3, Brooke Breslow's *The End of the Line.* 9/5-9, John Tulsee's *Bring on the Night.* $3. 78th St Theater, 276 W 78th (228-0900).

American Dance Machine–A recreation of memorable moments in Broadway's musical history, directed be Lee Theodore, with Helen Gallagher, Barry Preston, Janet Eilber. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 7:30; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Century Theater, 235 W 46th (354-6644).

And Baby Makes Four–A new play by Sam McClanahan, directed by Howard Lipson. Thurs thru Sun, 8/31-9/17, at 8 p.m. $3. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (695-7106).

But Never Jam Today–Vinnette Carroll's adaptation of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* adhering closely to the book. Done with an all-black cast. 8/29-31, 9/6-9. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m., Sun 7 p.m. Urban Arts Corps, 26 W 20th St (924-7820).

Divinely, Coward—*We Were Dancing/Hands Across the Sea,* thru 8/31. Three Muses Theater, Ansonia Hotel, Bdway at 73rd (242-3900).

Drama Committee Repertory–Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness,* Mon thru Thurs at 8 p.m., thru 9/14. G.B. Shaw's *You Never Can Tell,* Fri, Sat, & Sun at 8 p.m., thru 9/24. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Family Business–Dick Goldberg's play about infighting in a suburban Boston Jewish family is a fog of melodrama occasionally pierced by a ray of something resembling truth. Much of the violence stems from the revelation that one of the four loving but internecinely embattled sons is a homosexual. The acting of a cast of six is remarkable. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat 7 & 10; Sun 3 & 7. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

The 5th of July–Lanford Wilson writes intelligent, amusing, racy dialogue, but this play lacks a little urgency although it is never uninteresting. It is accorded a fine production, under Marshall W. Mason's skilled direction, which errs only in trying to be too fast, too manifold, too cleaver. Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Thru 9/2. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

Hollywood Confidential–A one-man movieland epic, written by and starring Charles Busch. Fridays and Saturdays at 11 p.m. $3. Ridiculous Theater Company, One Sheridan Square (260-7137).

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It on the Road–This new work by Gretchen Cryer (book, lyrics, and star) and Nancy Ford (music) about a middle-aged pop singer trying to carry on her life after her manager/lover leaves her is too slight, schematic, and unoriginal to be a significant statement about human conflicts. There is a reason, nonetheless, for seeing the show: Gretchen Cryer. She is a bundle of solace, a staged lesson in growing older and living on, and it is to be recommended that you memorize her. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 6:30 & 9 p.m.; Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. Public/Anspacher Theatre, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion–Richiardi, master of illusion, stars in an excellent and entertaining revue featuring a cast of expert magicians from all parts of the world. Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m.; Fri & Sat at 7:30 & 10 p.m.; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. The Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (473-7270).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Thomas Middleton's Elizabethan comedy, *A Mad World, My Masters,* written in 1608; 9/2 at 7:30, 9/3 at 3:30. Ben Jonson's *Volpone,* 9/1 at 7:30, 9/2 at 10:30. Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery at 2nd St (677-0060).

Man-Wo-Man–Two plays, *Michael* by Ed Bullins, and *Passion Without Reason,* by Neil Harris, directed by Ernestine M. Johnston. Admission Free. Public/Other Stage, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Miss Truth–A play by Glory Van Scott, directed and choreographed by Louis Johnson. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. 9/15-11/5. $5. Nat Horne Theater, 440 W 42nd (736-7128).

Momma's Little Angels–Louis La Russo II's new play about an Italian-American family living in Hoboken. Mon thru Sat at 8; Wed mat at 2:30. $9. Quaigh Theatre, 108 W 43rd St (221-9088).

New Living Newspaper(Vol. 1, No. 2)–Today's news comes alive on stage! Directed by George Ferencz. 8/31, 9/1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 11 at 8:30; 9/3, 10, at 3 p.m. 9/9 at 7:30 & 10:30. Free. 416 W 42nd St in Theatre Row (237-0833).

New York City Stage Company–Shaw's *Pygmalion,* 8/30, 9/3, 9, 15, 23, 27, 10/1; Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya,* 8/31, 9/2, 6, 10, 16, 22, 28, 30; Coward's *Hay Fever* 9/1, 7, 9, 13, 17, 23, 29; Nichols's *Joe Egg,* 9/2, 8, 14, 16, 20, 24, 30. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m., Sat mat at 2:30. $4. Park Royal Theatre, 23 W 73rd St (877-0984).

Nine to Five–Written by Ned Jackson, directed by Raymond J. Barry and performed by the Quena Theatre Company. 8/31 thru 9/3; 9/7 thru 9/10. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. $2.50. Theatre for the New City, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

Noel Coward in Two Keys–The master of sophisticated comedy is shown in two short plays, *Come Into the Garden Maude* and *A Song at Twilight.* Fri and Sat at 8 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 9/3. $3. Shandol Theatre, 137 W 22 St (691-7950).

Oklahoma–1943 musical with book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II, music by Richard Rodgers, based on Lynn Riggs's play, *Green Grow the Lilacs.* Tues thru Sun at 8 p.m. mats Sat & Sun at 2:30. 9/14-10/8. Equity Library Theater, 103rd St & Riverside Dr (663-2028).

Overtones–A one-act comedy by Alice Gerstenberg, along with Anouilh's The Orchestra, another one-act comedy; both devoted to women. 9/8-10, 14-17, 21-23, at 8 p.m. 9/17 & 24 at 3 p.m. $3. Westbeth Theater, 151 Bank St (691-2272).

The Passion of Alice–A new musical fantasy, by Jocko Richardson, Ken Cory, and Sean Kalliel, with score by Gary Richmond. Wed & Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 8 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Thru Sept. $4. Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W 13th St (243-6800).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (989-2020).

Piano Bar–A new-style musical by Rob Fremont and Doris Willens, directed by Albert Takazuckas, about four people who take refuge in a lounge on a rainy evening. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; mats Wed at 2, Sun at 3. Chelsea/Westside Theater/Upstairs, 407 W 43 (541-8394).

Pins and Needles–Revival of the 40-year-old musical revue by Harold Rome. Cast with members of the ILGWA, it ran from 1937 to 1941. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 9/3. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–An absurd and unnecessary act is the reviving of this play, by James Kirkwood. It had lasted, with a much better cast and a much

SUMMER IDEAS FROM 20th CENTURY FOX®

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MANHATTAN

GUILD'S
VICTORIA
READE'S
72nd ST. EAST
LIGHTSTONE'S
PLAYBOY
BRANDT'S
ESSEX
BRANDT'S
COSMO
FLORIN-CREATIVE'S
ST. MARKS CINEMA

BRONX

POZIN'S
BAINBRIDGE
BRANDT'S
CITY CINEMA
CO OP CITY
BRANDT'S
EARL
INTERBORO'S
DOVER
PALACE
POZIN'S
WAKEFIELD
TRIANGLE'S
CITY ISLAND

BROOKLYN

INTERBORO
BROOKLYN HTS. 1
BARDANO'S
CITY LINE
INTERBORO'S
COMMODORE
(SPANISH SUBTITLES)
UA WALKER
POZIN'S
KENT
BRANDT'S
REGENT
REX CINEMA
CENTURY'S
NOSTRAND
FLORIN-CREATIVE'S
AVENUE U

QUEENS

RKO ALDEN
JAMAICA
POZIN
ARION
MIDDLE VILLAGE
FLORIN-CREATIVE'S
HAVEN
WOODHAVEN
FLORIN-CREATIVE'S
SURFSIDE CINEMA
ROCKAWAY PARK
BRANDT'S
ROCHDALE CINEMA JAMAICA
UA QUARTET 2
FLUSHING
FLORIN-CREATIVE'S
DRAKE
REGO PARK
CENTER
SUNNYSIDE
LESSER'S
LEFFERTS
RICHMOND HILL

UPSTATE

FAMILY CINEMA
BEACON
GOSHEN
GOSHEN
ROSENDALE
ROSENDALE
ACADEMY
NEW PALTZ
DOVER
DOVER PLAINS
CAMEO
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PORT JERVIS
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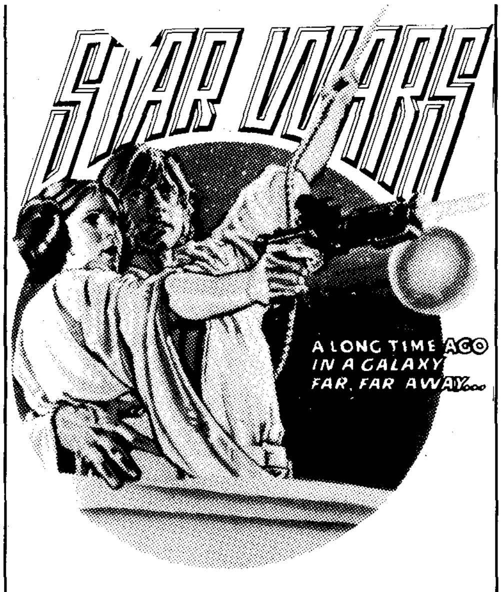
STAR WARS
A LONG TIME AGO IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY...

Starring MARK HAMILL HARRISON FORD CARRIE FISHER
PETER CUSHING and
ALEC GUINNESS

Written and Directed by GEORGE LUCAS Produced by GARY KURTZ Music by JOHN WILLIAMS

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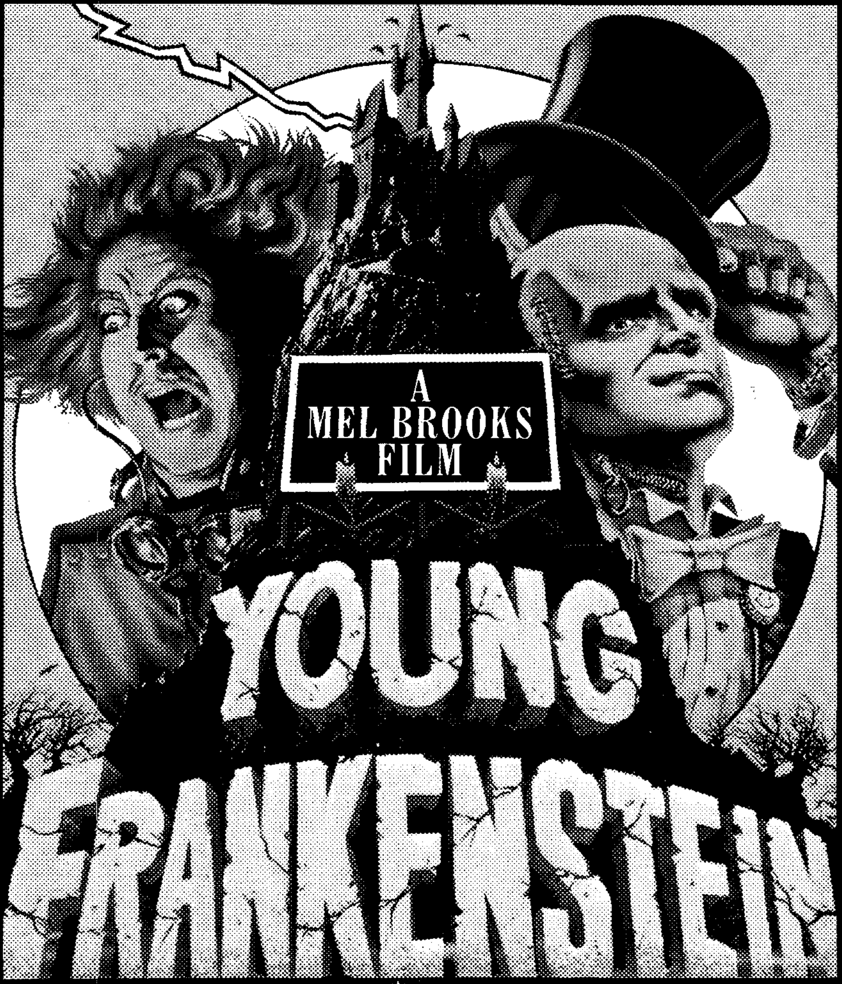

starring
"YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN" GENE WILDER · PETER BOYLE
MARTY FELDMAN · CLORIS LEACHMAN costarring TERI GARR
also starring KENNETH MARS and MADELINE KAHN

produced by MICHAEL GRUSKOFF directed by MEL BROOKS screen story and screenplay by GENE WILDER and MEL BROOKS
based on characters in the novel "Frankenstein" by MARY W. SHELLEY music by JOHN MORRIS PRINTS BY DE LUXE®

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better-appointed production, sixteen performances on Broadway, and then joined the eponymous feline in the happy mouse hunting grounds. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (254-6330).

Pushing Thirty–Jonathan Hadary in a new one-man show. Thru 8/31. Mon thru Thurs at 11 p.m. $3. Circle Repertory Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

Ridiculous Theatrical Company–*Bluebeard,* Thurs & Fri at 8 p.m. *Stage Blood,* Mon & Wed at 8 p.m. *Camille,* Sat & Sun at 8 p.m. All written and directed by Charles Ludlam who also stars. One Sheridan Square (260-7137).

Royal Court Repertory–*Macbeth,* with all-female cast, 8/28-30, 9/5-7, 11-14, at 8 p.m. 8/30, 9/6, at 3 p.m. *Antigone,* 8/31, 9/1, 2, 8-10, 15-17, at 8; 9/2, 10, 17, at 3 p.m. Royal Court Repertory, 301 West 55th St (997-9582).

Soho Repertory Theatre–Coward's *Fallen Angels,* 9/1 at 8:30; 9/2 at 10:30; 9/3 at 7:30. Robin Maugham's *The Servant,* 9/2 at 7; 9/3 at 4 p.m. Soho Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

St Mark's Gospel–Alec McCowen in a solo performance reciting the complete text of *The Gospel According to St. Mark* (King James version) six performances weekly, 9/5-24. Marymount Manhattan Theater, 221 E 71st (391-0450).

The Taming of the Shrew–It is hard to do an unabashed version in these days of women's liberation, yet unabashed and robust it must be. Here the director, Wilford Leach, has turned Kate into a naughty child, Bianca into a simpering ninny, and Lucentio into a bungling oaf. The timing drags, which is deadly in farce, and yet farce is what even the higher comedy sequences aim for. Raul Julia relies too heavily on charm as Petruchio, and Meryl Streep is a confused and confusing Kate. Anachronistic costumes and a highly uneven supporting cast contribute finishing or finishing-off touches. Thru 9/3, Tues thru Sun at 8. At the Delacorte Theater in Central Park. Free, but come early for tickets (535-5630).

13th St Theatre–*Laughing Stock,* a satirical comedy revue, Wed at 8:30; Horovitz's *Line,* Fri & Sat at 10 p.m. Reiter's *Joan and the Devil,* Thurs, Fri, Sat at 7:30; Horovitz's *The Indian Wants the Bronx,* Sun at 9. 13th St Theatre, 50 W 13th (741-9282).

Three By Two–A showcase for two actors written and directed by Tom Millott, stars Robert Arpin, Bud Graves, and Richard Shoberg. Fri at 10:30 p.m. Plays in repertory with Tom Millott's *Love, Death and Taxes.* Thurs thru Mon at 8 p.m., Sat at 10:30 p.m., Sun at 3. Thru 9/25. $5. Cubiculo Theatre, 414 West 51st St (265-2138).

The Troupe Repertory–Three one act plays by Chad Henderson, Upstairs Theatre. *The Black Crook,* by Charles Barras, Downstairs Theatre. Both thru 9/3, Fri at 8; Sat 7 & 10 p.m.; Sun at 3. *The Father,* by August Strindberg, Downstairs Theatre. Thru 9/7, Mon thru Thurs at 8. $3. The Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Patricia Miller) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

A Women of No Importance–Oscar Wilde's play, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 9/10. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Monday through Friday, 1 to 6 p.m. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Le Refuge–309 E 83rd. Charming French dining place with live baroque guitar and harp music, Mon, Tues & Thurs, from 7:30 p.m. (UN 1-4505).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th. Italian cabaret with hideaway caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 Orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open for dancing Wed and Fri, from 5:30; Thurs & weekends from 2:30. American and Latin bands. Midnight disco Wed, Fri, Sat. Dance class & show Wed night (Cl 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Disco dancing continuously on the glass floor. Thru 9/9, Sweet Cream, a three-sister group, at 9:30, 11:30 & 1:15 a.m., early show at 9 p.m. Fri & Sat. (421-0900).

Sibi–151 E 50th. Nice warm upstairs dancing den, with pianist-singer Bobby Cole and his jazz quartet, every night but Sunday from 9 p.m. (753-3429).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub starring Aris San, a disco dance band, The Siroquettes (a chorus line!), & other ethnic entertainment. Closed Mondays (683-9409).

Stork Club–112 Central Park South. Perhaps the most elegant room for dining and dancing in the city. Horace Diaz and his quartet supply dance music Mon thru Sat 8:30 p.m. til 1:30 a.m. (581-7080).

Tavern On The Green–Central Park at W 67th. Pianist Charlie Cochron, accompanied by bass player Ernie Furtado, in the Elm Cafe, from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Wed thru Sun (873-3200).

Touches–190 Third at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Thru 8/31, Monty Alexander, Jamaican-born pianist, plays Sun thru Thurs.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** Thru Labor Day, Tony Gorody plays the piano and sings Tues thru Sat, 9:30 to 12:30 a.m. From 9/5, the renowned guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli plays in trio Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30 a.m. A pianist takes over Sun & Mon.

Plaza, Fifth Ave at 59th (PL 9-3000). **Edwardian Room:** Dance music by the Roger Stanley trio, Tues thru Sun from 6:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly, from 9:30 to 1:30 a.m. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m., Mon thru Fri. And from 10 p.m. to 12:30 a.m., singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherland, 5th Ave and 59th St (EL 5-2800). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Earl Rose plays from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Wednesdays through Fridays.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Hartley, pianist, Mon thru Thurs, 5:30 to 8 p.m. The Peter Duchin Quartet headed by pianist John Bunch, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m., Fri & Sat, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

UN Plaza, 44th & First Ave (355-3400). **Ambassador Lounge:** Greenhouse with muted lights is the setting for Dick Hankinson at the piano, Mon thru Fri. Earl Rose, Sat & Sun, from 5 to midnight.

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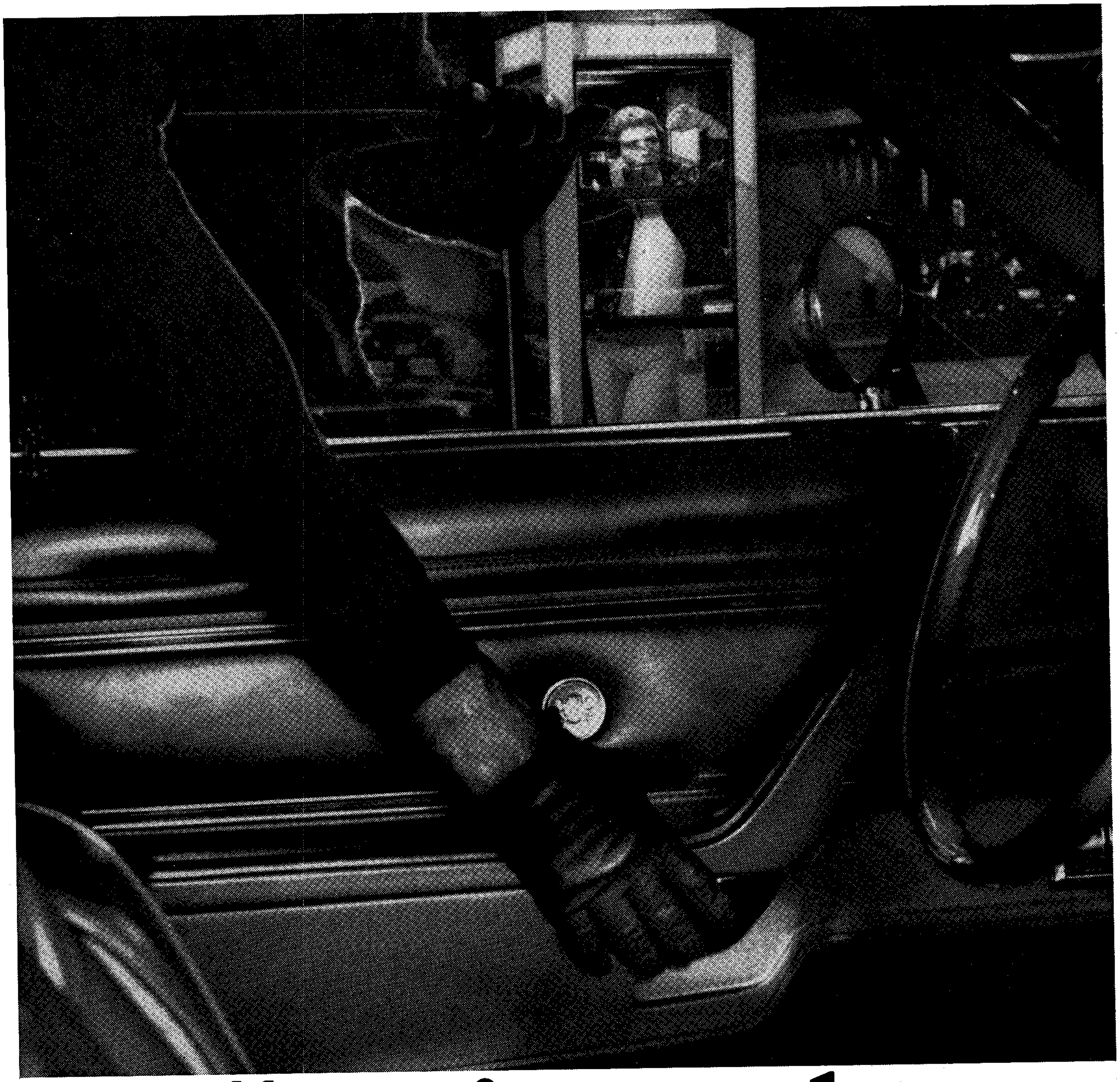

“Hello, we’ve got the car you ordered, Sir.”

Once every 32 seconds a car is stolen.[1]

Auto theft is no longer a “cottage industry.” It’s a 1.6 billion dollar a year business.[2]

In 1977, 948,024 cars were stolen. If that seems a meaningless statistic to you, what ought to make it meaningful is the fact that you pay for auto thefts through your insurance—whether your car is stolen or not.

Of course, not all cars are stolen for profit. At least one-third are stolen for "fun." And, while cars stolen for "joyrides" are often recovered, they're rarely recovered in one piece.

Can anything be done to stop auto theft? A number of things:

Lock your car. Some 40% of stolen cars are driven away with the keys owners left in them.[3] In Boston, where 1 in every 35 cars was stolen in 1975, a "Lock-your-car" campaign, run by the National Auto Theft Bureau and supported by many institutions including Ætna helped *cut theft 48% in a two-year period.*

Install anti-theft devices such as locking systems, out-off switches and security alarms. While less effective against the professional thief, they are a known deterrent to the amateur.

New laws can help. Ætna supports, for example, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration's recommendations to make anti-theft devices standard equipment.[4]

We also back the recommendations of a New York legislative committee for identification numbers on car parts most often stripped, licensing of businesses that sell or scrap cars and accurate records kept of all transactions. We urge other states to consider these ideas.

Auto theft can be cut. Auto insurance costs can be controlled. Don't underestimate your own influence. Use it, as we are trying to use ours.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

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[1] While private passenger car registration increased 180% between 1949 and 1974, *thefts increased a whopping* 493%.

[2] There may be worse to come: Auto theft rings have expanded their operations to offer auto parts—some 20% of cars they steal now wind up in the "cutting factory."

[3] According to a 1978 report from the New York State Senate Committee on Transportation, 20% of stolen cars have the keys left in the ignition while another 20% have keys "hidden" by the owner on the visor or other places.

[4] The NHTSA estimates their recommended use of keys and locking systems would add only $1 to $2 to a car's purchase price. Until anti-theft devices become standard equipment, we urge you to have them installed before other optional equipment that makes cars more attractive to the thief.

For a better understanding of the problem of auto insurance costs and what you can do about them, write Influence, Department N, Ætna Life & Casualty, 151 Farmington Avenue, Hartford, CT 06156.

Ætna
LIFE & CASUALTY

piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Ballroom–458 West Bdway. Singers David Summers and Nedra Dixon in a new act thru 9/9. Shows at 8:30 & 10:30, Tues thru Sat (473-9367).

Benihana Palace–15 W 44th. Hiroko Kondo plays pop organ in the bar, Wed thru Sat, in an authentic Japanese inn setting (682-7120).

Bradley's–70 University Pl. John Bunch, one of several distinctive pianists who first made his mark as a singers' accompanist, will deliver his clean and lucid notions in conference with the superior bassist, Sam Jones, thru 9/2 (228-6440).

The Bottom Line–15 W 4th. 8/27, 28, Lenny Williams. 8/31, The Good Rats. 9/1, 2, Dexter Wansel and Mars. 9/4, 5, An Evening with Johnny Winter. 9/6, Ronnie Milsap (228-6300).

Cafe Fanny–Hotel Biltmore, Madison & 43rd. 19th century cafe with an informal ambience, which is open to midnight always (687-7115).

Carnegie Tavern–165 W 56th. Jazz pianist Ellis Larkins, known for his crystal touch, lilting swing, enormous repertoire, and short sets, is well worth hearing, 8 to midnight (PL 7-9522).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Clubhouse–1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steakhouse, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/ballads singer and pianist Sandra Alexander entertaining nightly (628-0600).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The city's bastion of traditional jazz boasts a house band led by clubowner Red Balaban, and includes the patriarch of jazz trombone, Vic Dickenson. On Sundays, a young tenor saxophonist named Scott Hamilton leads his own band and does very nicely by the Ben Webster-Don Byas tradition. Cornetist Wild Bill Davison plays with the group thru 9/9. (265-8277).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Joe Turner, the last of the stride pianists and a long time citizen of France, is making one of his exceedingly rare and joyful appearances in this country, Mon thru Thurs at 8:30 & 10:30; Fri & Sat at 12:15 a.m. (OR 4-4450).

Coriander–314 E. 72 St. This cozy little restaurant is much enhanced by the presence of pianist-singer Joe Derise, a veteran charmer with an impeccable repertoire. He appears nightly from 10 p.m., with bassist Ernie Furtado (794-2700).

HE'LL PLAY YOUR REQUEST

George Masso, an accomplished trombonist with a bold brassy sound, makes his debut as bandleader at **Crawdaddy's** genuine New Orleans Restaurant, with pianist Tom Fay and drummer Joe Corsello. He'll be here with his trio Monday through Friday, 6:30 to 11:30, for four whole weeks. In the Hotel Roosevelt, 45th Street & Vanderbilt Ave (687-1860).

Le Farfalle–209 W 48th. Split-level disco with large dance floors and extra special effects. Wed thru Sun from 10 p.m. to 7 a.m. (582-0352).

Fortune Garden–1160 Third at 67th. Chinese restaurant-club with Billy Budd playing piano and singing nightly in six languages plus a dash of rock. Tues thru Sat, 5 to 1 a.m., thru 9/9 (744-1212).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mon, Al Haig, a superior pianist who was a favorite accompanist of Charlie Parker and Stan Getz, leads a trio with bass and guitar. Tues, Chuck Wayne Trio. Another piano-bass guitar trio, led by Hod O'Brian and featuring the marvelously fluent guitarist Joe Puma, takes over Wed thru Sun (371-2220).

Hopper's–6th Ave at 11th St. Thru 9/2, "Toots" Thieleman, harmonica virtuoso, and his jazz group, Mon thru Sat, 9:30 & 11:30 p.m.; Fri & Sat extra show at 1 a.m. From 9/4, saxist Eddie Daniels and his jazz group (260-0250).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Stan Gold Quartet, 5:30 to 8 p.m. on Fridays (664-9700).

Les Mareyeurs–988 Madison Ave. French seafood house in the heart of the art gallery country. The great Ronny Whyte entertains Tues thru Sat from 8:30 to 1 a.m. except 8/29-9/2 when we hear Barbara Lea. Ronny returns 9/5 (628-3333).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. The Chick Webb Orchestra with Eddie Barefield and vocalist Carol Sloane, 8/29 thru 9/23. Mondays, Woody Allen indulges in wish fulfillment and Dixieland clarinet (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

BACK-AGAIN SING-ALONG

Jerry Scott has returned, after a year in California, to **Nickels,** There's cosy ambience and fine food. Customers can join in the singing, with Jerry at the piano. He's there from 8:30 until closing. 227 East 67th (794-2331).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Tues, Wed, Thurs & Sat, 6 to 11 p.m. Mon & Fri evenings singer-pianist Elaine Francis (753-9180).

Onde's–160 E. 48th. Supper club with split level room for dancing. The Art Syms band and pianist-singer Baba Motta perform from 7:30 on every night but Sunday (752-0200).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine. Every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. Hot summer one-night stands of up-and-coming singers, thru 9/3. Shows at 9 & 11:30 p.m. (691-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Sea Breeze–27 W 72nd. A large handsome seafood place. Thurs thru Sat, from 8 p.m. pianist-singer Jerry Toy Greenberg offers selections from Gershwin, Porter, Sondheim, etc. Tues and Wed, Larry Orleno does the same with ballads, standards, and the rest (595-2534).

StoryTowne–41 E 58th. Al Hibbler makes a rare appearance 8/31-9/2, and that means cavern-voiced, cockney-tinged, soulful recitations of "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me" and "Unchained Melody," at the very least (755-1640).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. 8/29-9/2, the Dave Liebman Quintet (242-1785).

Tramps–125 E 15th. 8/31, Robert Kraft and The Ivory Coast at 9 & 11 p.m. 8/30 at 9 p.m. Sue Greenwood (260-0370).

Le Vert-Galant–109 W 46th. Maurice's handsome French place, convenient for excellent dining in the theater district, Byron Sommers sings in the lounge, and there is piano entertainment nightly. Closed Sunday (JU 2-7989).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. The great blues singer-alto saxophonist, Eddie Cleanhead Vinson, will make a welcomed appearance thru 9/3, with a repertoire that spans jazz classics, ballads, and his funny, unique blues. Not to be missed. The big band of Thad and Mel on Mondays (AL5-4037).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

Family Weekend, New York Botanical Garden (220-8700). Music and dance, magic, puppets, crafts, nature walks, and plant sales: 9/3-4 from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Meadowlands Family Fair, Meadowlands Racetrack (201-967-1103). Exhibitions, shows, rides, and contests: 8/29-31 from 1 to 11 P.M. and 9/1-2 from 1 to midnight. Entertainment featuring Kenny Rogers & Dottie West, Pat Cooper, Bobby Vinton, Tito Puente & Machito, and the Sylvers: 8/29-9/2 at 6:30 & 9:30.

Original Heritage Oktoberfest, Victory Field/Forest Park, Woodhaven Blvd. at Myrtle Ave., Queens (456-1776), 8/29-31 from 6 to 11 P.M., 9/1 from 2 to midnight, 9/2-4 from 1 to midnight.

Star Trek America Convention, Statler Hilton Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (979-6070), 9/2-4 from 9 A.M. to midnight.

Hispanic Arts Festival: Artistic presentations throughout the city, thru 9/3. For more information, call 369-7054.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345) Mon-Thurs 10-7, Fri & Sat 10-8, Sun 12-8.

Big Apple Circus, Big Apple Park, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. (581-9186). A one-ring tent circus, featuring acrobats, trapeze artists, clowns, and gymnasts; Wed at 11:15 & 2:15, Thurs-Sat at 2:15 & 7:30, and Sun at 1 & 4.

Mummenschanz, Bijou, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Mon-Sat at 8, Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3.

Bronx Zoo, Pelham Pkwy. at Southern Blvd. (220-5100), Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 10-5:30.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Bdwy (245-4878). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2, 7, and 10, Sun at 2.

Goodskates, Mineral Springs Building, northwest end of Central Park Sheep Meadow (535-1080). Daily 10-7. Sales and rentals of roller skates for use in the 31 miles of paved walkways in the park.

Walking Tours of New York: Tours of Brooklyn Heights and the theater and financial districts of the city take place every Sunday afternoon, beginning at 2. For more information, call 586-4763.

New York Aquarium, Surf Ave. at W 8th St., Bklyn (266-8500), Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 10-7.

Concerts

Tuesday, August 29

New York Philharmonic, Van Cortlandt Park (580-8700). Zubin Mehta conducts. Works of Wagner, Ravel, and Mahler, at 8:30.

Harlem Jazz Festival: Maurice Waller & His Trio/Jimmy Rowles & His Trio/Carol Sloane, Small's Paradise, 2294 Seventh Ave., at 9; Harold Vick Quartet, Vincent's Place, 55 W 125th St., at 8 (686-9096).

Boston, Madison Square Garden, at 8.

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors: Jewish Theater Collective, Fountain Plaza, at 11; Latin American Theater Ensemble, Fountain Plaza, at 2:30; The Family, Inc., Fountain Plaza, at 5; *Broadway Soul at Lincoln Center:* musical revue, Damrosch Park, at 8 (765-5100).

Chicago, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 7.

Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.

Don McLean, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (766-9066), at 7:45.

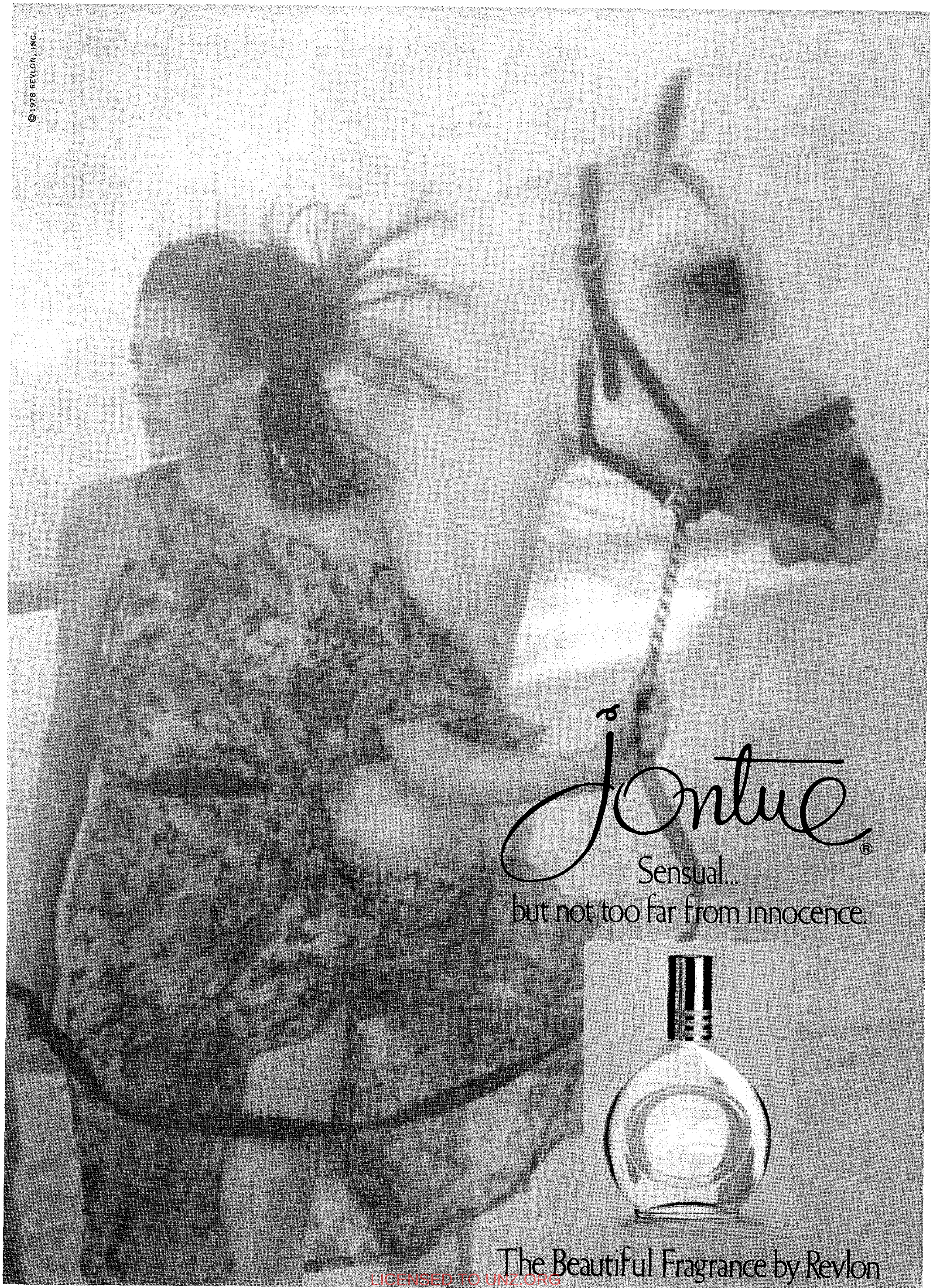
Bill Hickey & Ken Byrne Irish Band, Fort Tryon Park Playground, Bdwy at Dyckman St. (360-8294), at 7.

Wednesday, August 30

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors: *Broadway Soul at Lincoln Center:* musical revue, Damrosch Park, at 8 (765-5100).

L'Arema Chamber Ensemble, Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave. (794-0600), at 7.

Harlem Jazz Festival: Randy Weston & Trio/Teuro Nakamuro, Vincent's Place, 55 W 125th St., at 8;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Saturday 10 to 6. Groups welcome, please call 586-3907.

AROUND TOWN

Dizzy Gillespie, Small's Paradise, 2294 Seventh Ave., at 9 (686-9096).

Chicago, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 7.

Gary Struncius, folk music, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (766-9066), at 7:45.

Boston, Madison Square Garden, at 8.

Thursday, August 31

Mitchell Korn, guitar, Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave. (794-0600), at 7.

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors: Off Center Theater for Children, Fountain Plaza, at 11; American Dance Movement, Fountain Plaza, at 2:30; Youth Theater Interaction, Fountain Plaza, at 5; *Broadway Soul at Lincoln Center:* musical revue, Damrosch Park, at 8 (765-5100).

Bluegrass & Country Music Contest Band Winners, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (427-1488), at 8.

Harlem Jazz Festival: Woody Herman & the Thundering Herd/Al King & the Kingsmen, Small's Paradise, 2294 Seventh Ave., at 9; Slide Hampton & the First Harlem Jazz Repertory Orchestra, Vincent's Place, 55 W 125th St., at 8 (686-9096).

Clara Walker & Her Musical Stars, gospel music, Bethune Houses Courtyard, Amsterdam Ave. at W 157th St. (360-8294), at 7.

Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.

Friday, September 1

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors: Bond Street Theater Coalition, Fountain Plaza, at 2:30; Charles Moore's "Dances & Drums of Africa," Fountain Plaza, at 5; *Broadway Soul at Lincoln Center:* musical revue, Damrosch Park, at 8 (765-5100).

Teddy Pendergrass, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Philharmonia CETA Orchestra, Museum of Modern Art Summergarden, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.

Chantey Contest, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (766-9066), at 7:30.

Chicago, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 7.

Meat Loaf/Eddie Money, Nassau Coliseum, at 8.

Saturday, September 2

Philharmonia CETA Orchestra, Museum of Modern Art Summergarden, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.

Oscar Brand, folk music, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (766-9066), at 7:30.

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors: Mini Events, Fountain Plaza, at noon; Latino Women's Poetry & Music Festival, Fountain Plaza, at 2:30; International Afrikan-American Ballet, Fountain Plaza, at 5; *Broadway Soul at Lincoln Center:* musical revue, Damrosch Park, at 8 (765-5100).

Chicago, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 7.

Teddy Pendergrass, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Grateful Dead/Willie Nelson, Giants Stadium in the Meadowlands (201-778-2888), at 11 A.M.

Sunday, September 3

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors: Mini Events, Fountain Plaza, at noon; Everyman Street Theater Company, Fountain Plaza, at 2:30; Street Theater Symposium, Fountain Plaza, at 4; American Symphony Orchestra with conductor David Stahl and pianist Leon Bates, Damrosch Park, at 8 (765-5100).

L. Ripley Keller, pianist-composer, Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St. (865-3571), at 2.

Teddy Pendergrass/Ashford & Simpson, Jones Beach Theater in Wantagh, L.I. (516-221-1000), 8.

Monday, September 4

Bonnie Raitt, Jones Beach Theater in Wantagh, L.I. (516-221-1000), at 7.

Tuesday, September 5

Chicago, Jones Beach Theater in Wantagh, L.I. (516-221-1000), at 8.

Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn Center at Brooklyn College, Campus Rd at Ave H (859-1180).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave at 82nd St. (535-7710).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).
Wollman Theater in Central Park, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (249-8870).

Opera

NEW YORK CITY OPERA
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

NAUGHTY BUT NICE

Gianna Rolandi is Marietta, Alan Titus is Etienne, and Joanna Simon is Adah when the **New York City Opera** opens its fall season on August 31 with a two-week engagement of *Naughty Marietta.* This marks the first time the company has presented a work by Victor Herbert and it is the first full-scale production of this work in New York in 47 years. At the State Theater (877-4727).

Naughty Marietta: 8/31 at 7:30; 9/1 at 8; 9/2 at 2 & 8; 9/3 at 1 & 7. Casts include: Rolandi/Hynes; Simon/Marsee; Trussel/Hensel; Titus/Roe; Foss and Billings. *Conductors:* Mauceri/Walser/Salesky. Director: Roffman. Designers: Smith and Zipprodt.

OTHER

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *The Merry Widow,* 8/30 at 8:30, 9/31-9/1 at 8:30, 9/2 at 4 & 8:30; 9/3 at 5 at the 72nd St. Bandshell in Central Park.

Dance

AMERICAN BALLET THEATER
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 9/5 at 8: **The Sleeping Beauty** with Cynthia Gregory and Fernando Bujones.

OTHER

Eugene James Dance Company, Choreoground Theater, 69 W 14th St. (242-1903), 9/2-3 at 8.
Kenneth King & Dancers, Cooper-Hewitt Museum, 2 E 91st St. (860-6868), 8/29 at 7.
Douglas Norwick & Dancers, Merce Cunningham Studio, 463 West St. (924-1494), 8/30-31 at 9.

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Pilot 5, Cooper-Hewitt Museum, 2 E 91st St. (860-6868), 9/5 at 6.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes show of special distinction.
Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Paul Findlay–Striated color abstractions, 9/2-21. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).

Howard Gross–A series of portraits with closed eyes, thru 8/31. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

Jennings–Sculptured canvases in white-on-white or blended colors, 9/1-30. Cernuschi, 5 E 57th (759-5342). Mon-Fri 9-5.

***Henri Matisse/Joan Miro**–Prints and drawings by both, 9/5-10/14. Heidenberg, 50 W 57th (586-3808).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Jose Campos Bizcardi–Stylized landscapes and interiors by this Venezuelan, thru 9/29. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

Paul Gunn–Contemporary English landscapes and London, 9/5-20/American seascapes of the 19th century, thru 9/15. Graham, 1014 Mad Ave (535-5566).

***Egon Schiele** (1890-1918)–Self-portraits in paintings, drawings, and watercolors, thru 9/16. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281). Tues-Sat 1-6 during August.

SoHo

***Louis I. Kahn**–Drawings ranging from pencil sketches to large works in color of architectural monuments in Europe, Greece, and Egypt, thru 9/2. Drawing Center, 137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6.

Owen Morrel–*Asylum,* thru 9/30. Roof Top, 260 W Bdwy (966-0644). Mon-Fri 9-6.

Peca–Pennsylvania landscapes and abstractions, 9/1-10/10. Mirage, 132 Greene (925-7045).

Doris Whitlock–Collages, 9/2-30. Key, 130 Greene (966-3597). Wed-Sat 11-6.

OTHER

Lila Katzen–Steel outdoor sculpture and collage drawings, thru 9/1. Fordham at Lincoln Center (431-9439).

Philip Pearlstein–Recent prints of the nude/Graphic portfolios by Abrahams, Acconci, Arneson, others, thru 9/1. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006). Tues-Fri 11-5.

Yvonne Poser–Judaic themes in bronze, thru 8/30. National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods, 838 5th Ave (249-0100). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:30.

***Ned Smythe**–Sculpted arcades of cast and poured concrete columns with foliated capitals, thru 10/1. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (861-3115).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Droll/Kolbert–724 Fifth Ave (541-6006). Closed Mon & Sat. Group show, thru 9/1.

Eric–61 E 57th (371-9270). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30, Sat 10-5. Gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Getler/Pall–50 W 57th (581-2724). Works by known and unknown artists including Boxer, Dine, Rauschenberg, Ruscha, thru 8/30.

Hammer–51 E 57th (644-4400). Contemporary paintings and sculpture, thru 9/21.

Long–7 W 57th (752-6244). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Gallery artists, thru 8/31.

Midtown–11 E 57th (PL8-1900). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Bishop, Cadmus, Sivard, others, thru 9/9.

Pearl–29 W 57th (838-6310). New talent featuring Siegel, Lasker, others, 9/5-30.

Sande–61 E 57th (688-1904). Works by gallery artists, thru 8/30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Borgenicht–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040). Gallery members: a prospectus, 9/5-15.

Christopher–766 Mad Ave (737-3224). Gisson, Southcombe, Stobbe, others, 9/1-30.

Ericson–23 E 74th (737-6155). Gallery artists, thru 9/15.

FAR–22 E 80th (RE4-7287). Landscape and still life in contemporary American works in all media, thru 8/31.

***Gimpel Weitzenhoffer**–1040 Mad Ave (628-1897). Mon-Fri 10-5. Carved and cast sculpture by Hepworth, Moore, Niizuma; paintings by Jenkins, Natkin others, thru 9/15.

***Graham**–1014 Mad Ave (535-5566). American seascapes of the 19th century, thru 9/15.

Grolier Club–47 E 60th (TE8-6690). Mon-Fri 10-5. Manuscripts and portraits, thru 9/1.

Kraushaar–1055 Mad Ave (535-9888). Closed Sat. Group show, thru 8/31.

Rolly-Michaux–943 Mad Ave (535-1460). Aubusson tapestries by Calder, Cocteau, Gross and graphics by Chagall, Vasarely, others, thru 9/16.

Ronin–46 E 70th (535-2221), Group show, thru 9/16.

***Spaced**–165 W 72nd (787-6350). Tues-Sat 12-5. Architects Aronson, Desmond, Exline, Lazzaro, Stluka, thru 9/9.

SoHo

Bromm–90 W Bdwy (732-6196). Tues-Sat 1-6. Sculpture by Castoro, Harris, Nonas, others, 9/5-30.

Freidus–158 Lafayette (925-0113). Gallery artists, thru 8/31.

Hansen–70 Wooster (431-5904). Drawings by Alden, Casselman, Einhorn, others; figurative paintings by Corozine; photos by Dulman, 9/5-30.

***Hoffman**–429 W Bdwy (966-6676). Tues-Fri 11-4. Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and constructions by members, thru 9/14.

Spring Street Enamels–171 Spring (431-8151). Tues-Sun 12-6, Fri til 9. Cloisonne by Dubac and Leis, structures by Bedolla, 9/1-10/15.

Vorpal–465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Originals by Escher, acrylics by Rigolfi, welded steel sculpture by Udinotti, others, thru 8/30.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Polyester calligraphic wall pieces by Allen, drawings and sculpture on domesticity by Cote, shaped canvases by Miller, and abstractions by Shlevin, 9/2-21.

OTHER

***African-American Institute**–833 United Nations Pl (949-5666). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5. 150 African objects made from grass and other fibers, including clothing, agricultural implements, trays, others, thru 10/7.

***Arsenal**–830 5th Ave (360-8141). Mon-Fri 9-5. NYC posters including Chagall's for the Opera House and Steinberg's *New Yorker* cover, thru 9/10.

***Astor**–Lincoln Center (790-6551). Mon & Thurs 12-8, Tues, Wed, Fri, Sat 12-6. The dance in drawings, prints, costume designs, books, and sculpture spanning five centuries, including Diaghilev's notebook from 1909 to 1911, thru 9/2.

Battery Park City–Gate 3, landfill site opposite Morris and West Sts. (825-1494). Environmental sculptures, thru 9/17.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Works by the American textile designer Jack Lenor Larsen, thru 9/16.

***Greenwich House**–16 Jones (242-4106). Ceramics from 1948 to the present, thru 10/14.

Hall of Science–Flushing Meadows, Corona Park (699-9400). Wed-Fri 10-4, Sat 10-5, Sun 11-5. Development of the aerospace industry, including 38 airplane models and photos of NASA's mission to Mars, thru 8/31. Photos by Nilsson of the inside of the human body; thru 12/30.

Noho–542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sun 1-6. Geometric abstractions by Greenstein, water and island reflections in paint by Perrault, masks by Rofhok, roomscapes by Wingerter, 9/5-24.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

St. John the Divine–1047 Amsterdam Ave (678-6923). Puerto Rican artists Colon-Morales, Dinas, Salicrup, and Soto, thru 9/3.

***U.S. Custom House**–Broadway at Bowling Green (747-0147). Mon-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6. American Indian artifacts, thru 10/31.

THE HAMPTONS

Benson–Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton, L.I. (516-537-3233). *New Yorker* covers and cartoons, landscapes by Barnes and Foss, sculpture by Gentle, Reder, other, thru 8/29.

Bittersweet–Main St, Montauk, L.I. (516-668-3099). Paintings by Reboli, thru 8/31.

Parrish Museum–Job's Lane, Southampton (516-283-2118). The arts of Japan, including costumes, woodblock prints, thru 8/30.

Photography

***Carlos Diaz**–Coney Island, thru 8/30. Automation House, 49 E 68th (899-2953).

Donnell Library–20 W 53rd St. (790-6551). Mon 9:30-8, Tues-Wed, Fri-Sat 9:30-5, Thurs 9:30-7. Works by Grete Mannheim, thru 8/31.

***French Cultural Services**–972 5th Ave (737-9700). Mon-Fri 10-5. Today's trends in French photography, thru 9/15.

Geoffrey Gove/SueEllen Snyder–A retrospective look at the snowstorm of 1978 by both, thru 9/5. Double Exposure, 340 6th Ave (541-7600).

Kodak–1133 Sixth Ave. (262-6183). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. A photographic preview of the treasures of King Tut, thru 11/3.

Neil Leifer–Two decades of international sporting competition, 9/5-30. Nikon House, 620 5th Ave (586-3907).

Light–724 5th Ave (582-6552). Works by Callahan, Newman, Siskind, Strand, others, thru 8/31.

Tom McNease–Surrealistic, self-analytical images, 9/1-30. 4th Street, 67 E 4th (673-1021). Sun-Thurs 2-8, Fri-Sat 3-10.

***Midtown-Y**–344 E 14th (674-7200). Mon-Thurs 12-8, Fri til 4, Sun 10-1. Sports and games in the streets, parks, playgrounds, and plazas of NYC taken over the past 40 years by Cartier, Eisenberg, Gove, Wolff, others, thru 9/17.

Nikon House–620 5th Ave (586-3907). An international photo competition, thru 9/2.

Port Washington Public Library–245 Main St, Port Washington, L.I. (516-883-4400). Contemporaries working in 19th century processes, including Conner, Lopes, Morimoto, Steinberg, others, thru 8/31.

Prakapas–19 E 71st (737-6066). Vintage values in works by Brady, Bullock, Evans, Rinehart, others, 9/4-30.

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (242-9198). Sat-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Still life in abstract form by Berkowitz; counterculture in Palo Alto, California, by Mason; Lions of Judah by Threadgill; photos by members; thru 8/29.

Terrain–141 Greene (777-4490). Works dealing with views of Eli Siegel, thru 8/30.

Truman–38 E 57th (688-3516). Tues-Thurs 10-5. Fantasy-drama portraits by Lazar, mysteries by Quinn, thru 8/31.

***Carleton E. Watkins**(1829-1916).–The Yosemite Valley, Oregon, and California in the 1860s and 1880s, 9/5-10/28.

Diane Young–Abstract shadow compositions, thru 8/31. Popular Photography, 1 Park Ave (725-3785). Mon-Fri 9-5.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Ice Age Art—Man's Earliest Masterpieces:* The Cro-Magnon artist's view of his world; thru 1/15. *The Sport of Birding;* thru autumn. **Hayden Planetarium,** CPW at 81st St. (724-8700). Laserium concert, Wed at 8:45, Fri-Sun at 7:30.

Asia House–112 E 64th (751-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thurs til 8:30.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4. *Images of a Neglected Past:* Photographs, slides, and artifacts depicting over 125 years of the history and culture of the Chinese people in America; thru 8/30.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Visions of Courtly India:* Pahari miniatures, thru 9/17. *Haitian Art:* Paintings and sculptures since World War II; 9/2 thru 11/5.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Embroi-*

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dery Through the Ages: Fine and rare examples from the 14th century to the present, for the church and for secular use; thru 9/3.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. Folk art images of George Washington; thru 10/31.

Frick Collection, 1 E 70th St. (288-0700). Wed-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6, 9/5 10-6. Western European art from the Renaissance to the 19th century. In the permanent collection.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *The Evelyn Sharp Collection:* Forty-five paintings and sculptures from Braque, Calder, Matisse, Picasso, and others; thru 10/1. Prints by Hendrick Nicolaas Werkman (1882-1945); thru 9/17.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Photographs of Lee Friedlander. *Presence & Passage:* Drawings and paintings by Nicholas Barbieri. Prints by Merle Perlmutter. These shows run thru 9/17. *The Ringling Brothers Circus Model:* An 8' by 16' scale model of the circus of 1912-14; thru 9/30.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Edward Weston—Gifts to His Sister:* 125 prints by the artist; thru 9/3. *The Great West—Real/Ideal:* Black-and-white and color prints revealing concepts of the geographical, historical, and cultural regions of North America; thru 9/3.

Japan House-333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5, Fri til 7:30. Illuminated manuscripts of medieval Japan, 9/1-17.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5. Serigraphs by Peter Freudenthal, thru 9/4.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Images of Women—Master Drawings of Five Centuries:* Drawings from the 15th to the 20th century, *including* works by Rembrandt, Dürer, Ingres, Renoir, Matisse, others; thru 10/1. *Japanese Early Blue and White Export Ware:* Export porcelain of the second half of the 17th century; thru 9/3. *Polish Arms & Armor;* indefinite close. *Reports on the France of Louis XIII:* Engravings by Abraham Bosse (1602-76) on the preoccupations, divertissements, interior decorations, and modes of dress in Paris during his time; thru 10/29.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. Closed during August. *Giovanni Battista Piranesi Drawings:* Commemorating the 200th anniversary of the death of the great Venetian draftsman, architect, and etcher. *Early French Illuminated Manuscripts:* Examples of Carolingian, Romanesque, and early Gothic illuminations. *Letters of Love and Affection:* Letters by artists, authors, statesmen from the late sixteenth thru the ninteenth century. *Songs of Whales:* The music of the humpback whales. *These exhibits open September 5.*

El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272). Tues-Fri 10:30-4:30, Sat & Sun 11-4. *En Foco:* Black-and-white photographs by Charles Biasiny Rivera, Roger Caban, and Felipe Dante which deal with Hispanics in three areas—education, small business, and labor; thru 10/3.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *Folk Art—The Heart of America:* Objects incorporating and illustrating the heart; thru 10/15.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5. *Echoes of the Drums;* thru 10/31.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 10-5. *The Morning Watch:* An exhibition devoted to viewing programs from the museum's collection; thru 9/2.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4. Drawings by Anthony F. Dumas of the playhouses that comprised the Broadway theater district from 1900 to 1940; thru 10/29.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. Functional and sculptural works in clay and glass by young Americans, thru 10/1.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tues, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Jim Dine's Etchings:* The history of his work; thru 9/5. *The Architecture of Gunnar Asplund;* thru 9/10. Sound *installation by Max Neuhaus, thru 9/5. Designed for Film:* Demonstrating the importance of production design and art direction in motion pictures; thru 9/26. *Artists and Writers:* Drawings and portraits of 20th century American and European painters and sculptors, poets and philosophers, novelists and critics; thru 9/24. *Mirrors and Windows:* American photography since 1960; thru 10/2. *Photographs by Art Sinsabaugh:* Of Chicago cityscapes, New England, the East Coast, and the midwest; thru 10/29. The museum's **Summergarden** is now open Fri, Sat & Sun from 6 to 10 P.M., thru 9/3.

National Black American Historical Museum, 107 W 116th St. (864-9164). Tues-Sun 11-7.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6. *Double Take:* An exhibition of recent works by eighteen contemporary artists; thru 8/31.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Street Kids:* Old *and new photos depicting the many moods of the* city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 9/5. *New Life for Old Objects—The Art of the Conservator:* An exhibition of restored paintings, sculptures, and artifacts; thru 8/31. *Wish You Were Here:* A look at popular New York State vacation spots of the past; thru 9/30.

Nippon Museum–116 E 38th St. (889-5913). Daily 11-6. Closed Tues.

NY Public Library–Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6651). Mon-Wed, Fri & Sat 10-6. Documents and photos dealing with the struggle for woman suffrage, 1848-1920, thru 9/30. Rare circus posters, thru 9/20. Five centuries of prints by women, thru 11/15. Patrons and publishers dealing with the financial support of English literary works from Chaucer to Orwell with letters, manuscripts, and early editions, thru 11/29/At Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave. Mon-Sat 12-6. Photos and memorabilia of Eglevsky, 1917 to 1977, *thru 9/2. Scores, correspondence,* manuscripts, and stage designs of Luigi Dallapiccola (1904-75), the noted Italian composer, thru 9/16.

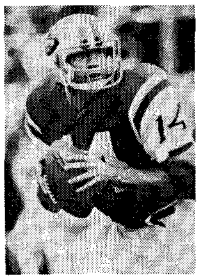
Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Play Ball!—A Century of Sports in Art:* Includes works by George Bellows, Richard Diebenkorn, Sidney Goodman, Red Grooms, Bill King, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Ben Shahn, and others; thru 9/10.

South Street Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6. *The Afternoon of Sail:* A re-creation of 19th century South Street; thru 9/4.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues-Fri 2-9, Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Art About Art:* Multimedia exhibition of more than 100 works by 50 contemporary American artists; thru 9/24. *Four-Part Drawing of Lines to Points on a Grid:* Sol LeWitt's drawing, installed on all four walls of the lobby gallery; thru 9/10. *Twentieth-Century American Drawings:* Major works by Bochner, Indiana, Morris, Nauman, and Wood; thru 10/1. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3. Works from 1920 thru the early 1970s by Stella, Motherwell, Rauschenberg, others, thru 9/8.

Sports

NO PLACE LIKE HOME



The **New York Jets,** showing evidence of improvement under quarterback Richard Todd (left) during the exhibition campaign, open their regular season at home for the first time in fourteen years on Sunday, September 3 at 1 against the explosive Miami Dolphins. Four of the team's first six games are at Shea Stadium (421-6600).

Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300); vs. California Angels, 8/29 at 8; vs. Seattle Mariners, 9/1-2 at 8, 9/3 at 2; vs. Detroit Tigers, 9/4 at 1, 9/5-6 at 8.

Mets, Shea Stadium (672-2000). No home games this week.

Giants, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (201-935-8222). No home game this week.

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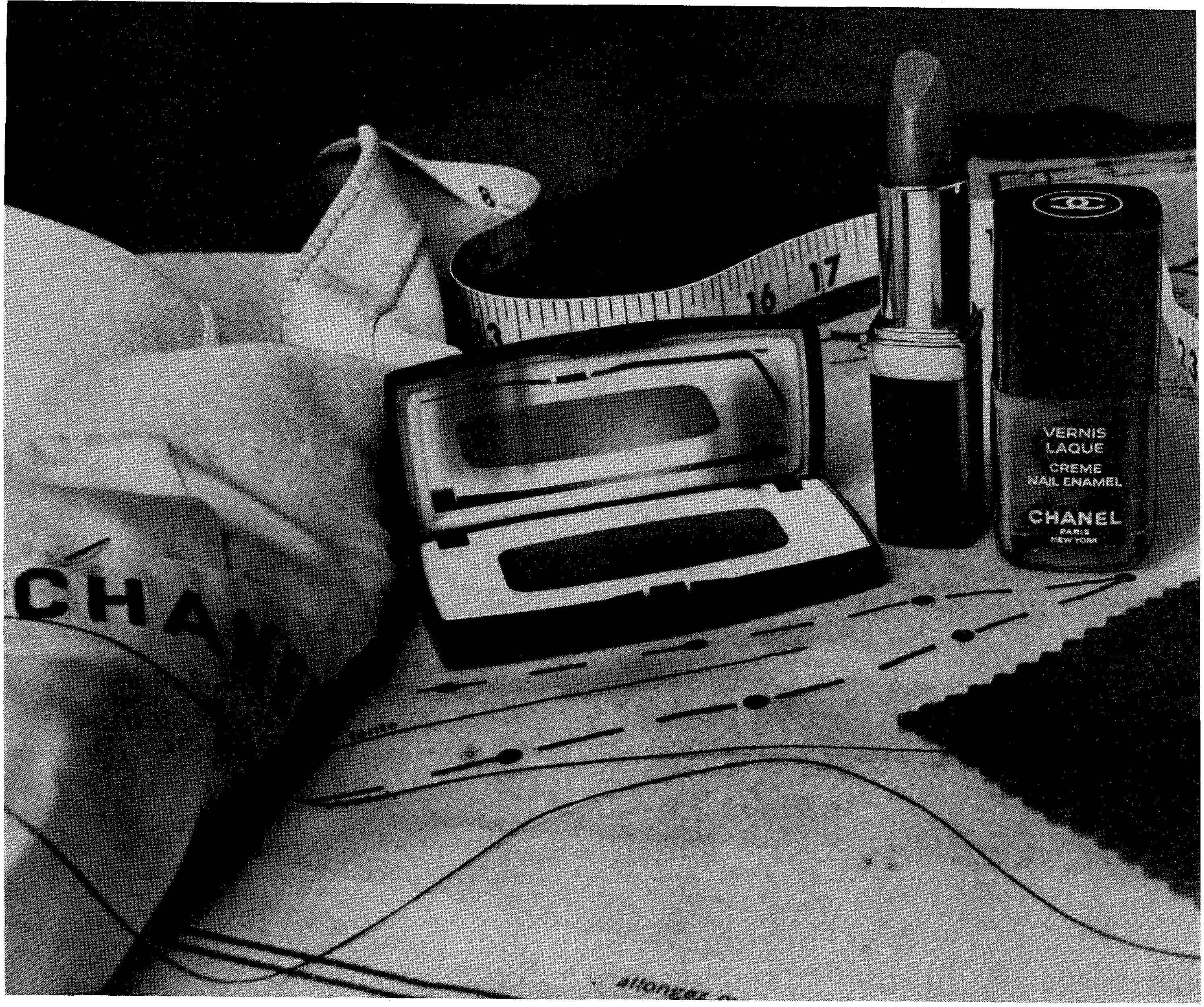

his fall's golden girl wears Visage Chanel: the perfectly pared-down autumn wardrobe from Paris.
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Thursday, September 7. SRO

Giselle

Fri. Sept. 8	SRO
Sat. Sept. 9	Kirkland, Nagy, Menendez, Smith
Sun. Sept. 10 Mat.	Tcherkassky, Bujones, Glushak, Paredes

Swan Lake

Sun. Sept. 10 Eve.	D'Antuono, Meehan
Tue. Sept. 12	SRO

Don Quixote

Wed. Sept. 13	Makarova, Bujones
Thu. Sept 14	Kirkland, Nureyev
Fri. Sept. 15	Makarova, Bujones
Sat. Sept. 16	Kirkland, Nureyev
Sun. Sept. 17 Mat.	Makarova, Bujones
Sun. Sept. 17 Eve.	Kirkland, Nureyev

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At The Met.

Photo by Kenn Duncan

NEW YORK Gazette

In which certain events are described. Some are merry, some are quite serious, some it is not possible to decide about.

It was a preamble to autumn, and the crosstown driver felt it the minute her car escaped the everlasting dusk of the Lincoln Tunnel. Cool, dry winds scrubbed the air. People on 40th Street walked as if their lives had been starched and pressed. The afternoon run to the far East Side, normally twenty minutes, lasted only a little longer than it takes Jackson Browne to finish "Runnin' on Empty." And so she had nothing to do except pull into a parking space—a legal parking space—and wait for her friend. "God, I can't believe it," she told him. "It's like owning the whole city."

A few days earlier, who would have wanted it? In the full-moon madness of the weekend, two men had been murdered at the end of a Day Liner cruise, a young brother and sister killed in Brooklyn. But now, while those who stayed in New York waited for the others to return and begin again—new jobs, new apartments, a new theater season, a new school year—the break in the weather created an illusion of amnesty.

The fact, of course, does not always support the perception. Policemen know that assaults rise on humid nights, when people carry their irritability out to the streets. But what were they to make of this? Last Monday, on a perfectly cool evening, two boys tried to rip off a bike; its owner killed one of them and wounded the other with nine shots from an automatic pistol.

As for whether the city was less crowded or only seemed to be at certain times, Tom Young, a Port Authority information officer, went through his indicators and decided it was impossible to say. On one hand, inbound traffic through the Lincoln and Holland tunnels has been heavier so far this month than in July or June. On the other hand, he says, trained observers note that rush-hour traffic and congestion appear to be lower than normal.

Jack MacBean works for the Convention and Visitors Bureau, Inc., and his professional inclination is to call New York jammed with people. In fact, he says, it has been. "Last weekend," he reported, "I went down to the Shakespeare Festival theater to see *1900*. It was sold out. Then I went to the Regency to see two old MGM films. The line was around the block."

Finding a hotel room was possible. Finding an apartment was something else. Mid-August to September is the renting season, when competition for the choice places is toughest. Add to this one of the biggest hardships imposed by the newspaper strike—the shortage of classified listings—and you get desperation.

"We have 50 people in our office right now looking for a place to live," said Hank Sopher, the president of J. I. Sopher & Company, Inc. And although his company handles more than 30,000 apartments, "there are two or three applicants for every one that's vacant—the tightest I've seen it since 1961."

Reviewing the Strike Papers

By John Leonard

All three strike newspapers—I don't count the Moonie *News-World*, because I don't want to and also because then I'd have to think as well about the *Wall Street Journal:* the God and mammon glands—are tabloids, with centerfolds and crossword puzzles and rear-end sports. One (*City News*) relies on United Press International; one (the *Daily Metro*) relies on the Associated Press; and one (the *Daily Press*) relies on William Reel, Larry Fox, and the imagination.

The reason why good newspapers hire people is that you can't rely on UPI, A.P., and the imagination.

While the *Daily Metro* pays serious attention to the demise of Jomo Kenyatta and insists on a bridge column, it is without comics or want ads. While the *Daily Press* tries hardest to look like the *Daily News*, it is without quotations from the stock market or intimations of an outside world. While *City News* is so far the fattest in square inches of advertising, it started first and is backed by the home-delivery apparatchiks (as is the *Metro*, to a lesser extent) who decide arbitrarily what gets shoved through our mail slots and under our chained doors.

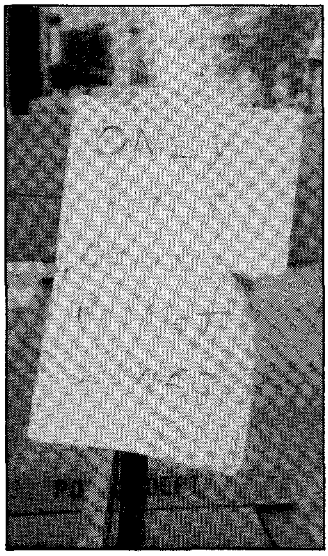
Each strike newspaper has the television listings and one sort or another of movie clock. None has published a word about books. This is because books are guilty of association with rational comment and abstract ideas. Besides, the comics are lousy.

The strike newspapers also have this in common: They seem afflicted with male chauvinism. Has anyone seen one female reporter's by-line?

Consider this strangeness: The strike newspapers are trying to imitate the local TV news programs, even as the local TV news programs try to substitute a smarmy press of personality for the absent newspapers and their silent smarmies. It is not surprising that most of the *Daily News* ends up on Channel 9 and most of the *Times* ends up on Channel 13, and the rest is weather. . . . A cool foreboding will move in from Canada overnight; light showers of frogs and gossip in the early morning, Gothic horror by T-Group time, followed by a night of ragged knives.

None of these pseudo-newspapers reports on the money behind any of these pseudo-newspapers. Unless I understand the money, I refuse to believe the pseudo-words.

Congratulations, nevertheless, to *City News* for the single interesting headline of a wretched couple of weeks (two Fridays ago): "'A Piece of the Rock' for Japs." This headline had to do with a Prudential investment in Japan. It required an apology in the Sunday edition of the *City News*, which meant that the Sunday edition had to be bought by anybody who wondered whether even an interim newspaper is afflicted with a decent regard for the



Walk, don't scurry: *A warning at the* Daily News.

sensitivities of a minority of personkind.

The *Daily Metro* has, to my mind, nice graphics, but I am trying too hard to make discriminations. It is impossible right now to be discriminating. Ticker tape or toilet paper? Bring back Son of Sam and the Big Cucumber, or Pork Futures and Doctor X. Ignore television. Read Proust. In 1933, the Northwest Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church resolved that "the American newspaper today is one of the chief enemies of the Kingdom of God." These Methodist-Episcopals were, fortunately, naïve.

The Abbie Hoffman Bash

By David Newman

Abbie Hoffman once defined freedom of speech as the right to cry "Theater!" in a crowded fire. Not only is that sufficient reason to value his ass, it should have been a blueprint for last week's homage to the fugitive. Well, the mix was there, but the proportions were off: too much theater, not enough fire.

It looked promising backstage, where everybody milled around sneaking searching glances at everybody else, trying to determine if anybody was Abbie in disguise. If somebody was (and I think somebody was) he was quickly bowled over in the crush of reporters that crowded around actor Jon Voight (standing up on two legs), who told them that he loved Abbie and that he was needed to come back so he could help pass the ERA.

The crowd began to clap in impatient rhythm (would that have happened at an anti-war rally in 1969?) and the play began: called *Heaven Can't Wait*, written by Terry Southern and a collaborator who was not Mason Hoffenberg this time, performed in a set by Larry Rivers, acted by Rip Torn and Taylor Mead. I don't know, but do you associate any of those names with Abbie? It seems to me I associate them with each other and with a kind of Post-Beat-Generation-Hello-Greenwich-Village-Avant-Garde early-sixties time that has little to do with Abbie or Abbie's impact. The format was a heavenly kangaroo-court-trial mock-up, sort of like the one in *Lenny* or that old Joe McCarthy send-up, *The Investigator*. Rip Torn as Nixon, followed by a kid in an Abbie flag shirt playing soprano sax à la Warren Beatty in the movie. And here I began to get confused. Nixon isn't dead. Abbie, we fervently hope, isn't. So why all this heaven stuff?

There onstage sat William Kunstler, playing counsel for the defense and musing that the lateness of the judge was possibly because he "stopped somewhere to do the old up and down, the old in and out." Now that is vintage Terry S. for sure, but does that seem to be what Abbie was all about? Not to me it doesn't.

One thing Abbie was certainly about was media, though, and the night was surely that: A parade of stars came on in telethon fashion, cast as "witnesses" in this awkward format, and some spoke to the issue (Bring Abbie Home), while some just did their number. Everybody's heart was in the right place, that is to say on their sleeve, and there were moving moments: Abbie's brother (he was moving just because he looked like him) introducing Abbie's mother (standing ovation); the stirring Ossie Davis exhortation in which that actor-activist defined our absent guest of honor as "a precious American resource"; a turn by New England—bone-dry William Burroughs that skewered the victimless-crime paranoia that led to Abbie's disappearing act in the first place.

Most touching of all was the onstage reunion of five of the old Chicago Eight, looking a more unlikely group of conspirators than ever, and also looking . . . well, ten years older *is* what they looked, still gallant and hopeful. Dave Dellinger, seemingly fit again, told a good story about Abbie's kindness to his daughter. John Froines, still the "Who is he?" of the bunch, talked about how Abbie was needed to help with the ecological anti-toxic-material struggle *he* was working on. Jerry Rubin, as clean-cut as your congressman, said Abbie was the funniest guy he ever knew. Rennie Davis, booed by the crowd for his guru breakaway, still looks like the nicest kid in town and said he had talked to Abbie on the phone a few weeks ago and heard "a new wisdom." Bobby Seale, formerly of the gag and shackles, was best of all—he who once tried to dissociate himself from the others on the reasonable ground that he didn't know them, now implored an Abbie he hoped might be out there in the darkness: "Lord, I miss them flags on your ass. I miss that crazy bush natural you got on your head. I need Abbie. I need Abbie for what's goin' to happen in the 1980s!"

That's what the crowd wanted, at last, to hear. Not Taylor Mead's endless simpering *shtik*, not the various rock bands (in spite of the fact that a small proportion of the 4,000 in attendance consisted of what somebody described as "Springsteen spillover" from the other concert behind the partition), nor the rampantly sexist bits that seemed violently out of sync with what's left of Movement ideals, i.e., a chorus line of boogieing blondes in hot pants and gold sequins, or Jon "Mr. ERA" Voight telling the audience, "I went to the Chicago trial so history wouldn't report me as a pussy." A pussy! Is Jane Fonda listening? Was Abbie? Were all the women in the audience who *didn't* hiss more interested in seeing a movie star in person than in what he was saying?

By the time we heard a recording of Abbie's voice ("Via Memorex," he said, and, "Fugitive life is just like real life. My mother sends big boxes of dental floss with notes saying, 'Your teeth are very important' "), we had gone through hours of Rip Torn improvising Nixon imitations, a punk-rock group, a folk singer who asked "just the girls" to sing along on the chorus of "I Shall Be Released," and then "fellas only." And right then, between the good stuff and the bad stuff, between the kids yelling "Rock and roll!" and the old Movement guys raising clenched fists, right then you knew that what was missing was the faint whiff of tear gas in the distance that told you a bad hour might be coming, but Abbie was there.

The Mayor Goes to Paris

By Harry Stein

PARIS—The guy from *Le Figaro* couldn't believe it. There, at an official ceremony, in the stately Laurence salon of City Hall, yet, in the midst of acres of pinstripes, stood the mayor of New York City in a seersucker jacket and baggy beige pants. The *Le Figaro* guy stared a full ten seconds. "C'est bizarre, le style new yorkais," he muttered finally.

The Americans on the scene were more than a little baffled by French customs

Fast friends: *Koch and Mayor Jacques Chirac.*

as well. For standing next to Ed Koch, who was bleary-eyed with jet lag, were the three transatlantic balloonists from Albuquerque, New Mexico, themselves bleary-eyed from the string of celebrations that had kept them on front pages throughout France for most of the past week.

"Is all of this," whispered the man from A.P., nodding toward the phalanx of photographers and television people struggling for position in the front of the room, "for the mayor or for the balloonists?" The woman from the *Herald-Tribune* furrowed her brow. "Oh, it's got to be for the mayor. I mean, how many events can they put on for those damn balloonists?"

In fact, the ceremony turned out to be for Koch *and* the balloonists, the French apparently having decided that since all Americans are pretty much alike anyway, no one would notice.

Ed Koch, for one, certainly didn't mind. Grinning like a banshee ("Why is he so amused?" demanded one French reporter), he told anyone who asked, which was just about everyone, that he was in Paris to relax, that it was a very pretty place, that he was thrilled to be there.

But not nearly so thrilled as his host, Paris Mayor Jacques Chirac, was to have him. Chirac, the leader of the revived Gaullist movement and France's most prominent right-wing politician, is the oiliest character to wander down the French political pike in quite a while, a Gallic Robert Dole with smarts. Chirac made his prize mayor out to be the savior of New York, "the man who has rejuvenated the city in an extraordinarily spectacular way." The only hitch in the presentation was Chirac's disconcerting tendency to substitute a hard "k" sound for the "ch" in Koch.

Koch didn't mind that, either. Afterward, over champagne, he reflected on his private meeting with the Paris mayor. "He's a very, very nice man," he said, "a wonderful person.

"Those of us on Monsieur Chirac's staff," interjected an aide to the Paris mayor, "can see there's a great affinity between the two of you."

"Monsieur Koch," ventured a French journalist, "is it true that all now goes good in your city?"

"Well, the psychological attitude is certainly much, much better. People are moving back into the city instead of leaving." He grinned. "My own brother and sister moved back, so there's the proof."

"Are you going to have any time on your own?" Koch was asked. The printed schedule, made up by Chirac's office and distributed to the local press, was crammed with visits to administrative centers, construction sites, and museums.

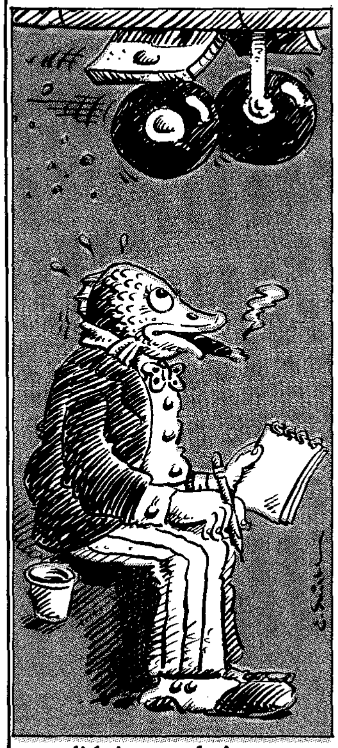
"Oh, yeah," he said. "Remember, this is a vacation. For one thing, I want to go to some good restaurants." He saw a reporter taking notes. "Of course, we've got great food in New York too. I know a dozen places in Manhattan where you can get a good dinner with wine for ten bucks—Rocco's on Thompson Street, Sun Hop Kee at 13 Mott, Hisae's on Hudson Street at 11th Street. . . ."

Chirac was back by his side. "I think we have to, unfortunately, go. There is a lunch on the Ile Saint-Louis with the ambassador and our wonderful balloonists." He placed his hand on Koch's shoulder. "Come, Mister Kock, *mon ami. . . .*"

The Mets, and Other Stuff

By Stanley Siegel

Reporter's note: I believe *I can interview anything that moves, but a lot of you knuckleheads out there who watch me on television don't know I can write.*



I didn't spend time covering freshman tennis for the UCLA *Daily Bruin* in 1954 for nothing, you know. So when *New York* Magazine said, "We want you to to go out to Shea Stadium Saturday to cover the Mets and the Dodgers," I said to myself, "This might be a nightmare for the average sportswriter, but this is a dream assignment for me."

Think of it: a subway ride to Shea Stadium; a chance to sit in the hot sun and resemble a slightly baked white sea bass after just a few innings; an opportunity to see up close commercial aviation bound for La Guardia while watching the last-place Mets of the National League East play the first-place Dodgers of the National League West and beat them 8–4.

I went to Shea Stadium alone because my girl friend, Patricia, finds baseball boring. Frankly, I sometimes find her boring. But after the game, she conducted a vigorous Q-and-A interview in my fabulous East Side apartment, where I am still waiting for carpets and furniture I haven't yet ordered.

Patricia: Hi, honey. Did you have a nice time?

Stanley: Yeah, I had a real nice time. I met the Mets announcers, Ralph Kiner and Bob Murphy, in the radio booth. I could have met Lindsey Nelson, but he was getting measured for a new sport coat from the Incredible Male Shop.

Patricia: What did they say to you?

Stanley: Kiner told me he lives in Connecticut, and Murphy told me it is ten times harder to do the baseball broadcast when the Mets are losing. He also said, "Anyone can broadcast a winner." I asked, "What about some jokes to liven things up when things are going bad?" Bob told me, "You do not tell jokes when the team is losing."

Patricia: Tell me about the Dodgers, honey.

Stanley: Well, I was impressed by the Popeye forearms on Steve Garvey, the Dodger first baseman, and I bet that the Dodger pitcher Don Sutton was impressed with them too after their

Illustration by Elwood Smith; photographed by Francolon/Gamma-Liaison

fight Sunday in the visiting-team clubhouse. I also liked the number of trips Tommy Lasorda, the Dodger manager, made to home plate to to see the umpire Saturday, and the fact that New Yorkers still cheer the Dodgers, although they left Brooklyn for Los Angeles a long time ago.

Patricia: What about the Mets?

Stanley: They looked like Ironmen out there. The catcher, John Stearns, played great defensive baseball, and I was impressed with other Mets, like Lenny Randle, Lee Mazzilli, Steve Henderson, and pitcher Skip Lockwood. I also have a lot of respect for manager Joe Torre. For what it's worth, after seeing his commercial I think he has as much television presence as any athlete I've ever seen.

Patricia: Did you eat a lot of junk food?

Stanley: I had two hot dogs and a Coke and found out that food is cheaper at Shea Stadium than at Yankee Stadium. Hot dogs cost 65 cents at Shea, 75 cents and a dollar at Yankee Stadium. The soda is 45 cents at Shea and 55 cents at Yankee Stadium. Peanuts are 35 cents at Shea and 45 cents at Yankee Stadium.

Patricia: Being the Mr. Magoo you are, how did you manage to get home in one piece?

Stanley: Well, the subway back to Manhattan stops right at the stadium, and you have to be stupid to miss it, and I am a high school graduate, as you know, and I got right on the train and sat down and made it home all by myself.

Patricia: Last question: Were you true to me?

Stanley: Yes, but I remember betraying you in my mind. Now let me ask you a question: What did you do do while I was gone?

Patricia: I cleaned up the apartment, picked up your things, and cursed you all afternoon.

One Day At the Morgue

By Philip Nobile

"We have a full house," said Chief Medical Examiner Michael Baden, pointing toward the stark steel refrigerated compartments in the city morgue at First Avenue and 30th Street. Last week, 90 corpses—homicides, suicides, accident victims, and those who died unnatural or unattended deaths, including the so-called floaters recovered from the rivers—reposed at a temperature of 36 degrees while awaiting autopsy or claim by family.

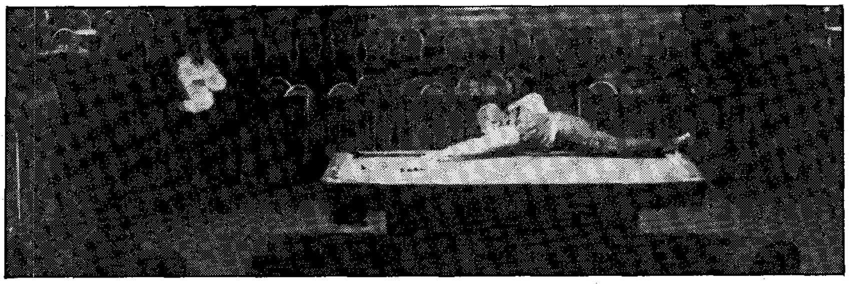
Last Wednesday was not a busy day in this crowded necropolis that serves the boroughs of the Bronx and Staten Island as well as Manhattan. Only one murder and one suicide were brought in. Dr. Baden, a tall, handsome man who shows apparent reverence for the cadavers in his charge, pulled out the body of a Hispanic male, the homicide victim of the day. The man had been stabbed to death in his fifth-floor walk-up on the Lower East Side. Dr. Baden counted fourteen knife wounds on the arms, legs, chest, stomach, and back. "We know he was standing up when he was stabbed," Dr. Baden said, "because there's blood on the soles of his feet. It looks like he put up a struggle and didn't die fast enough. This was a guy fighting for his life."

The body of a black male, stored around the corner from him, has remained unclaimed. Police say the man, 26, killed his wife and fourteen-month-old daughter and then shot himself in the head in his Harlem apartment Tuesday night. (The man's infant son was also shot but survived in critical condition.)

A 74-year-old woman is said to have hanged herself in her Second Avenue walk-up on the Upper East Side late Wednesday afternoon. A member of the family hold Dr. Baden that the woman had been depressed about her slow recovery from open-heart surgery.

"It's no accident that this woman hanged herself," said Baden, "or that the man was murdered or the other one shot himself and killed his family. The way people die, especially in unnatural deaths, is a reflection on how they lived. We're great on preventing natural death but lousy on unnatural deaths."

It Was Championship Pool



Form: *Ray Martin lines up a shot on his way to championship.*

By David Mamet

The Professional Pool Players Association World Open Pocket Billiard Championship was held here in New York this year. At the Biltmore Hotel. The finals were played on the nineteenth of August, the women's division in the afternoon, the men's in the evening.

Before the beginning of the women's finals the tournament director pointed out that the required dress for the contestants this year was tuxedos, and he asked if the girls did not look lovely in their tuxes. The finalists were requested to show the audience how lovely they looked.

Billie Billing showed the crowd her tux; Jean Balukas lowered her head and sighed. She then beat Billing 100 to 28, winning, for the second time, the Women's World Open (she has won the U.S. championship for the past six years).

Balukas shot an excellent game. She displayed competitiveness without animus, seriousness without sentimentality, and a concentration devoted to the game rather than to her progress in the game.

Her style is classic. Her stance, her bridge, and her stroke all seem to be the natural attitudes of a relaxed body rather than the difficult-to-master components of a difficult game. Her cue-ball control and position play are simple and impressive.

She neither rejoices when faced with an easy shot nor despairs when approaching a difficult one. She selects and executes her shots simply according to their logic. It is a demonstration of Stoic philosophy.

This year, Jean Balukas also competed in the men's division—the first woman ever to win her way into a major competition. She won one match before being eliminated. She is nineteen years old.

The first prize in the men's division was $25,000; the second prize was $12,500. The finalists were Allen

Photograph by Bill Hayward

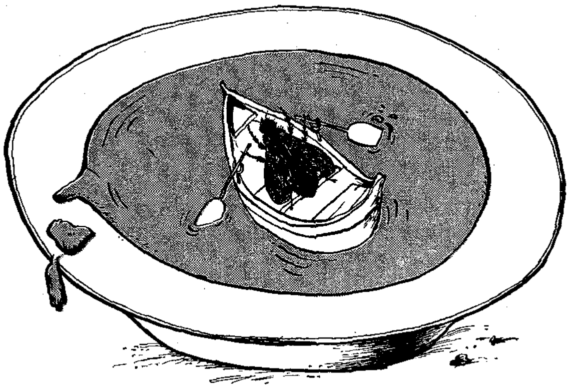
Hopkins, defending 1977 champion, and Ray Martin, 1971 and 1974 champion. In eight days of play, Hopkins had lost only one match, and Martin was undefeated. The final game was 200 points.

Hopkins shot a very clunky game–inelegant and nervous, out-of-stroke. His high run (the most balls pocketed consecutively) was 57 balls—also the high run of this match—and, at one point, he led Martin by 70 balls. He seemed, however, to be playing catch-up pool throughout, as if he were trailing rather than leading.

His mistakes—incorrect position, hanging the ball in the pocket, hiding the cue ball in the rack—increased in number as play progressed. He didn't seem to be able to settle down to play.

Martin, relaxing and improvising as the match went on, accepted Hopkins's invitation to take the lead. Trailing 136 to 153, Martin ran 56 balls and, after a short interchange of safeties, went on to win the title. The three-and-a-half-hour match ended at 1:10 A.M., with Martin looking very tired and a little bit surprised at himself, and the PPPA World Open Pocket Billiard Championship was over.

The Most Powerful Restaurant Critic in Town, or, There Are Flies in This Soup.



The most disturbing thing you can find in the paper is not your hero on the obituary page but your local restaurant in the violations list. The newspapers may be on strike, but the Health Department inspectors are still out in force. Here is what they turned up last week.

1. Chinatown Ice Cream Factory, 65 Bayard Street, Manhattan: toilet not in working condition; insect infestation.
2. Kretikos Food, Inc., 423 West 48th Street, Manhattan: no running hot and cold water for washing equipment.
3. Carvel, 1501 Broadway, Manhattan: mixing machine encrusted; dusty cups.
4. Carvel, 3107 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn: can opener dirt- and grease-encrusted; single-service containers reused.
5. Pompy's Cocktail Lounge, 1235 Surf Avenue, Brooklyn: no running water in men's toilet; inoperative flushometer; rat excreta behind bar.
6. Park City, 98-20 62nd Drive, Queens: operating a swimming pool without a permit; potable water supply not protected by vacuum breakers.
7. Kennedy Towers, Inc., 110-11 Queens Boulevard, Queens: operating a swimming pool without a permit; potable water supply not protected by vacuum breakers.
8. Grand Finale, 210 West 70th Street, Manhattan: closed by Health Department.
9. La Palma Lounge, 370 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn: closed by Health Department.
10. Mine Losatis, 342 West 49th Street, Manhattan: closed by Health Department.

Mostly Mozart Mostly Lovely

By William F. Buckley Jr.

The pleasures of New York are commonly accepted as hit-and-run: Make it to the theater (restaurant, museum, movie, zoo), enjoy! enjoy! enjoy! as intensively as possible, and then make your arduous way back. There are generations of people who have not cultivated the flora of New York for just such reasons, which is why Mostly Mozart dispenses a particular grace.

The routes to Lincoln Center are not strewn with roses, and the tarmacs don't splinter from tumescent lilies struggling to welcome the crowds. The crowds? August 22, 1978: Avery Fisher Hall, capacity 2,742, not only sold out, but several hundred seated onstage. To hear the Bee Gees? Not even the Bee Gees–doing–Mozart, but musicians.

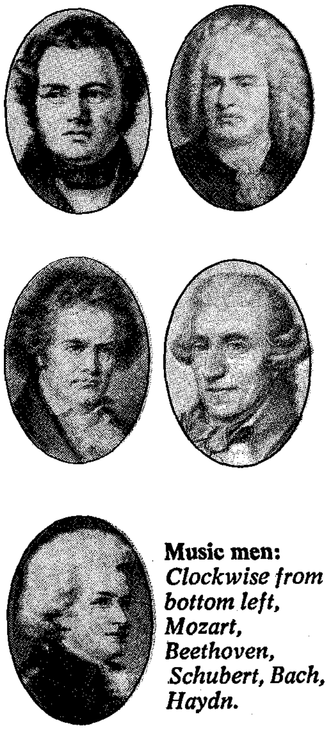
Oh, there are the superstars. Jean-Pierre Rampal is Mick Jagger to a great many unaffected people. When he tilts the golden flute while standing, doing a Hoffmeister Duo, there is *body language,* and although the crowd does not swoon, it is so palpably affected it might as well have ingested, in deep draft, Colombian Gold. They smile after it is over—a little smug, to be sure, knowing that nobody anywhere is getting better flute than Mostly Mozart is getting, even as the Viennese yawn at the datum that musicians went there to die as a matter of course: Mozart (1791), Haydn (1809), Beethoven (1827), Schubert (1828)—who were the Rolling Stones of the recent Mostly Mozart season, though the king (J. S. Bach) is there, during the six-week soft-pedaled exuberance, just often enough to sound the tuning fork by which all other music is measured.

Excitement! Post Rampal are the Paratore brothers. There is a normal presumption against sibling acts. Bob Crosby had to fade away. There are arguments against two-piano and four-hand work, but Schubert wrote one of the piano selections tonight, Mozart the other, and they were not suborned to do what came unnaturally.

If the late John D. Rockefeller 3rd, in whose name this blessed festival is dedicated had written music for the Jew's harp, it would have been played in Vienna in 1780. It is not inconceivable that Mozart would have written for it, but if he had, it would have meant . . . Concerto in D Major for Jew's Harp and Orchestra, nicknamed the "Manumission" Concerto.

The Paratore brothers, Joseph and Anthony, from Boston, in their 30s, musicians of spectacular ability, engaged in a lifelong collaboration effecting a musical symbiosis that detonated the audience—interestingly enough when they split apart from the four-handed

(Continued on page 38)



Music men: *Clockwise from bottom left, Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Schubert, Haydn.*

Illustration by Jo Teodorescu; Culver Pictures

WILL WENG RETURNS!!

To puzzle people all over the world, things have not been quite the same since Will Weng was retired as the editor of the New York *Times* crossword puzzle. Down lost its zip, Across lost its flavor. But now, here is a new—the only new—Will Weng puzzle, with, we hope, the fine edge of difficulty that will keep you poised over a hot pencil all week long. (It is also the biggest puzzle Weng has ever done.) The theme is **nostalgia,** and that's all we're going to tell you; for the rest of the clues you'll have to deal with Weng. (Solution next week.)

Clues

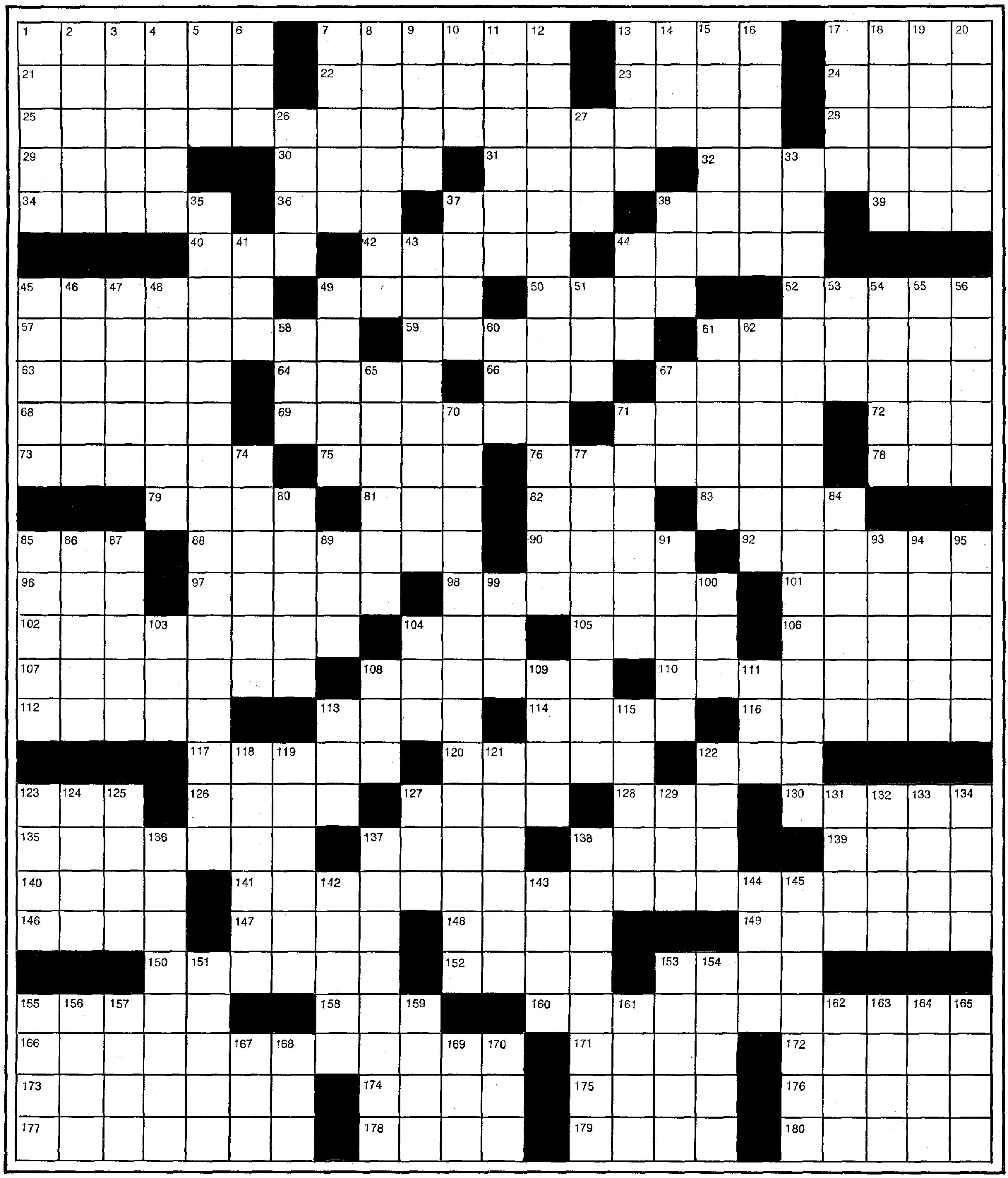
ACROSS

1 Presented
7 Stress
13 Drinks
17 A Miss with regrets
21 Early earth epoch
22 Eyeball part
23 Kind of door or of-kin
24 Peter of cartoons
25 Scram, in bygone days
28 Weight of India
29 ——'clock scholar
30 Queens team
31 Tissue layer
32 Browning device
34 Mountain nymph
36 "—— live and breathe"
37 Wings
38 Use the dotted line
39 Ways: abbr.
40 Bobby Burns's one
42 It is allowed: Lat.
44 Fortified the punch
45 Be on hand
49 Wine: prefix
50 Kind of will
52 Brown color
57 Farmers
59 Relative of "Drat!"
61 —— of minds (concord)
63 Way
64 Kind of excuse
66 Country-mail initials
67 Fireplace fodder
68 Sanctum or ear
69 One at the helm
71 Jewish holiday
72 Once named
73 Natural habitat
75 Star: prefix
76 Ear science
78 Former draft org.
79 "—— les Toits de Paris"
81 Mauna ——
82 Before Apr.
83 Merganser
85 Beetle
88 Doorkeeper
90 Catcher's need
92 Transit to the Village
96 Neighbor of Wash.
97 Eared seal
98 Earhart and others
101 Member of the strings
102 Frolics
104 Greek letter
105 Festive
106 Cry for attention
107 Likable guy
108 Disc jockey's temptation
110 Strange things
112 Put an —— (stop)
113 Nevada city
114 Solar deity
116 Not out there
117 Parks or Adler
120 Absolute
122 Sum total: abbr.
123 Olsen of comedy
126 Playing card
127 Goriot, for one
128 Initials on a bounced check
130 Kind of plug
135 Language sticklers
137 Angle: prefix
138 Skittles' partner
139 Lily plant
140 Jacket
141 "——, but I drifted," said Mae West
146 Loch of mystery
147 Miss Cinders
148 —— Roc of Southern France
149 Greek field deity
150 West Indian clingfish
152 Perform, as the riot act
153 Told all to the D.A.
155 Anjous and boscs
158 Knight or Sorensen
160 Curiosity-provoking words
166 Bumper sticker of yore
171 Meat order
172 Teary lady
173 Lobsters' claws
174 One taking advantage
175 This, to a Spaniard
176 Nick of earlier Yankees
177 Hat
178 Sneaky one
179 One-sided defeat
180 Brings up

DOWN

1 Fracas
2 Trade Center twin
3 Hydrocarbon suffix
4 Port of Italy
5 Inner: prefix
6 Ottoman ruler
7 Stomach woes
8 Enclosed courtyard
9 Louder, in music: abbr.
10 Compass point
11 Settle snugly
12 Tout's words to a waiter
13 Time —— half
14 Had charge of
15 Like Bali or Xanadu
16 Comedian's foil
17 Rolled or wild
18 Yonkers offerings
19 Waterway
20 Does gliding
26 Fed
27 ——de France
33 Tag line of an old invitation
35 Sign on Harold Teen's jalopy
37 Acidity
38 Cio Cio ——
41 Food fish
43 One who begins
44 —— Alamos
45 Get —— on oneself
46 White mineral
47 Jeer at
48 Puts in the books
49 Japanese expo site
51 Moscow square
53 Common abbr.
54 Short-lived mesons, for short
55 English historian
56 Writer James and family
58 Literary initials
60 Indignation
61 Certain Spanish artworks
62 One of Churchill's words for Russia
65 Lose
67 Afghanistan coin
70 Sign on Harold Teen's jalopy
71 She discussed the quality of mercy
74 Word form for Hungary's neighbor
77 Be a highway pest
80 One of 50
84 Gift for a store opening
85 Evade
86 Hunter of myth
87 Do a lawn job
89 April initials
91 Eagle's weapon
93 Ex-Yankee pitcher Reynolds
94 More indisposed
95 Necktie-party need
99 Mine, in Naples
100 Iron or sack
103 Summer time in L.A.
104 —— choi (Chinese cabbage)
108 Kind of wood or mouth
109 Arrival-board notation
111 Nasty remark
113 Noun suffix
115 Sea birds
118 Shaw and others
119 Outcome
121 Electron tube
122 Hairstyle
123 Like the boss's door, proverbially
124 Bard's instrument
125 Cupid's counterpart
127 Jet housing
129 Wash. figure
131 Cries of disdain
132 Et ——
133 Old newspaper section
134 Intense
136 Give directions
137 Rarin' to go
138 Execute a salaam
142 Of a grayish color
143 Perspiration unit
144 Skid-row figure
145 Driver of a horse vehicle
151 Curves
153 In —— quo
154 —— once (suddenly)
155 Enlivens, with "up"
156 Red-lighted sign
157 Skin woe
159 Eleanora of stage
161 Island: prefix
162 Symbol of highness
163 Part of N.B.
164 Upper, in Frankfort
165 Cysts
167 Brave cockney
168 Diplomatic delegation: abbr.
169 —— off (start a trip)
170 Three, in Naples

GAZETTE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Mostly Mozart

(Continued from page 35)

Schubert (before the two-piano Mozart) to play variations on Paganini. By . . . ? They gave his name; only the experts caught it. Never mind, what does it matter who made the fireworks?

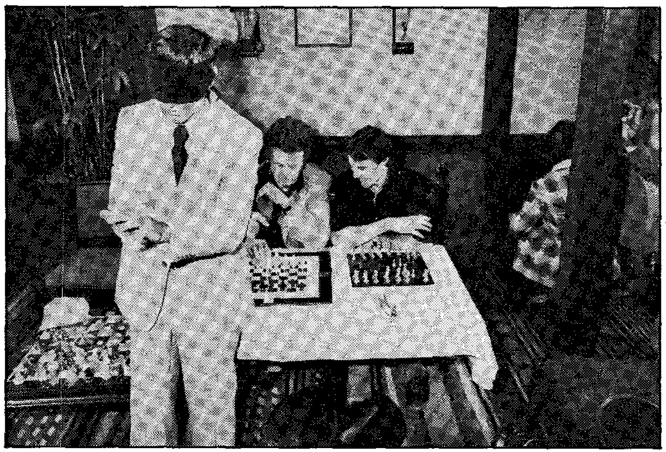
"I'll write it out for you," Joe said. "L-u-t-o-s-l-a-w-s-k-i, Witold, still alive." "Gee, you and Tony were . . . I mean, something!" "Think so? Gosh! Well, you haven't heard us for a few years. We've been practicing!" Five minutes later, they are playing perfect Mozart. Perfect Mozart is pluperfect music.

The Mostly Mozart is what makes New York whatever the hucksters (who don't attend Mostly Mozart, mostly) say about it, and the gentle pleasure softens all the ancillary problems, from mugging to poop scoop to taxes to improve the image of tax raisers to potholes to Times Square to the United Nations. *Mostly* Mozart; a gifted, fleeted portmanteau: Mozart, unqualified, undiluted, would be what New York summer couldn't handle. We have enough crime, demagoguery, Studio 54s, poisonous snakes at the Bronx Zoo, Village *Voice* cartoons. Up with Mostly Mozart!—but not up *too* far, or you will come up with something that would have bored Mozart himself.

Gosh, Kreskin, That's Amazing!

By Isaac Asimov

The Amazing Kreskin, who bills himself as the "world's foremost mentalist," played chess with Cleveland Amory and Jacques d'Amboise at the Raga restaurant last Tuesday. Kreskin was blindfolded, and he announced he would call out his opponents' moves after they made them, presumably by reading their minds. He called out the first two moves of each opponent, then called a halt to that part of the demonstration.



No pawn he: *A blindfolded Kreskin ponders his next perception; Cleveland Amory and Jacques d'Amboise ponder.*

Both Amory and d'Amboise made the common Pawn-to-King's-Four opening move, and Kreskin guessed the move—after much patter and visible suffering. Kreskin moved his Queen's Pawn up to Amory's piece, and Amory promptly took it with his King's Pawn. In being taken from the board, the two chess pieces made a pronounced click—a dead giveaway. Kreskin guessed the move, again with suffering and delay.

The suffering was highly dramatic and effective. It made the whole thing seem hard, which is what any good showman would want to do, and Kreskin, an appealing person, is a very good showman.

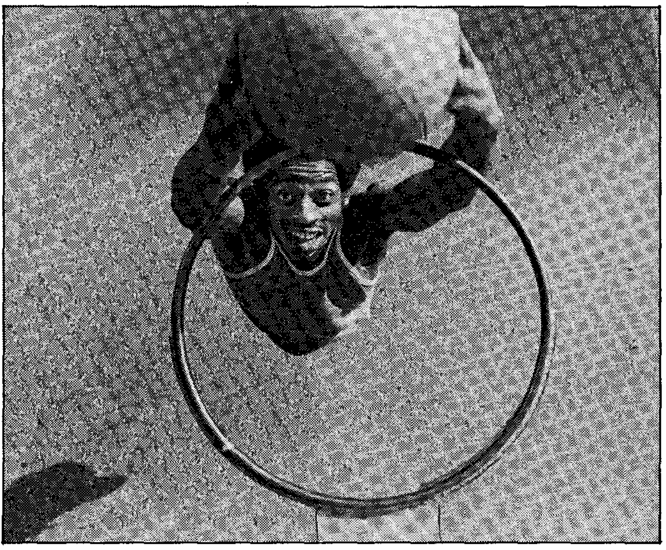
For the second part of the demonstration, Kreskin had Cleveland Amory place a Knight on another chessboard with the 64 squares numbered sequentially. Although blindfolded and with his back to the chessboard, Kreskin correctly guessed that the Knight was on No. 35. I don't know how he did it, but I presume any good mentalist can do it. He then called off the number of 63 other squares in order, squares to which the Knight could move by legitimate Knight's moves.

The various "Knight's tours," which is what these are called, are well known to chess players, and I suspect it is quite possible to memorize a Knight's tour and then, having established the starting number, to rattle off the other 63 numbers in the correct order.

Kreskin suffered through every number, though, asking for quiet, then pattering and squirming endlessly. He got the numbers right, of course.

He expressed surprise at one point that one position was followed by another square bearing a number that was ten higher than the previous one. There are 42 different positions on the squares that allow a move to another position ten higher in number by a Knight's move, so his surprise was itself surprising.

Kreskin is offering to meet Bobby Fischer, together with the winner of the Korchnoi-Karpov match, and play them both simultaneously, himself blindfolded. If that should happen and Kreskin proceeds with constant chatter as last Tuesday, I wonder which of his two opponents will kill him first. Probably Fischer.



In your face: *Clyde Dodds of Tompkins Square Park shows the most direct route to the basket—up.*

The Purest Game in Town

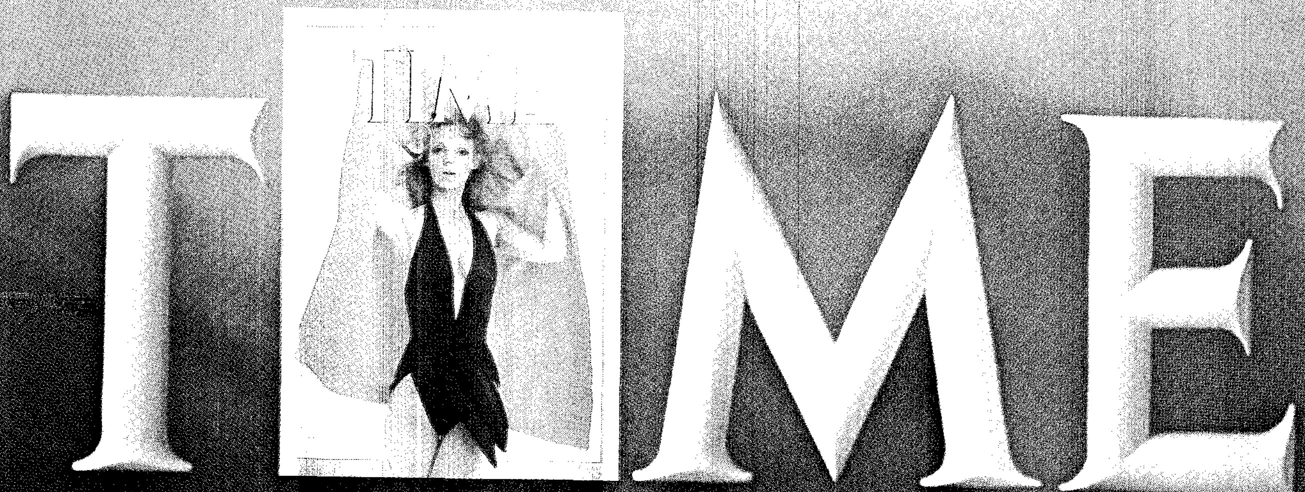
By Francis X. Clines

On the Lower East Side, the ascended generations regularly get so much attention—"Spunky" Beame and Louis Lefkowitz and a vast American Diaspora from the grand Jewish decades—that the neighborhood can seem frozen in stop frame. A great pity, this, considering such signs of current life as the wonderful 360-degree turn dunk shot that Clyde Dodds pirouettes through right up to the basketball rim there at Avenue B and East 10th Street.

Clyde is of the present, of the black generation in a neighborhood, tough as ever, where "the brothers," the male youngsters, still have

Photo: top, Richard Pan; bottom, Bill Hayward

1978 shapes up as another splendid year for TIME, with ad pages and revenue running far ahead of last year and newsstand sales outpacing the field by a wide margin. Not surprising. TIME continues to provide coverage of the week that looks and reads like nobody else's. We also have a system of advertising availabilities that helps advertisers put their money precisely where their market is. Come run with us. We'll prove there's a right TIME for *every* advertiser.



The most colorful coverage of the week

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The Purest Game

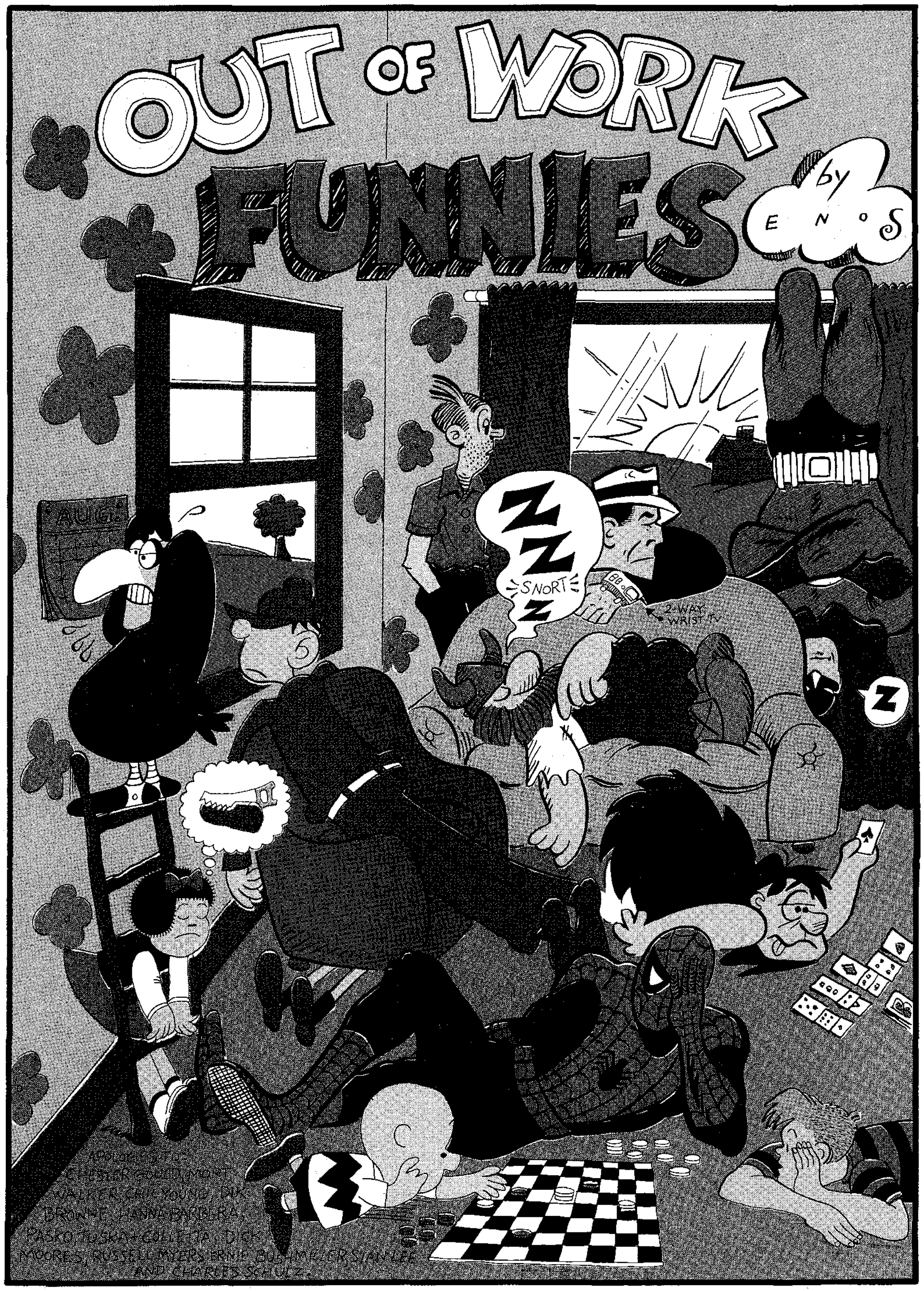
only the streets for working out the patterns of play and wit that will sustain them, or not, through the future. Clyde works at a local church, but he tells you he actually has been saved by basketball, born once and for all through asphalt-thumping give-and-gos and back-door fakes, with all honors reserved for the highest and quickest brothers.

This Saturday, Clyde Dodds completes the greatest leap thus far in his 21 years—a tournament of authentic street basketball, free of the professionals who make Harlem's Rucker Tournament unique, and crammed with youth lean, black, and gifted. You can watch the final games of a month-long feast of full-court competition organized by Clyde through the avid word of mouth of city basketball. The brothers come to play and watch, hearing of freshly rumored legends like Timmy Hornsby, who is taking a summer break from his Compton Community College team, and "a brother named Flood from San Diego State who moves like 'J.'" (Julius Erving is so well studied here that the more formal "Dr." can be dropped.)

The games are played in a Cyclone-fenced bandbox of a court in Tompkins Square Park, the liveliest swath in an ambivalent, barely sylvan haven whose other denizens include some of Clyde Dodds's contemporaries nodding out on wine or pills or soberly waiting for absolutely nothing. The tournament is pristine, with no sponsors (much as Clyde seeks them) and a level of fast-break, full-court-press basketball that is delightful to watch, particularly considering the difficulties that city youngsters have in growing beyond half-court childhoods.

Clyde arrives with his girl friend, sets up a metal scorer's table (his own), a red stop clock (his own) that keeps official time for each game, a score book for individual records down to assists and blocked shots, and a limited, scrounged treasury for paying $20 a game to some of the best street officials in the city. These are stern aficionados—like Cisco, who keeps things tight, calling three-second violations and even technical fouls on the more emotional coaches like Mr. Rashim.

All this produces unspoiled beauty in the streets, a graceful blur of thrown-down dunks, in-your-face jump shots, and deerlike defense. There is no yakking analysis except for an occasional "Oh, yes!" or "Do it, brother!" from the sidelines. And there is no commercial break except the following: The court is pitifully smaller and tighter than regulation size, crimping assorted styles, and Clyde Dodds has started a public petition to get a few more yards of striped-asphalt life from the city. Few street causes seem more worthy at the moment than extending the extra dimension to the brothers in their great sweating, gliding games. ▬


OUT OF WORK FUNNIES
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AUG.
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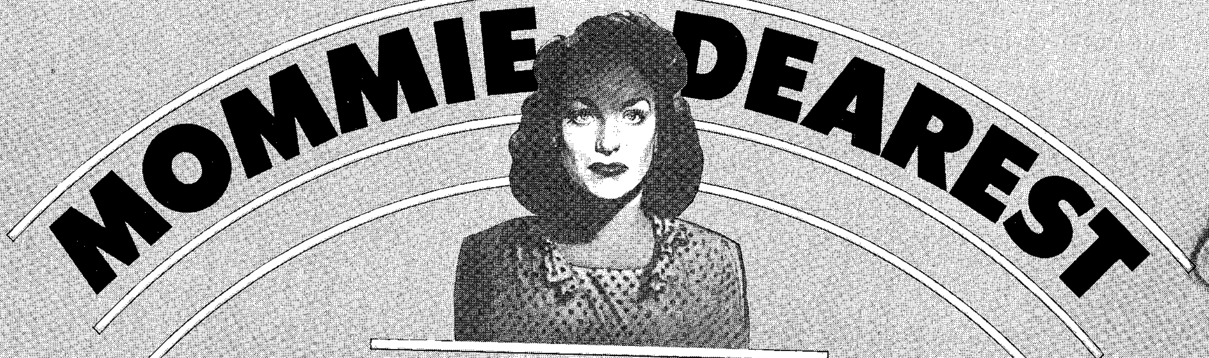
Satire by Randall Enos

MOMMIE DEAREST



By Christina Crawford

The Coming of Little Joan

". . .'I love you, my darling, beautiful child'. . ."

My official papers simply say "Girl" born on Sunday afternoon, June 11, 1939. My real mother was a student and my father a sailor, and neither of them wanted to take responsibility for me. So from Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital I was sent to a baby broker for adoption, and in no time at all I was a chubby, smiling baby named Joan. My towels were monogrammed "Joan"; the silver picture frame with my birth statistics was monogrammed "Joan"; and the small Bible given to me as a baby said, "To Little Joan." Only a few weeks old and I was to be Joan Crawford Jr.

Mother and I were absolutely inseparable. She took me with her wherever she went. I slept in her dressing rooms and on the studio sound stages. I traveled in the car with her from the time I was only a few months old. She saved every bit of hair cut from my head, every tooth from my mouth. All were carefully sealed in envelopes and labeled in her generous handwriting. There were gifts for which she wrote little notes—"To my beautiful infant," "I love you, my darling, beautiful child"—notes I could not read, that only she knew about and saved.

She was my "Mommie dearest," the wellspring from whom all love and affection flowed, and I was her longed-for golden-haired girl. She named me after herself and through the lavish affection, attention, and adornment she showered upon me, she made up for some of the poverty of her own childhood. I was to be the best, the most beautiful, the smartest, the quickest, the most special child on earth.

Then in May 1940 Mommie drove with me to Las Vegas, Nevada, where she legally adopted me. The laws of the state of California did not then permit a single woman to adopt children. At some point before the final papers were signed, she had come to the conclusion that Joan Crawford Jr. was not exactly fitting. She chose a new name for me; the adoption papers recorded that name as Christina Crawford.

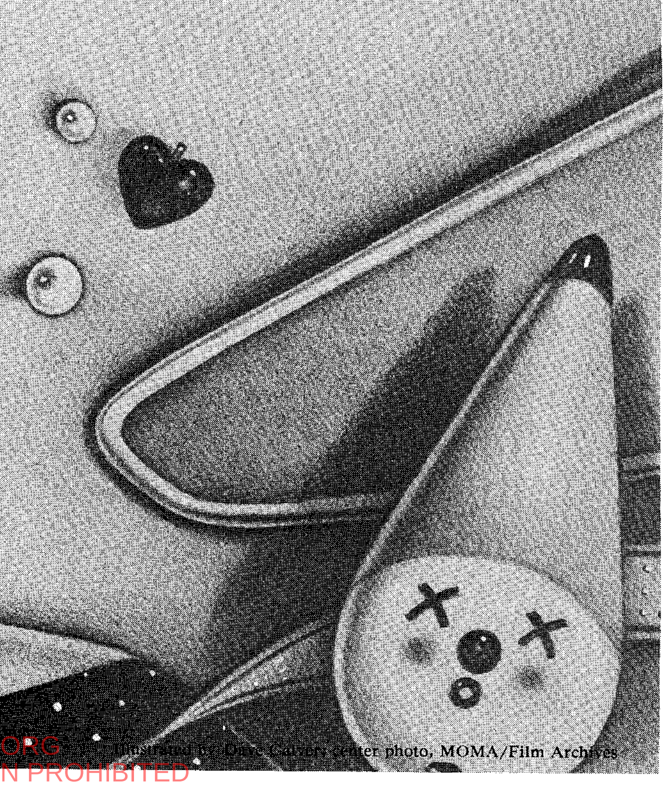
The Birthday Girl

". . . I was the crown princess of Hollywood . . ."

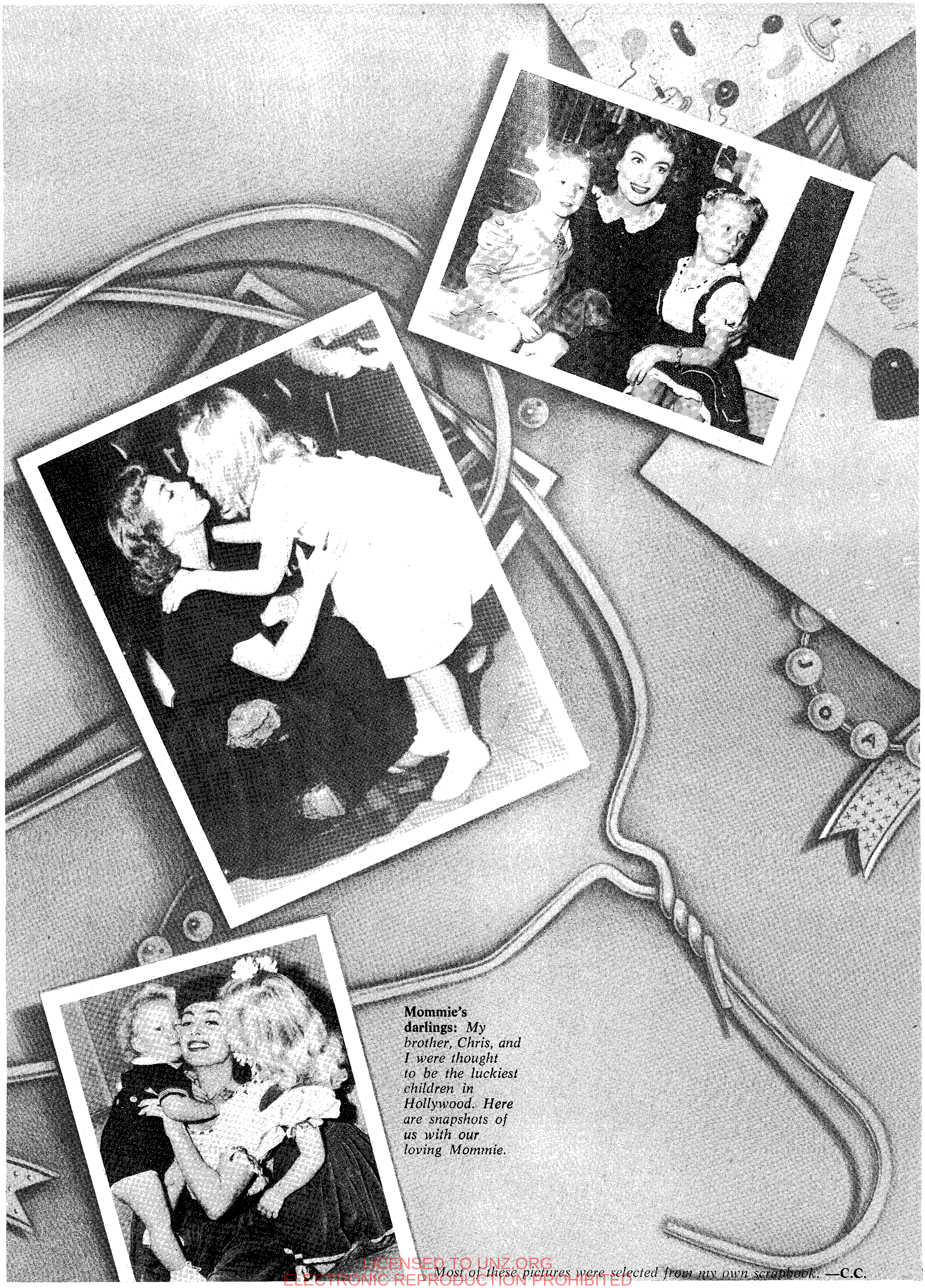
My early birthday parties have become a part of the Hollywood legend.

My first birthday was celebrated quietly in New York City. On my second birthday, Mommie had a full merry-go-round set up on the badminton court in our backyard. In

Christina Crawford is the author of the book Mommie Dearest, *from which this article is adapted.*

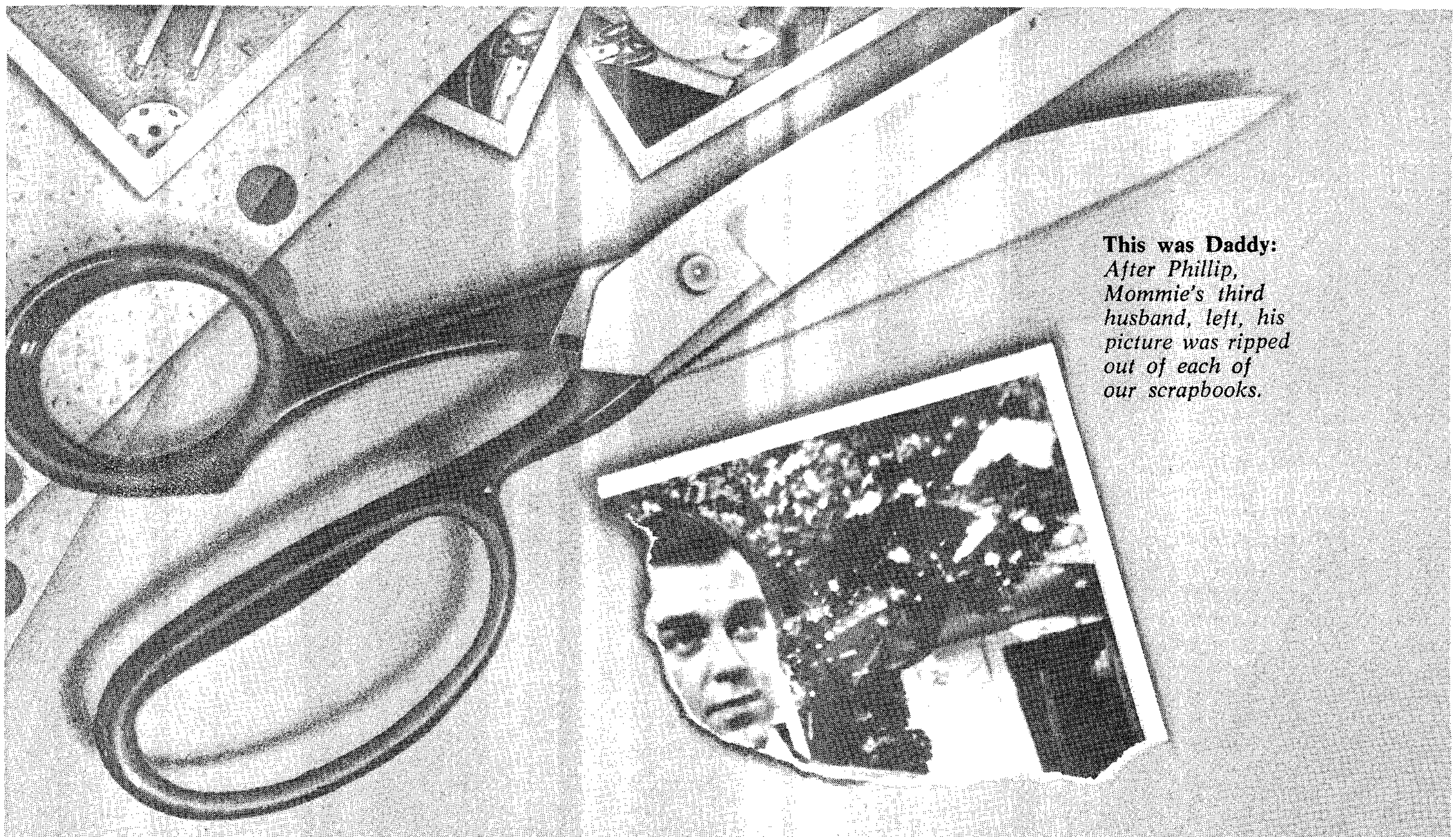


Illustrated by Dave Calver; center photo, MOMA/Film Archives



Mommie's darlings: *My brother, Chris, and I were thought to be the luckiest children in Hollywood. Here are snapshots of us with our loving Mommie.*

Most of these pictures were selected from my own scrapbook. **—C.C.**



This was Daddy: *After Phillip, Mommie's third husband, left, his picture was ripped out of each of our scrapbooks.*

addition to the usual children's games, she provided a clown to entertain us. I remember vividly that I was absolutely terrified of that clown. When he came near me, I screamed and ran to my mother for protection. I guess everyone else just loved him.

The party on my third birthday was even more elaborate than the preceding year's party. We had the merry-go-round and the clown again, but this year a complete puppet show was added and for some inexplicable reason she'd even found a *trained pig!* The pig was dressed like a clown, with a big ruffle around its neck, and could sort of walk on just its hind legs.

But it was my fourth-birthday party, in June of 1943, that was the grandest spectacle of them all. It was a private circus, a miniature Disneyland before one ever existed for the public. There were balloons everywhere, and music filled the entire backyard. There were several brightly colored clowns and an organ-grinder and his monkey, who was in an adorable costume with a little red hat on his head. There were ponies to ride around the lawn, a magician who put on a wonderful magic show in a little portable theater. All the little children were dressed up, even by Hollywood standards. The girls had fluffy dresses of pretty pastel fabrics and ribbons in their hair. The little boys wore short pants with velvet jackets, long socks, and some had ties. All the children had a starched and polished look to their clothes and to their faces as well.

If this was a gathering of the progeny of Hollywood's royalty, then I was the crown princess. My dresses were of the finest hand-embroidered organdy. My petticoats and fancy panties were trimmed with lace and satin ribbons. My shoes and socks were so white they glistened. My pale-golden hair fell in cascades of soft curls that were held away from my face with more satin ribbons. As close as hours of devoted human effort could make me, I was perfect and beautiful. The perfect child in every respect: My clothes were certainly gorgeous, my manners irreproachable, my curtsy smooth, my hair softly golden. There was no doubt about it: I was the incarnation of the perfectly beautiful child. Mommie had created me in the image of perfection and then created these birthday parties to celebrate another successful year of happiness with that creation.

The Yellow Dress

". . .'I don't like pretty things'. . ."

I had to take a nap every day and sometimes I just wasn't very sleepy. Often I would lie awake in my bed and tell myself stories that had elaborate plots and running characters. On this particular day, as I daydreamed, I ran my fingers over a seam in the wallpaper, tracing the design.

Without much real thought on my part, I picked at the seam. Before I knew it, several little pieces of the wallpaper had fallen away, leaving a small but obvious blank spot on the wall. All of a sudden I realized what I had done and tried to retrieve the little pieces of paper and attempt to stick them back together. I spit on the torn pieces and tried to patch the spot. It didn't work. Where the wallpaper had gotten wet there were now smudge marks. The whole thing looked worse than ever.

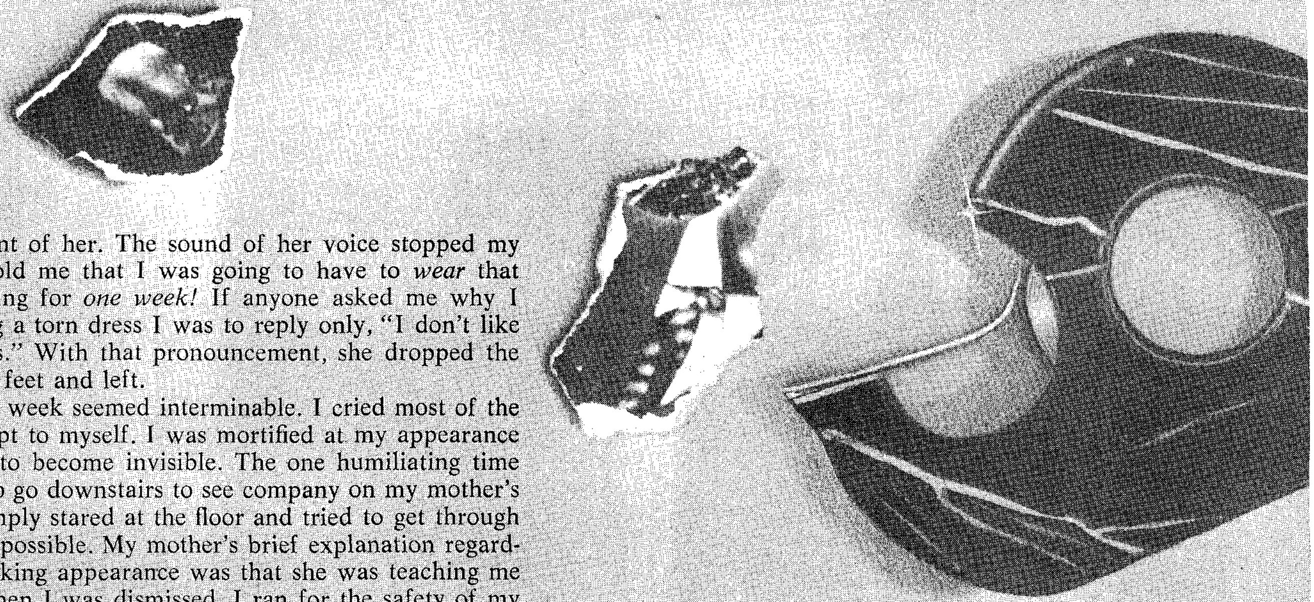
When Mommie came home, right then and there she put me over her knee and spanked the daylights out of me. I really howled. Mommie's spankings hurt.

But that was not the end of it. She was determined to teach me a lesson that no number of spankings could accomplish. That's what she said as she marched herself into my dressing room and opened the closet door. She reached inside and withdrew my favorite dress. It was a yellow dress with white eyelet embroidery, and it looked like a spring daffodil.

Mommie held it up ominously. She took it off the hanger and went to a drawer where the scissors were kept. I looked at our nurse, but she appeared to be as mystified as I was.

When my eyes returned to my mother, who was across the room, I was horrified. Mommie had taken the scissors and completely shredded my favorite yellow dress! It was hanging in tatters with just barely enough shape left to indicate it had been a dress and not just a rag. Tears sprang to my eyes and I started to cry.

Then my mother marched toward me holding the tattered



dress in front of her. The sound of her voice stopped my tears. She told me that I was going to have to *wear* that shredded thing for *one week!* If anyone asked me why I was wearing a torn dress I was to reply only, "I don't like pretty things." With that pronouncement, she dropped the dress at my feet and left.

That next week seemed interminable. I cried most of the time and kept to myself. I was mortified at my appearance and I tried to become invisible. The one humiliating time that I had to go downstairs to see company on my mother's orders, I simply stared at the floor and tried to get through it as fast as possible. My mother's brief explanation regarding my shocking appearance was that she was teaching me a lesson. When I was dismissed, I ran for the safety of my own room.

Within a few days the dress was soiled. As the days went by it got dirtier and dirtier until it was nothing but a filthy rag. The material had unraveled, and there wasn't much left to cover me except my underwear. You could hardly tell that it had once been yellow.

My mother seemed oblivious to my pain. No one comforted me. No one seemed to want to even talk to me. I felt like a social outcast, my sins too serious to be mentioned. By the end of the week, what I'd originally done was totally overshadowed in my mind by this hideous, lingering, living punishment.

At the end of the seventh day, after I had taken my bath and gotten into my nightclothes, I marched myself down to the incinerator and threw the filthy, ragged remains of what had been my favorite yellow dress into the coals and watched as it sank into the soft gray ashes.

When Phillip Disappeared

". . . Within 24 hours, there was not a trace of him . . ."

While Mommie and Phillip Terry, her third husband, were married, there were times when they forced me to choose between them. I remember the last time. An argument occurred over which movie to show at home, his or hers. They turned to me to cast the deciding vote. I didn't want to see either one; I just wanted to get out of there. But I'd never seen a film of Phillip's, so I thought I should choose his film. They were angry with each other for some reason, and at that point my mother walked out of the room. "Call me when you've decided," she snapped at me as she left.

I waited a moment, feeling very uncomfortable with Phillip staring at me, knowing it was up to me to decide. We were standing in the kitchen, and when I figured that she'd had enough time to get upstairs, I called my mother on the house phone. I couldn't look Phillip in the face as I told Mommie which movie I wanted to see. That evening we screened a film starring Joan Crawford.

It wasn't long after that night that Phillip left. One day he just didn't come home again. I don't think much was said about it, except that he wouldn't be back. I never even had a chance to say good-bye to him. He was just gone.

Phillip had been a nice man and I did miss him. But Mommie did cruel things he couldn't seem to prevent. Like the time my nurse found me tied up in the shower with the door closed. And another time when Mommie locked me in the linen closet with the lights off as a punishment. Mommie knew I was scared of the dark. I thought rats might come down from the attic and eat me alive.

After Phillip left, an amazing thing happened. Within 24 hours, there was not a trace of him left anywhere in the entire house. His room and bath were stripped of every single personal item. All the pictures of him in my mother's room and the library downstairs were gone. And in our baby scrapbooks, where all the photographs of my brother and me were neatly mounted on page after page, Phillip's image was ripped out of every picture in each of our books. Sometimes only his head was ripped off. One or two of the photos were left with just a severed male hand sticking out beyond the torn part. Except for those mutilated photographs it was as if he had never existed at all.

The lesson indelibly etched on me was that when Mommie dearest got mad enough she ripped people to shreds and made them disappear. Somehow my Mommie dearest could make grown people like Phillip disappear. That thought scared me so much it was like falling into eternal darkness.

I spent more than 25 years trying to make sure my Mommie dearest loved me, trying to win her acceptance and approval so she wouldn't get that mad and make me disappear too.

A Night Raid

". . .'No wire hangers,' she screamed in my ear . . ."

Mother had doctors upon whom she relied increasingly as the years went by. It might be an oversimplification to say that she became a hypochondriac, but it was something very close to that. There were times when her fetish for cleanliness took possession of her. It was then that she took three and four showers a day and brushed her teeth every few hours. She could not stand to have her hands dirty and would wash them repeatedly. She had one closet with shelves full of cleansing potions for every part of her body and used them all with religious fervor. No matter how often she bathed and scrubbed, it never seemed sufficient.

When my mother wasn't working, she organized regular cleaning forays into every nook and cranny of the house and yard. No sergeant in charge of latrine duty could have done better. It was at these times when frustration or anxiety or sheer insanity overtook her that she mustered every able-bodied creature within shouting distance and pressed him into service. We were an unlikely crew, always falling short of Mommie's expectations. We were never fast

Little princess: *The perfect child had gorgeous dresses and soft golden curls tied back with satin ribbons.*

enough or diligent enough or tenacious enough to please her. She fired commands faster than any number of us could carry them out, which sent her into a frenzy. She was surrounded by dolts and nincompoops, dunces and malingerers. Was no one besides herself even remotely competent in this world? Was it so much to ask that literate human beings obey a simple order? Why was she chosen out of the multitude to suffer the indignities of inferior servants and simpleminded children? Through these exhortations and the added threat of *permanent, total banishment* from her presence forever, she prodded her troops ever onward. Under her command, three female fans, a nurse, a secretary, and two small children accomplished miracles. Together we moved tons of books, boxes, furniture, and clothing. In teams we cleaned out closets, scrubbed down and repainted lawn furniture. We moved trunks from one storage basement to another. We hauled and swept and pushed and pulled and mopped and rearranged until she was satisfied or until her own craziness subsided, whichever came first.

But the worst of these voyages into cleanomania were what later became known between my brother and myself as the "night raids."

What was so terrifying about the night raids was they could not be predicted. They sprang full-blown without warning. We were always asleep and it was always dark outside when they started. Months would go by without a night raid and then there it would be, startling you out of a sound sleep, running full speed ahead, out of control.

Three night raids are still vividly clear in my mind and they are typical of the others.

Chris and I had already moved into Mr. Terry's former room, which had been redecorated for us with twin beds, new wallpaper, and new furniture. There were sliding-door closets in the bathroom that Chris used and a large walk-in closet for me right across from my bed near the door.

I was awakened out of a sound sleep one night by a crashing sound in my closet. I opened my eyes, sitting bolt upright in bed. I saw that the light was on and various objects were flying out of my closet. Inside the closet my mother was in a rage. She was swearing a blue streak and muttering to herself. I dared not move out of my bed for fear of her wrath being taken out on me directly rather than on the contents of my closet. After the closet was totally demolished and everything in it spewed out onto my bed and the floor, Mommie emerged breathless and triumphant. She had a wild look in her eyes, and as she descended upon me I was terrified.

She grabbed me by the hair and dragged me into the closet. There before me I saw total devastation. The closet was in complete shambles. She'd pushed everything off the shelves. Then she'd ripped the clothes off their hangers and thrown both clothes and hangers out into the room, where they lay sprawled over half the floor. Last to go were the shoes, which she'd thrown hard enough to hit the far wall of the bedroom. They clattered against the venetian blinds as they fell.

Shaking me by the hair of my head, she screamed in my ear, "No wire hangers! No wire hangers!" With one hand she pulled me by the hair and with the other she pounded my ears until they rang and I could hardly hear her screaming. When she finished hitting me, she released my hair and dumped me on the floor. Then she ripped my bed apart down to the mattress cover, throwing the sheets and blankets across the room. When she had totally destroyed my entire part of the bedroom she stood in the doorway with her hands on her hips. "Clean up your mess," she growled, turning on her heel. The only other sound I heard

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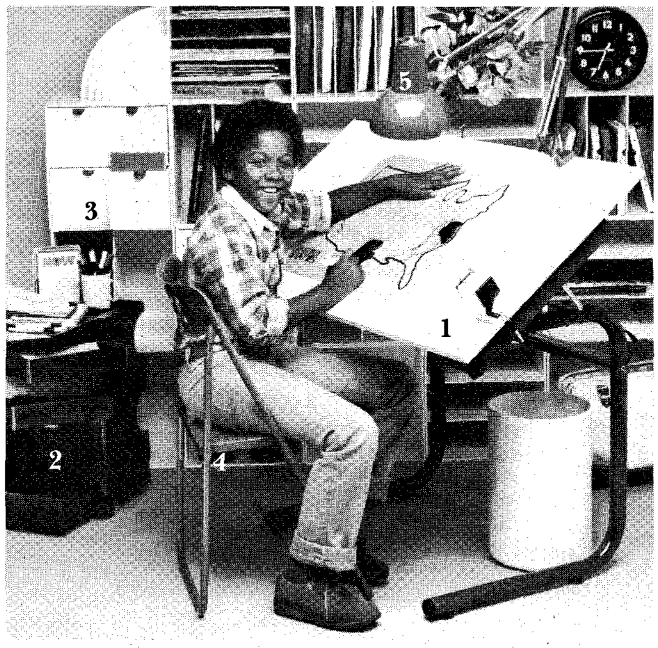

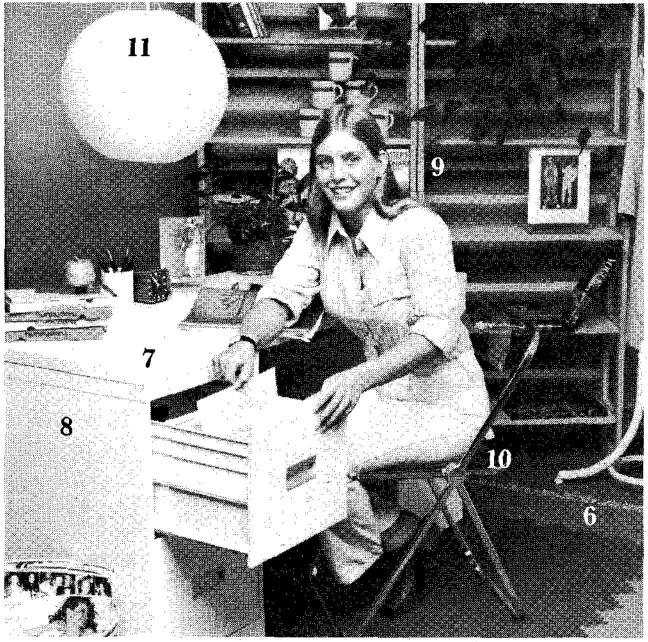

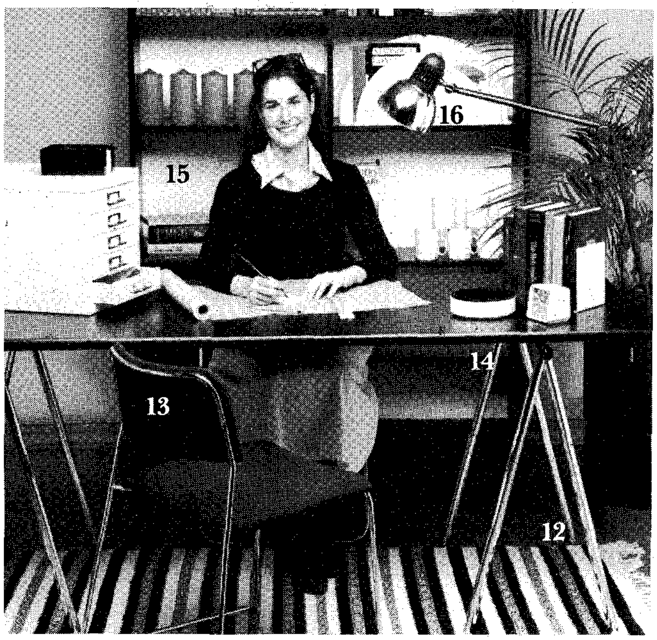

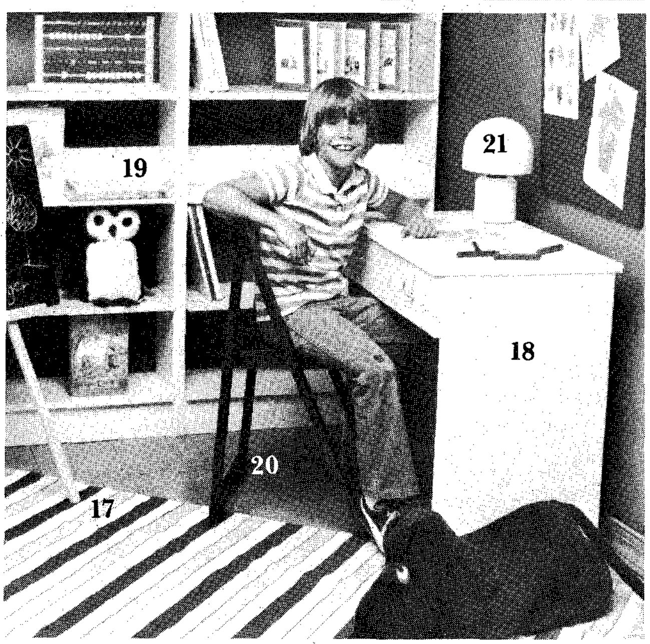

Back to school lesson #1: Good study habits begin at home...and good study rooms begin at Conran's. Everything shown above and more (except the plants) is in stock and ready to take away.

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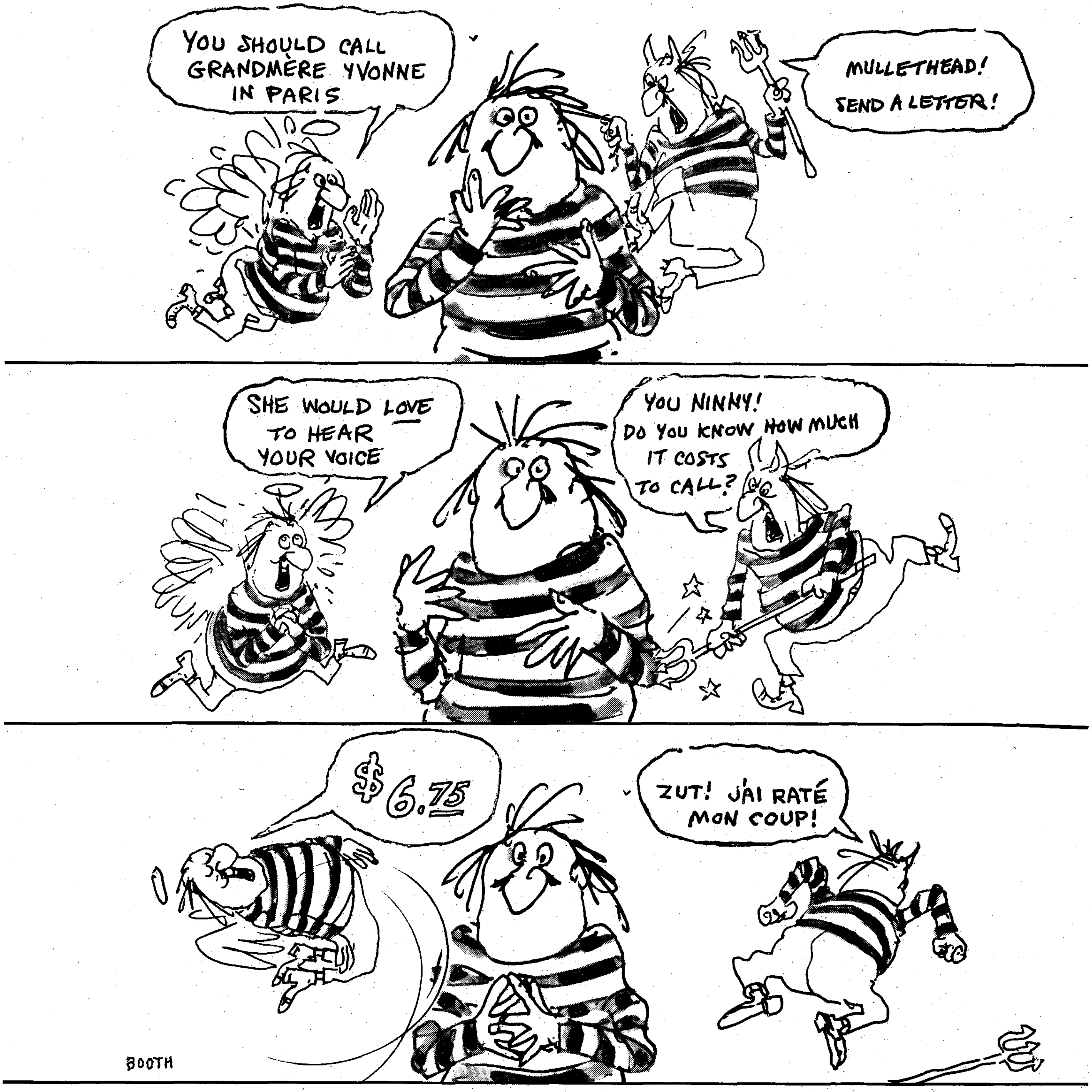
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Bell System

was the double doors to her room slamming shut.

I looked to see if Chris was still alive in the next bed. Once he was sure that she was gone and not coming back, he turned his body slowly to face me. He couldn't get up because he was tied down to the bed. Mother had a barbaric device she called a "sleep safe" with which she made sure Chris could not get out of bed. It was like a harness made of heavy canvaslike tapes, and it fastened in the back. It was originally designed to keep babies from falling out of bed, but she had the thing modified to accommodate a growing boy. The way it worked was that the person lay face down upon the sheet and the straps that came from underneath the mattress went around his waist and across his shoulders. All four pieces were fastened together with a huge steel safety pin like the kind they use for horse blankets. From the time I can remember, we were forbidden to get out of bed at night to go to the bathroom or to get a drink of water without specific permission. Sometimes we would yell our lungs out and no one would come. There were times when my brother simply had to go to the bathroom, and I would undo the wretched sleep safe and stand guard while he raced to the bathroom and then jumped back into bed. We had it timed just like an Indianapolis pit stop because both our lives depended on expert teamwork. I would have gotten in more trouble than Chris if we'd ever been caught, and we both knew it. He would get beaten for getting out of bed but I would have been nearly killed for letting him out of the sleep safe.

When I was small, Mommie had tried the sleep safe on me. I hated the contraption so much that I begged her to let me sleep without it, promising never to get out of bed without permission. But my brother was a very active boy and my mother got out the sleep safe once again. From the time he was a baby, she kept him tied down to the bed. As Chris grew, so did the sleep safe. Eventually it became a source of continual punishment for my brother. Every night he was pinned into this harness, even though he was way past the baby stage. There were many times he railed against the insult, against the physical evidence of mistrust his mother was bestowing upon him by forcing him to be tied down every night of his life, but he was just helpless to do anything about it. The sleep-safe conspiracy my brother and I formed was just one example of how we managed to survive.

This particular night raid, my brother had escaped scot-free, and I didn't begrudge him that. He couldn't get up to comfort me and didn't even dare whisper for fear she would hear us and return. He looked at me sadly, and through my tears I stared back at him. My head hurt where she had grabbed my hair, and, as I gingerly rubbed the place, a few snatches of hair fell out. But the frightful ringing in my ears was beginning to subside. I was grateful the beating was over.

Slowly I pulled myself to my feet and surveyed the damage. All this, I thought, for a couple of lousy wire hangers. Something had come back from the cleaners or the laundry downstairs on wire hangers. Mother had forbidden us to use them in our closets. I hadn't changed to the proper hangers right away. I guess it hadn't seemed so terribly important at the time.

It took me hours to redo the closet with everything neatly folded and put back on the shelves, all the clothes returned to their proper covered hangers. I blearily mated the shoes and lined them neatly on their rack. Just as I turned out the closet light I remembered that my bed still had to be remade, and seriously thought about just sleeping on the floor. But there was always the possibility that she might return. As I struggled to remake my bed in near exhaustion I realized that it was beginning to get light outside.

In Mommie's Dressing Room

". . . At 4:30 a.m., I could work no further . . ."

There was one night raid the whole house heard because it took place in my mother's dressing room with all the doors wide open and lasted for a long time.

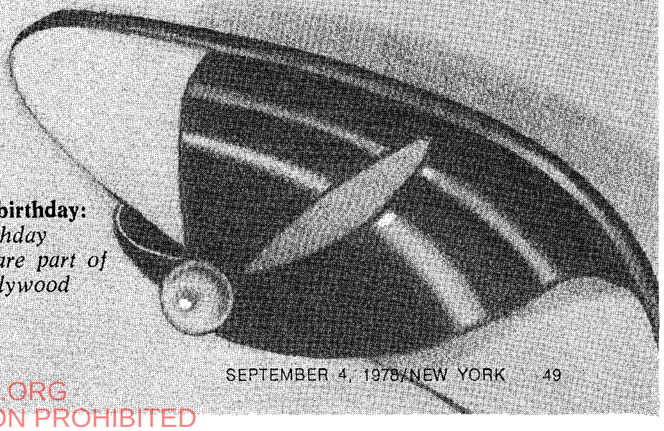
As punishment for some infringement of the rules, my mother had decreed that while she was out for the day I had to clean her dressing room. It was a large room with mirrored walls over the sink at one end of the room and the glass-top dressing table at the other. The floor was blue linoleum and there were two white fluffy throw rugs. During the better part of the afternoon I had cleaned the mirrors, polished the dressing table, and scoured the sink. Then I scrubbed the floor with a mop and dried it on my hands and knees with a towel so it wouldn't streak. Both the nurse and I were satisfied that I'd done a good job even though I wasn't more than nine years old. It had been one of the hardest jobs I'd been given to do all alone and I was glad it was over. I didn't get to play outside at all that day, but at least the punishment was over.

But in the middle of that night one of the most vicious night raids took place.

I was sound asleep in my bed when Mother burst into my room. She was already yelling as she hauled me out of bed. Before I was fully awake she had dragged me by one arm down the hallway that connected her suite of rooms with ours. Through the open double doors I stumbled as she shoved me ahead of her. I had no idea what was wrong or where we were going. When we arrived in her dressing room it began to dawn on me what was happening.

Something was evidently wrong with the way I'd cleaned the room earlier in the day, even though the nurse had inspected all my work. The best I could gather from my

Happy birthday: *My birthday parties are part of the Hollywood legend.*



It's a party! *Mommie and Chris and I were the star attractions at my party—even more than the clown.*

mother's ranting and raving was that the floor had soap streaks on it. I couldn't see anything wrong with it, but then neither I nor anyone else seemed to have the same set of standards she did. Then I made one of my classic mistakes and said that I didn't see anything wrong with the floor. That sent her into a renewed fit of anger. With lightning speed she backhanded me squarely across the face, which caught me off balance and sent me to the floor. She threw open the door under the sink and grabbed a large can of Bon Ami scouring powder. Just as I got to my feet she flew at me in a frenzy, wielding the can of Bon Ami like a baseball bat. She beat me over the head with the Bon Ami until the can burst open with a small explosion. A cloud of white scouring powder filled the entire room, settling over every square inch of mirror and glass and linoleum. I had that powder in my hair and all over my nightgown. It was getting into my mouth and I sputtered and spit it out for fear it would poison me. She was still screaming and beating me with the now mutilated can. By this time I was yelling back at her to stop hitting me and the noise must have awakened everyone.

Finally she threw the useless container across the room in total disgust. It looked as though it had been snowing inside those four walls.

"Clean it up," she said. "How?" I moaned. "You figure it out," she stormed at me and left.

I sat down and a puff of white scouring powder billowed up around me. I couldn't believe the terrible mess that faced me. I couldn't use a vacuum cleaner because we had one of those old-fashioned uprights good only for carpets. All I had to work with was a broom, a bucket, a couple of big towels, and a mop.

I had to go over every inch of that room four or five times because the scouring powder made a white paste as soon as it got wet and there was an entire can of it scattered around the room. It was tedious and torturous work. Before I could even begin, I had to wash my own face and neck. The powder stuck to the rest of my body, and as I sweated with the hard work, little rivulets of perspiration coagulated with the powder in white patches that began to itch. There was no time to go and take a shower, so I just continued to try to clean up the unbelievable mess.

Through the whole night I worked and sobbed. I didn't even care if anyone heard me as I trudged through the process again and again, trying to get the damnable white powder cleaned up. I prayed to God to punish my mother and told anyone who would listen how much I hated her.

Somewhere around 4:30 in the morning, I decided that I could work no longer. I didn't care if she punished me again, I just couldn't do any better. If it wasn't perfect, I couldn't help it. I was only nine years old and I couldn't do any more. I truly wished that the earth would open and just swallow me up and take me out of this eternal misery and punishment. I sobbed as I wrung out the mop for the hundredth time and I sobbed as I emptied the dirty water in the bucket. I sobbed as I walked to my room and I was still crying in the warm shower.

It was nearly five in the morning when I wearily climbed back into bed and still the tears were streaming down. Finally, I gave up fighting and cried myself to sleep.

Photo: MOMA/Film Archives

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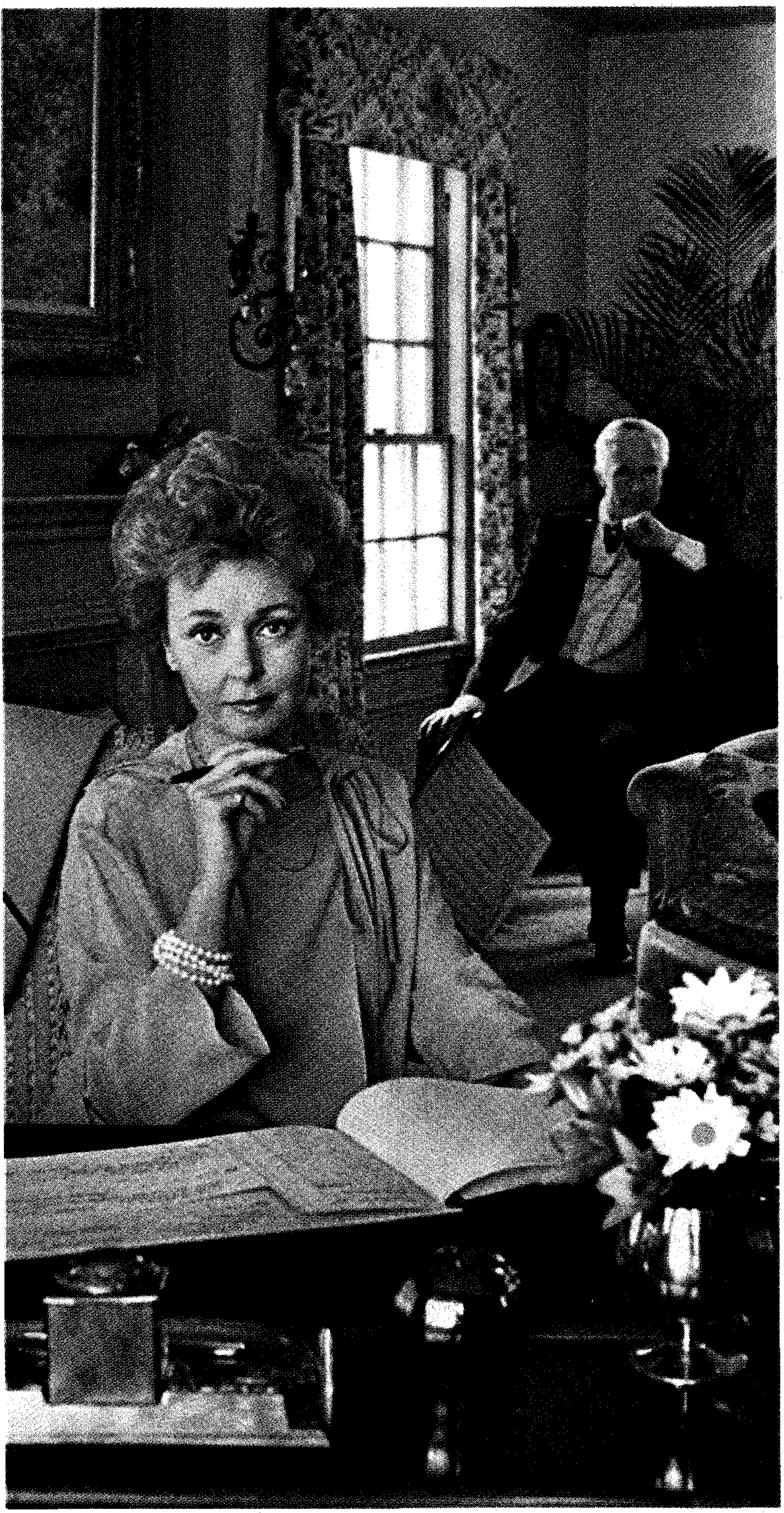

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Passport Scotch

Mommie's Rose Garden

". . .'Clear all those branches out of here!'. . ."

There was one night raid that was not directed at me personally and was not intended as a specific punishment for any of us. This particular night raid was my mother's alone, although we all participated.

It was summertime and the evenings were cool in Brentwood. That night the moon was nearly full and shone brightly over the garden. Sometime near midnight I was roused out of my bed by the nurse. She whispered for me to put on my robe and slippers immediately and come downstairs. I peered at her face trying to discern what was going on, but she just looked tired and agitated. Quickly I followed her instructions and together we hurried down the stairs and she led me out into the yard. Once outside I heard some noise over by the rose garden and could see a couple of people scurrying around.

We had a most wonderful rose garden. It was one of those old-fashioned formal gardens with stepping-stones through it and each plant labeled carefully. The roses it produced filled our house with lovely fragrant bouquets most of the year. It covered an area approximately fifteen by fifteen feet and had dozens of different varieties. Since it was summer, the entire garden was in bloom, and in the darkness the fragrance filled that part of the yard.

Nurse and I proceeded in the direction of the rose garden. As we came closer I saw Mother and the cook already in the middle of the rose garden. I didn't see particularly well in the dark and even with the extra light from the moon it wasn't until I was standing right at the hedge that separated the rose garden from the lawn that I fully realized what was going on.

Mother had a pair of large pruning shears with which she was systematically cutting each and every rosebush right to the ground. Because the garden was in full bloom, many of the bushes were nearly four feet tall. Most of them had great big flowers on them, and as the branches fell to the ground the lovely roses were getting trampled underfoot. She was finishing with one of the bushes, which was now not more than a stubby knob sticking a few inches out of the ground. She straightened up in preparation for a fresh assault on a neighboring bush and saw me. As the moon lit up part of her face I could see that look in her eyes again. It was a haunted, excited look and there was no use trying to talk to her or stop her from completing her current course of destruction.

"I want all these branches cleared out of here," she commanded with a sweeping gesture.

We had no gloves, no wheelbarrows or tools with which to work. I was grateful that my thin summer robe at least had long sleeves because there were large thorns on most of the branches. The plump little cook trudged back and forth with armloads of stickery rose branches, as did the nurse and I. We worked in silence punctuated only by my mother's muttering to herself and by an occasional order from her to speed things up.

After about an hour of this thorny work, we were all scratched and bleeding. Mother wouldn't let us stop until we were finished, so I licked the wounds on my arms and wiped my hands on my robe. We were all a bloody mess.

When Mother had finally succeeded in cutting every last rosebush right down to the ground and the last branch had been hauled away, I thought we would be able to go back to bed. But there was one last surprise in store for us.

Mother told me to go down into the gardener's toolroom by the incinerator and get the big saw. Totally mystified, I simply did what I was told and returned in a few minutes with the largest saw I could find. I handed it to her without saying a word. Talking to her when she was in these moods was equivalent to asking for a beating.

Mother took the big saw from me and walked over to the orange tree which stood at one end of the totally mutilated rose garden. It was a mature tree standing maybe eight feet tall, covered with fruit.

The nurse, the cook, and I stood at a kind of breathless attention watching her as she began to saw the trunk of the orange tree. Finally we heard a cracking, splintering sound and the orange tree toppled over into the stubby remains of the rose garden.

When all was quiet again, my mother stood back to survey her night's destruction. Apparently satisfied, she ordered us all back to bed. The look on her face indicated a sort of jubilance.

Without a word, we dispersed like shadows in the night. I climbed back into my bed without even bothering to wash. The blood had dried by now and wouldn't dirty my sheets, so I could wait until morning for the cleanup.

The next day after breakfast we went to look at what had happened the night before. In the bright sunlight it really looked hideous. The beautiful rose garden was totally destroyed. I didn't know enough about plants to know if it would ever grow back, but it looked ugly and sad that morning. The fallen orange tree was not completely severed and dangled by its partly sawed-off trunk.

When the gardener showed up for work he went past the kitchen window as usual with his cheery "Good morning." It was only a moment later that the devastated rose garden came into his view. We waited with bated breath for his reaction, since no one had the heart to tell him in advance because no one knew what to say. Mother was still asleep and the whispering rule was in effect. But Les didn't whisper when he saw the rose garden and the orange tree. He let out a graphic string of swear words that rang out loud and clear in the early-morning air. As he stomped past the kitchen window again on his way out to his truck, he shouted so the entire neighborhood could hear. "You tell that crazy woman I quit!" ■

Christina Crawford

Photo: Tom Bert

Home Furnishings

Tall Stories

By Veronica McNiff

"... High-ceilinged space can be human, livable, warm; it can also be an intimidating, austere put-down-cum-status-symbol ..."

Elegance clings like a trace of perfume to lofty rooms, reminding those who visit or live in them that life was not always cramped, inconvenient, and designed for the short. Today, however, developers revere the minimum ceiling height of eight feet; very likely they would lower it further, humbling us even more, if the Building Code allowed them to. In a crowded environment like ours, true "living room," expansive and soothing, is the ultimate luxury, even though it may be a psychic necessity.

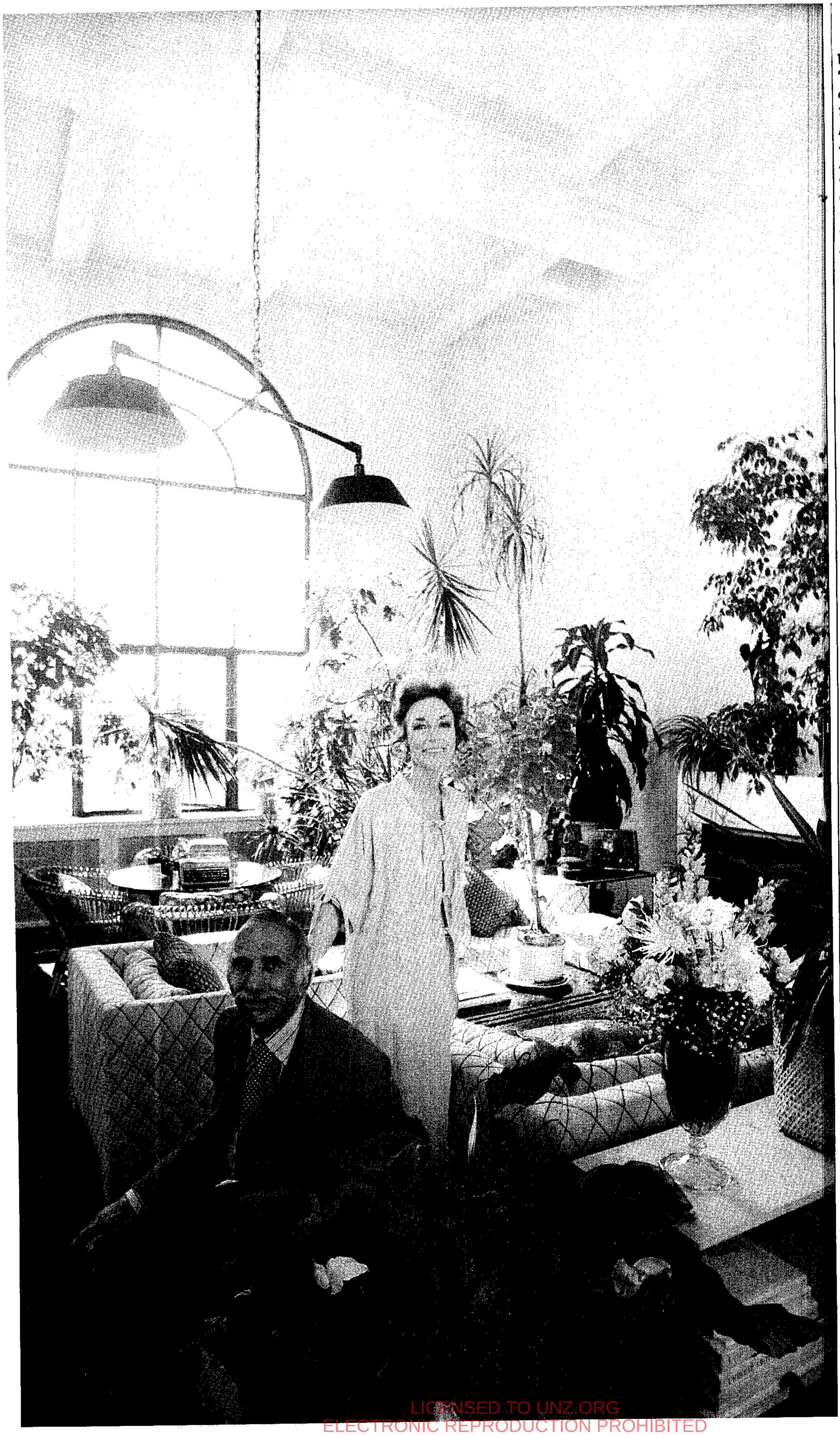
The rich, the beautiful, and the interesting, we all learned long ago in *Citizen Kane*, habitually live in the most spacious and lofty situations. And, we know from experience, all that wordlessly impressive atmosphere overhead conveys an aura of power. No matter how diminutive the boss, in his airy lair he sits with a mantle of space about his shoulders and is at a psychological advantage over his visitors.

Brooklyn heights: *"The height's the furniture," say Frank and Susan Palazzolo, who own a grand old house renovated entirely by their own expertise. Not content with eleven-foot parlor-floor ceilings, Frank, a designer for J. C. Penney, cut out a section of the first floor so that the dining and kitchen area below would have a twenty-foot upward sweep. Here, Susan shows off the room with son Matthew.*

Depending on how its owners furnish it, high-ceilinged space can be human, livable, and warm or an intimidating, austere

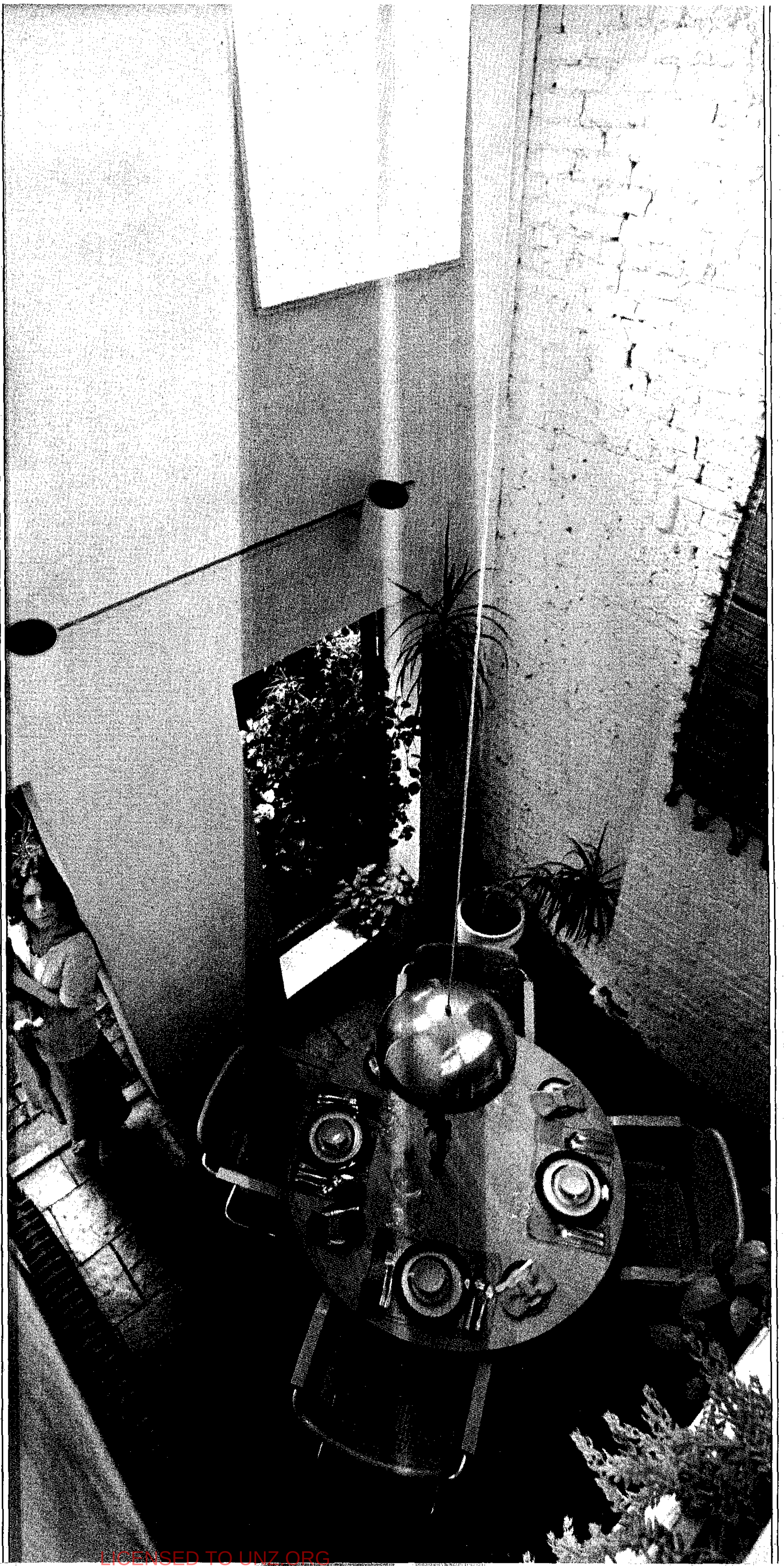
High society: *"I have this enormous reach," says interior designer Jane O'Keefe. "I need tall space." Her kitchen is a minute cubbyhole rather like an upended shoebox. Unusually high-up shelves break the vertical sweep but are well within Jane's grasp (she's a six-footer). All-over wall and ceiling color rounds out the space visually, "and the low light helps make all that up there disappear into a kind of warm gloom."*

Photographed by Charles Wiesehahn



Urban jungle: *"Helen likes high ceilings. I like a view," says movie producer David Brown. No problem. This dramatic, light-flooded aerie 44 winding steps up from the front door of their quadruplex on Central Park West has ceilings some twenty feet high; the tall arched windows look out over the Central Park Reservoir to the north, Belvedere Castle to the east, and New Jersey to the west. Billy Baldwin had designed the room for Mike Nichols; when the Browns moved in three years ago, they simply added more plants to the dracaenas and ficus Nichols had left behind. Here they give occasional small parties "for people who have had a recent electrocardiogram," and here Helen works on* Cosmo *on weekends. David spends most of his time in a studio downstairs. "For some reason," he says, "I always head for the smallest, darkest room in the house."*

Haute cuisine: *Teacher and cook Beth Levin stands in the doorway of her dining room, an eighteen-foot-tall tunnel of space, claustrophobically tiny at eleven feet wide. Her solution: to add a greenhouse to create a horizontal pull and expand the space visually. Now the play between height and width is stimulating rather than threatening. Seated at table, you feel pleasurably drawn upward, mood elevated by sugar-white walls, a colorful rug, and the pool of light cast onto the bright table in contrast to the shadows above. The space is so compact that it needs minimal furnishings.*



put-down-cum-status-symbol. Tall rooms tend to dwarf furnishings and reduce much to little, simply by overwhelming possessions with a volume of space. There is nothing like a 40-foot ceiling for making your favorite antiques look too few, and merely secondhand at that. It is also rather hard to feel cozy under a cathedral ceiling. Lofty space seems to induce a certain unease . . . you feel God is watching as you flick the TV channels.

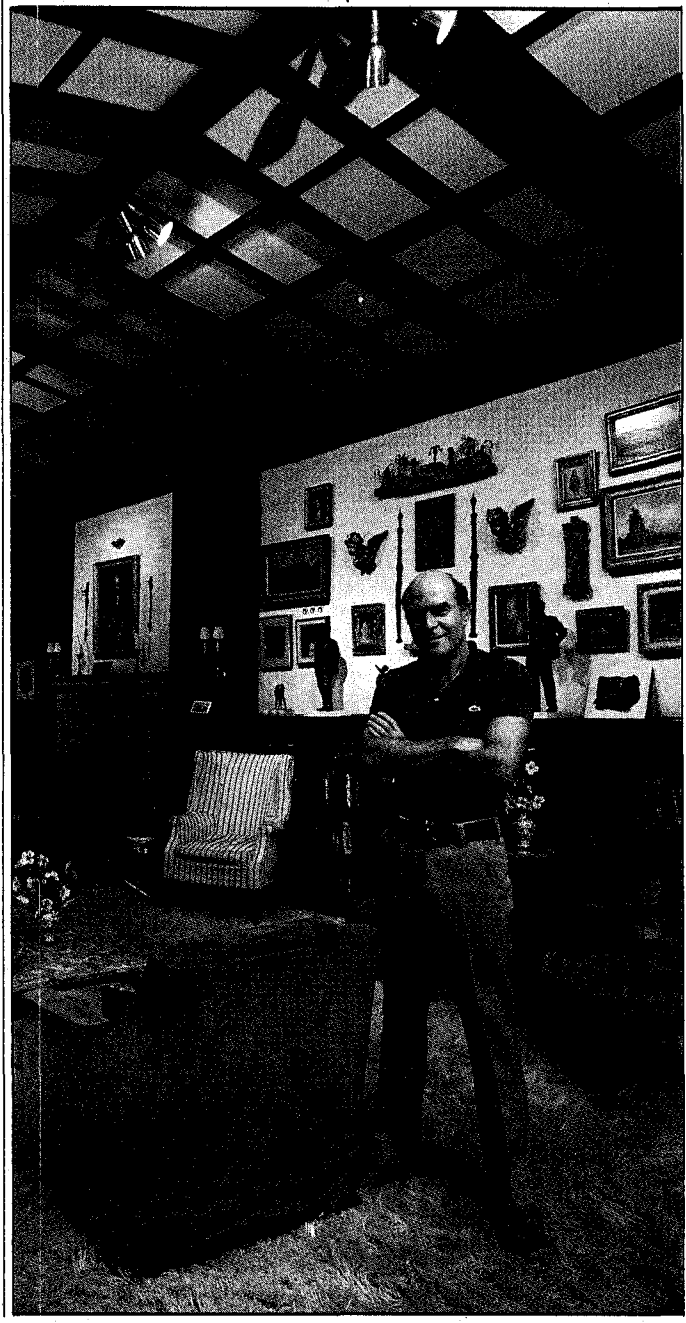
"It takes low spaces—doors, stairs, fireplaces—to give high-ceilinged rooms human scale," says architect Hobart Betts. Even when a tall room is unfurnished, he points out, much is going on visually. Your eye is drawn upward by the height at the same time it is taking into account the horizontal planes that vie for attention. Furnishings break up the space, creating their own competing geometry, and color and texture also call out for notice. As a

Space program: *Jane O'Keefe exists, works, designs, and paints on a grand scale. "Rooms like this are just right for me and my work," she says of her rent-stabilized brownstone apartment. "I don't feel comfortable in conventional space." When you enter this twelve-foot-tall room, the ceilings don't look particularly high—until you realize that the furnishings are chosen for amplitude, grouped as a counterbalance to the room's height. This is a big room, and the furnishings are correspondingly scaled up.*

result, high-ceilinged rooms can have a tremendously stimulating, "up" effect on mood, or they can be tiring in their unrecognized demands on your home-from-the-office faculties.

Obviously there is much to be said for the beauties of lofty space, and some things to be set against it. According to personality and needs, it seems you either revel in the scale of your architecture, seek to humanize it, or flee. Here are five situations in which New Yorkers took on tall stories (or created them) and then arranged the space for physical and emotional comfort. ▬

Prime rib: *Neil Estern, sculptor of heroes, lives in a suitably monumental space, a kind of vast wood-ribbed ark of a house; his huge model for the bust of John F. Kennedy that now stands in Grand Army Plaza is almost lost at the far, far end of the living room. The Jacobean-style architecture sets the mood, and Estern is happy to let it do so. The miscellaneous flock of friendlily worn furniture wears the air of a court in exile; many books and framed art make cozy clutter. "I don't feel I've become baronial," says the sculptor, musing on his two decades of living in lofty surroundings.*



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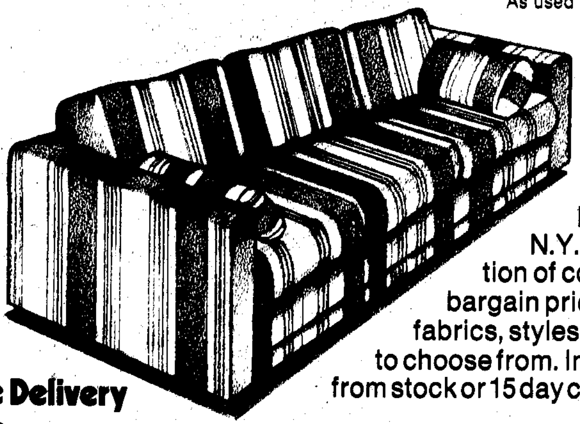

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Interferon: The Cancer Drug We've Ignored

By Joseph R. Hixson

> "... Interferon, a giant protein molecule made in our bodies, can control the spread of many viruses, bacteria, and even cancer ..."

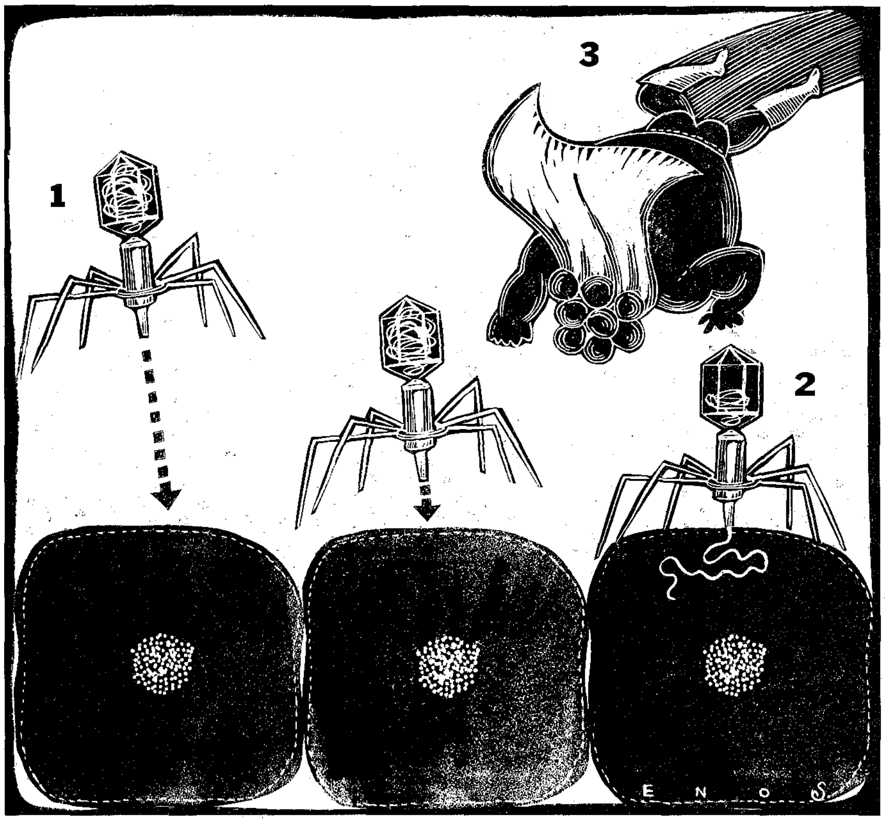
Three decades have passed since the search began in earnest for the magic chemical bullet that would slay cancer. More than two decades have elapsed in the hunt for a human-cancer virus that could lead to an anti-cancer vaccine. Next December will mark the seventh anniversary of the all-out billion-dollar war against cancer declared by Congress and the first Nixon administration. Yet the outlook for patients with even the commonest forms of the disease has changed hardly at all.

With the sole exception of a hormone treatment (derived either synthetically or from the adrenal cortex), all of the two dozen chemical agents commonly in use against cancer unfortunately poison living cells as well as cancerous ones.

In the midst of all this activity, and against this background of failure, one naturally occurring protein stands out in a tantalizing light. It is totally nontoxic, is produced in our own bodies, and is known to control the savage spread of cancer cells. This molecule is called "interferon," and its existence has been known of for twenty years, but it has been so neglected by the cancer establishment that the cancer-treatment centers around the world do not have enough to give to even 200 patients, much less to mount the large-scale clinical trials that will be demanded by the FDA and the American medical community before it can be used as a treatment in the United States.

The name "cancer" is an umbrella term for many complex diseases, most of which have a stubborn resistance to treatment. It has long been suspected that the signals sent between the body's myriad cells might provide clues to the control of cancer. Some of these signals are communications that spur cells to replicate and to repair injuries, and, most important, when to stop multiplying. Others are communications that distinguish between what is "self" and what is "foreign"—and thus to be destroyed.

Interferon, the nontoxic protein we're talking about, is just such an intercellular messenger. It's a very large molecule that was discovered by British scientists Alick Isaacs and Jean Lindenmann in 1957. At the time, they were investigating a fascinating property of virus diseases: It's almost certain that you have never had influ-



The alert: *Invading viruses (1) approach and release nucleic acid—a viral replicative blueprint—into the cells (2). The body responds by producing intercellular messengers, giant protein molecules called "interferon" (3).*

Illustrated by Randall Enos

". . . The stuff is extraordinarily potent. One thirty-trillionth of an ounce can protect roughly half a test tube of cells . . ."

enza and measles at the same time, or any pair of viral infections. The fact is that two viral infections at once is rare. Twenty years ago, Dr. Isaacs and his Oxford colleague, Dr. Lindenmann, decided to find out why.

The two scientists infected chick embryos with a virus and then filtered off the fluid from the dying chick cells and removed from it all traces of the virus or living cells. The remaining liquid, they found, contained a substance that, when added to chick embryos, protected them from infection not only by the original virus but also by a variety of other viral agents. Realizing that they were not dealing with the usual vaccination-immunity response, Drs. Isaacs and Lindenmann named the protective factor "interferon."

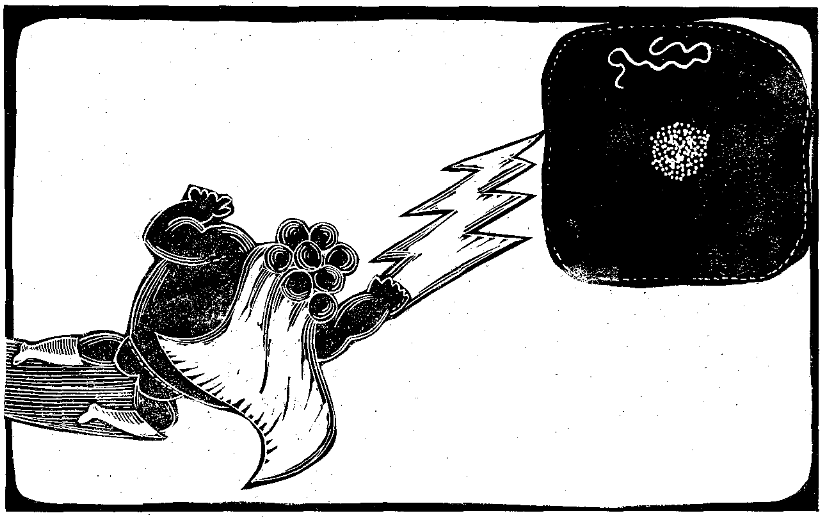
Subsequent investigation showed that interferon is not itself a virus killer but a messenger that triggers an anti-virus mechanism within each cell. The cells start to produce an anti-viral protein that interferes with the replication of the virus within the cell.

Other researchers were excited by the implications for human-disease control but quickly ran into a formidable obstacle. Chick interferon would not protect mouse cells, nor would a horse-cell factor protect a dog or a cat. The new and intriguing molecule was for all intents and purposes species specific. It wouldn't be possible to produce the material in any animal—the way polio vaccine, for example, is produced—and then give it to human beings to prevent or control a viral infection.

With this traditional avenue of serum production blocked—one certainly couldn't expose human volunteers, thousands of them, to a virus in order to get interferon from their blood—scientists turned to another approach. There followed years of attempts to spur interferon production in animals by injecting them with a man-made chemical, a large polymer, designed to resemble the tightly wound nucleic acid that is the core and replicative blueprint of a virus. One pharmaceutical company, Merck, spent millions testing such polymers as interferon inducers before giving up. The chemicals were too weak to induce enough of the anti-viral factor without injecting amounts that produced unacceptable toxic effects.

While this effort was stalling, a trickle of impure interferon was being made in bottles of human cells exposed and infected with one or another virus. Some of the interferon produced from these human cells—white blood cells (leukocytes) and a type of connective-tissue cell known as a fibroblast—was sent off to chemists who worked at unraveling the structure of the remarkable molecule. Some was also sent to British laboratories doing research on the common cold. In April 1973, word came from the Medical Research Council's unit in Salisbury that human interferon provided protection against at least one common-cold virus and against one that caused influenza.

Although only minuscule quantities of interferon were available, the stuff was extraordinarily potent. One unit of interferon is now defined as a quantity that, added to a test tube of cells, will protect roughly half of them from destruction by a virus known as the vesicular-stomatitis agent. If you could weigh it—which you can't—this unit would tip the scales at one picogram, or one thirty-trillionth of an ounce.



All systems go: *Interferon triggers a cellular anti-viral mechanism.*

That interferon has the ability to affect and control a wide variety of human virus infections has now been established by Dr. Thomas C. Merigan of Stanford University. Working under a series of grants from one of the national institutes of health, Dr. Merigan, himself a participant in the Salisbury study, has shown in a handful of cases of one type of hepatitis that interferon can abolish the chronic (carrier) state of the infection and, in addition, can protect cancer patients, whose immune systems have been virtually destroyed by drug treatment, from another life-threatening virus infection—the herpes zoster virus, the disease commonly known as shingles.

Scientists also found that interferon halted the progress of germs other than viruses. Certain bacteria, rickettsias that cause such diseases as Rocky Mountain spotted fever, and single-celled animals (protozoa), such as the malaria parasite, were stopped in their tracks by interferon. In other tests, the interferon message caused the cells to increase their production of certain proteins, such as hemoglobin and various enzymes.

Add to that impressive list interferon's capacity to slow or halt the regeneration of the liver and to reduce the rate at which cells split to produce two daughter cells, and you have a picture of what this giant molecule can do. Moreover, a more fundamental finding—that interferon molecules can change the cell's outer membrane, through which messages, nutrients, and other important compounds are exchanged—suggested a number of ways interferon would be able to combat the growth and spread of cancer cells.

Dr. F. Kingsley Sanders, associate coordinator of the interferon program at Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute, explains: "Interferon is an important intercellular regulator. Working between cells and on their surfaces, it is able to cause a decrease in the rate at which cells grow, and this is particularly true of transformed or potentially malignant cells. It also causes malignant cells to lose their capacity to grow in a colony, or tumor."

By 1972 it had been unequivocally demonstrated that such intercellular regulators could control the ravages of tumor-cell growth in animals. And in 1973, two scientists at the National

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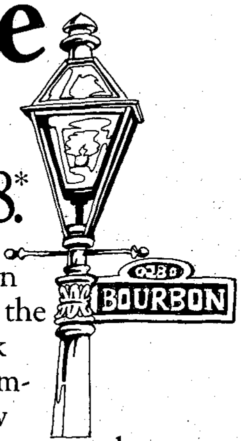

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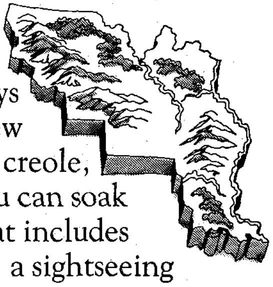

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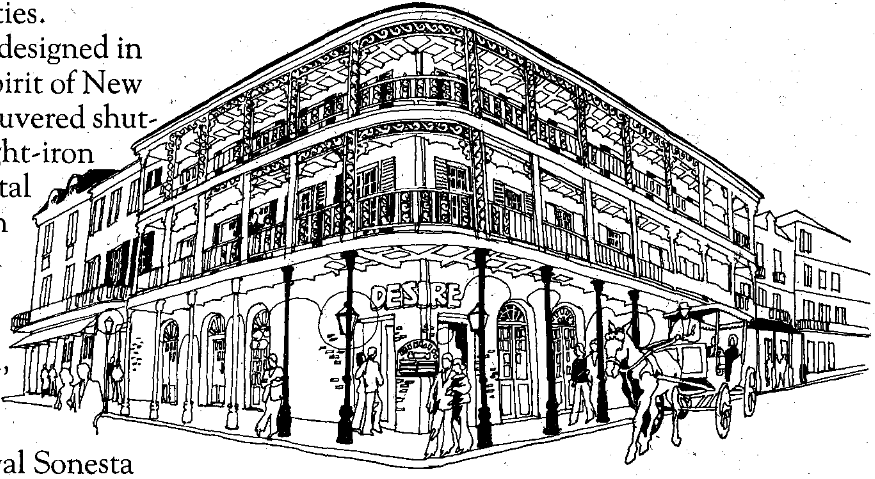

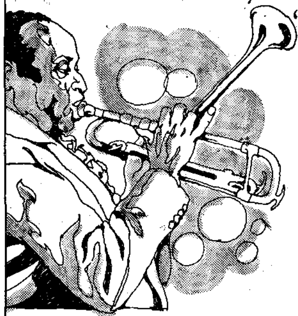

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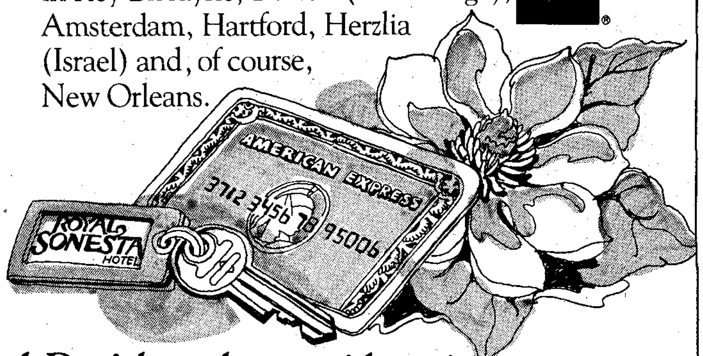

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"...Only minuscule amounts are available—a 250-liter tank of human white cells can make only a hundred thousandth of a gram..."

Cancer Institute reported that mice with leukemia, which had been treated with standard anti-leukemic drugs but were relapsing toward death, could be cured in some instances with mouse-interferon injections.

First to report success on cancer in humans with this biologic agent was Dr. Hans Strander of the Karolinska Institute in Stockholm. Last fall, Dr. Strander published his findings in a German medical journal. Based on the treatment of 28 patients with the bone cancer known as osteogenic sarcoma, the Swedish oncologist wrote that after amputation of the tumor-ridden limb, injections of interferon helped prevent the usually inevitable development of additional lethal clusters of cancer cells (metastases) in other parts of the body. In a recent conversation with this reporter, Dr. Strander said that many of the sarcoma patients who had benefitted from interferon injections were continuing to be free of metastatic disease, and that he had seen no serious toxic effects of the treatment. He added that he had recently found that interferon had helped control two other rare and uniformly fatal cancers: juvenile papilloma of the larynx and the generalized bone-marrow cancer, multiple myeloma—among the most notoriously resistant cancers—which killed NBC's *Today*-show host Frank McGee in 1974.

Dr. Strander's demonstration of anti-cancer effects of interferon, together with some preliminary reports from two major cancer-research-and-treatment centers in the United States, has spurred two unusual developments in the past couple of months. In June, the journal of the National Cancer Institute published a guest editorial by Dr. Robert M. Friedman, a scientist at the National Institute of Arthritis, Metabolism, and Digestive Diseases, who wrote:

> ...I believe that the exciting research leads on the molecular biology of interferon production and action, together with the preliminary data [on] the clinical uses of human interferon, should stimulate cancer researchers with a wide range of interests to consider doing studies in these areas. Also, large-scale bioengineering techniques should be used in the attempt to deal with the problems of interferon production and purification.

In scientific circles, this statement is the equivalent of a call for a crash program on interferon.

Interferon's potential has also been noted by the powers at the American Cancer Society. A vice-president of the national fund-raising group told me that it is now a virtual certainty that the society will allocate $1.5 million to purchase interferon and to start meticulously monitored clinical tests on tumors at several leading U.S. cancer hospitals. Such a tightly focused, single-purpose grant is virtually unheard of in the society's history.

Even so, there is no vociferous lobby pushing for a multi-million-dollar interferon program. Some scientists closely involved in research into this remarkable molecule feel that the substance is not yet ready for an all-out effort.

This scientific "go slow" has less to do with skepticism about interferon's potency than with the difficulty and monumental expense of isolating the molecule.

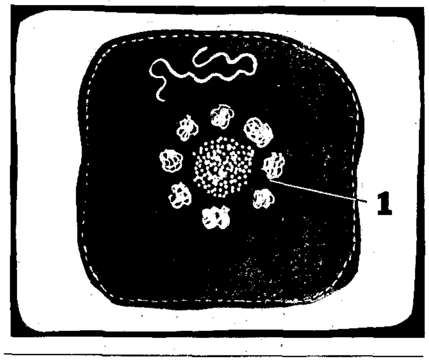
Indeed, almost all interferon research has been limited to animals, owing to the nigh impossible task of making human interferon. In the early 1970s, Dr. Kari Cantell at the Central Public Laboratory in Helsinki decided a blood bank would be the place to produce the elusive stuff. Certain white cells (leukocytes) can be grown and maintained in flasks or tanks and can yield small amounts of interferon when stimulated by a virus harmless to humans. This idea worked and has provided almost all the interferon used in clinical trials to date.

But there is a drawback even to this inventive method: The gathering of cells from a broad population of donors is known in scientific circles as a "dirty process." The leukocytes carry with them noxious viral fragments that must be eliminated from the interferon they produce. The whole process is fearfully expensive. In Dr. Strander's tests in Sweden, for example, cancer patients were injected with 1 million units of interferon daily for the first month and then 3 million units per week for up to a year afterward. With 1 billion units of interferon costing $50,000 to produce by the Cantell method in Helsinki, the price of six months of interferon cancer therapy would be $5,000 just for the drug.

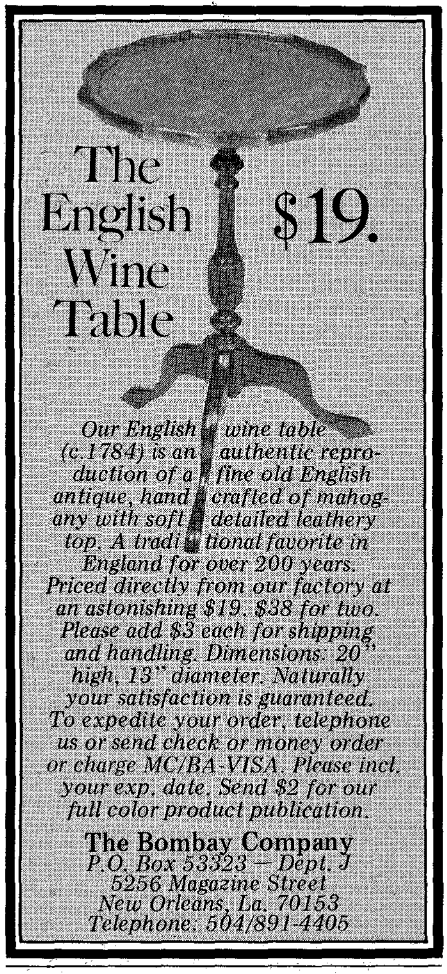
The two U.S. cancer centers now gingerly starting their clinical trials, the Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo and the M. D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute in Houston, have both chosen to treat the recurrence of breast cancer. Cancer specialist Jordan Gutterman of the Texas cancer center says his group has treated about a dozen women with interferon purchased from Helsinki, and, while not commenting on the results yet, says there have been no toxic reactions of any consequence. "Our goal," he says, "is to find out how much or how little of this promising agent will give us some appreciable result so that we can develop some sort of rational treatment schedule."

From Buffalo, Dr. Julius Horoszewicz reported that, making their own interferon, the Buffalo clinicians are injecting it directly into lesions of malignant melanoma and into breast-cancer recurrence at the site of the mastectomy incision. Dr. Horoszewicz said that some of the new tumors have shrunk with repeated interferon injections. Such cancer metastases have also responded to both drugs and so-called immunotherapy with injections of BCG (Bacillus Calmette-Guerin—the tuberculosis bacteria which is believed to stimulate the body's immune response). So how promising is interferon as a cancer treatment? The major advance thus far documented in the American trials would appear to be in the safety of the treatment and not in any enhanced efficiency.

But the Buffalo effort, funded partly by the NCI, partly by the state of New York, and partly by private philanthrophy (the Huntington Hartford Foundation), derives added importance from its production of interferon from cultures of human fibroblasts. Since these skin-type cells readily reproduce themselves for up to five dozen generations, there is no need for a "dirty" pool of thousands of donors whose white blood cells carry various hazard-



The defense: *Anti-viral proteins (1) prevent harmful messages from affecting the cell's behavior.*



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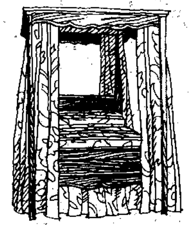

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"... At $50 million a gram, it's the most expensive drug ever purchased by the U.S. ..."

ous viruses. Not only can a fibroblast culture have a pedigree from an individual and hence a "clean bill of health," but it can also be induced to make interferon via the aborted Merck technique of adding virus-ribonucleic-acid-like polymer. The Roswell Park team is, however, new to the interferon program. (Its first two batches, totaling 1 billion units, cost not $50,000 but $200,000 to produce, and at least one experienced scientist I spoke to was inclined to take its reports of progress with several grains of salt.)

Given the possibility of a totally new approach to cancer therapy, what can or should be done? For their part, the national institutes of health are slyly putting out money for interferon purchases while producing materials—unsuitable for clinical work but fine for chemical and purification manipulation—in 250-liter tanks of white cells at an old chemical-warfare facility, Fort Detrick in Maryland. Out of that brew comes at most a milligram of impure interferon with a cluster of sugar molecules hanging onto the active protein molecule. By the time that fifteen thousandth of an ounce has gone through the purification process, there's about one hundredth of the active material left.

Says biochemist Christian Anfinsen, head of the project at NIH, "We're not predicting when we can obtain decent amounts of interferon, but we're not all that discouraged either. We come to work every day." In case they don't, the Cancer Institute has been contracting to buy interferon at $50-million a gram, making it far and away the most expensive drug ever purchased by the U.S. government.

Assuming the clinical trials continue to yield favorable results—and that is a very iffy assumption—how could doctors lay hands on appropriate quantities of interferon for patients? There's not much question that within five years we'll no longer have to rely on clean or dirty cell cultures. A dozen laboratories at U.S. universities and abroad are working to sort out what are evidently several types of interferon—the leukocyte and fibroblast materials are probably slightly different—and to find out just how the twenty amino acids that make up all proteins, including interferon, are strung together to make the large molecule.

The synthesis of the hormone insulin took many years, and it is composed of 51 amino-acid units. It looks, according to biochemist William Stewart II of Sloan-Kettering, as if interferon is made up of about 100 amino acids, making it much more than twice as hard to assemble in the test tube (the bigger the molecule the more likely it is to come apart while one is assembling it). There remains hope, however, that the truly active part is smaller. Stewart has recently obtained a much smaller mouse interferon that retains its activity.

There is also a possibility that interferon may be less arduously synthesized by the so-called gene-splicing technique, which is already used to produce a small but important brain hormone, somatostatin. Much maligned in the press as a dangerous form of bioengineering that could loose "supergerms" on the world, the process of matching the human interferon gene and grafting it onto a bacterium remains a serious alternative for those concerned about the critically short supply and enormous cost of one of the most intriguing and potentially useful substances known to biologists today.

While the American Cancer Society and the National Cancer Institute are deliberating and debating how, or even whether, to explore interferon's formidable potential, Mathilde Krim, who started the interferon research program at the Sloan-Kettering Institute two years ago, has gone ahead and boldly contracted for a quantity of this natural drug molecule to be used in clinical studies both in the United States and in Europe. It will be supplied by the Theodore Kocher Institute of the University of Bern, Switzerland. The Swiss are only just starting their production of the precious substance, but knowledgeable sources here in New York say that the Bern product should be just as good as the Helsinki interferon and eventually reach the same production level.

Still. There is a worrisome twist to this tale. Are we going to find ourselves faced with the same frustrating medical hitch as confronted Alexander Fleming when he discovered the power of penicillin—how to make enough of it? If, after clinical reports, interferon lives up to its promise as a virus control and even as a partial but innocuous treatment for cancer, it's going to take a lot more than Helsinki, Bern, and Roswell Park can produce to satisfy the world demand. ■

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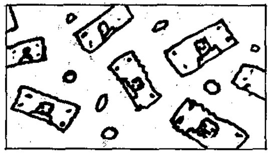
LANDLORDS, BEWARE! TENANTS HAVE NEW POWER



> "...If your landlord deprives you of essential building services, you can recoup part of the rent..."

Some New York landlords like to have their cake and eat yours too. They insist that you pay your rent each month, regardless of whether you're getting your money's worth. Think of all the days you've gone without heat, or the elevator was out of order, or your ceiling leaked. Did the landlord ever deduct $30 or $40 from the rent bill to make up for services he failed to deliver? No, but now he may have to respond like any other businessman who gyps you and gets caught at it. According to a 1975 state law and recent court cases, your apartment is covered by a warranty—similar to the one that comes with new products. If your landlord fails to live up to the warranty—say, by depriving you of essential building services—you're entitled to recoup some of the rent you've paid.

The apartment warranty is imposed by the so-called warranty-of-habitability law (technically, it's Section 235-b of the state's Real Property Law). Under this 1975 law, a warranty on the quality of apartment living conditions is automatically made a part of every residential lease, whether written or oral. All New York apartments are covered, be they rent-controlled, rent-stabilized, or free-market.

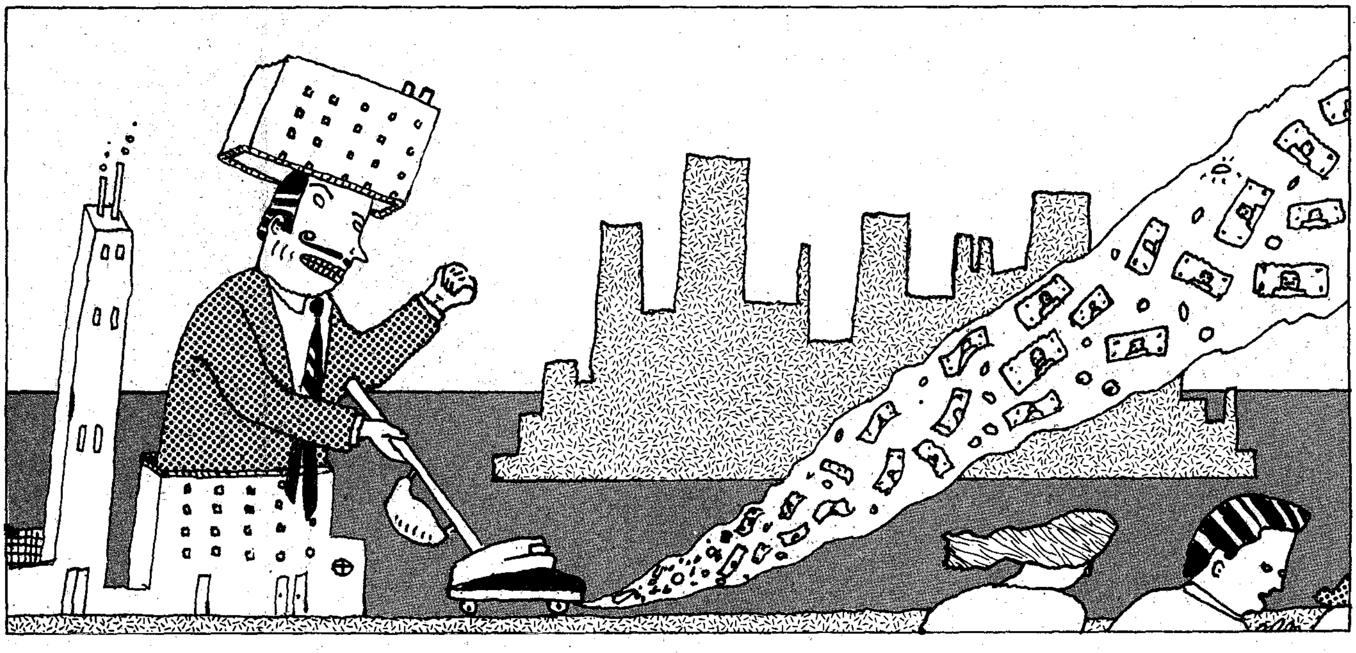
The warranty obligates your landlord to make sure that your apartment—as well as the public parts of your building (lobbies, elevators)—is "fit for human habitation" and that you will not be subjected to any conditions detrimental to life, health, or safety. New York courts have interpreted the warranty of habitability to require certain basic necessities—such as adequate heat, hot water, and janitorial services; appliances (stove, refrigerator) that work; and plumbing fixtures that are free from serious leaks and clogs.

Beyond such fundamentals, the courts have also interpreted the standard of habitability broadly enough to include some of the amenities of apartment living. For example, a breakdown in air conditioning supplied by the landlord has been found to violate the standard in two recent cases. A landlord's failure to get rid of cockroaches, despite repeated fumigation, rendered an apartment unfit in another case.

Excessive noise was the culprit in a 1976 case. It seems one tenant was disturbing her neighbors by throwing boisterous parties, playing the piano, and vacuuming at odd hours. Despite repeated complaints, the landlord did nothing to curb the bothersome tenant. In a lawsuit against the landlord brought by one of the victimized tenants, the court held that the landlord's failure to restore peace and quiet violated the warranty of habitability.

The judicial trend seems to be toward expansion of the requirements for basic habitability. It is entirely likely, for instance, that a nonfunctioning front-door intercom would be viewed as a detriment to life and safety. A dangerously sagging ceiling, crumbling plaster walls, or an elevator that's constantly on the blink might also be examples of conditions that would not pass muster in court. Almost any condition that seriously impairs safe, sound, and comfortable apartment living could be interpreted as a breach of the warranty of habitability.

When a landlord violates the warranty law, the most commonly accepted legal remedy is for the tenant to withhold rent payment. The landlord usually responds by suing the tenant for nonpayment. (Technically speaking, the landlord must first make a demand for the rent in a "three-day notice," which warns that a nonpayment action will be instituted unless the overdue rent is paid in three days. If the tenant doesn't pay up, he will be served with a "dispossess," which actually sets a date for a court appearance.) By way of a defense in the nonpayment action, the



Illustrated by Ben Chase

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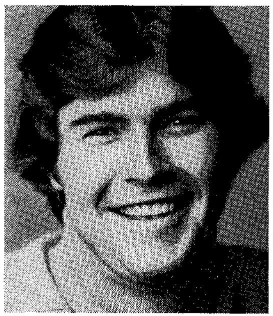
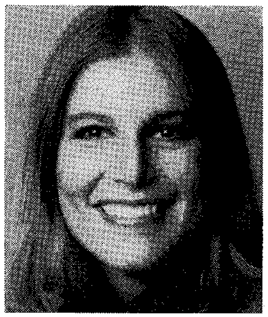
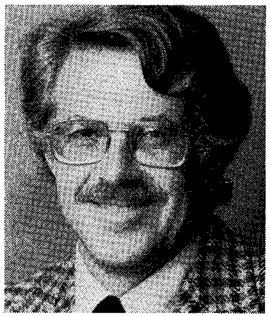


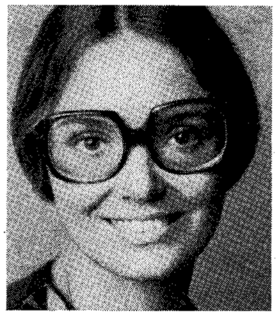
"Sometimes I like to drink Campari with soda. Other times I like it with tonic. But mostly, I like to drink Campari with Melissa."
—Steve Gibson, San Fran.



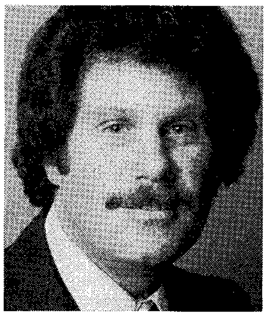
"I still haven't gotten Fred to drink Campari. But I'm hopeful. After all, last month I got him to give up suspenders."
—Joan Gringer, N.Y.C.



"Yesterday, when everybody ordered cocktails, I said, 'Campari' instead of what I usually say ('Martini'). I found it improved my articulation."
—Mort Goldstein, Boston.



"A Campari & Soda prepares my palate for a good meal. After I finish the drink, I go to bed, and my palate goes out to dinner."
—Lea McIntyre, Reno.



"With a lot of soda, Campari is a perfect before-dinner drink. With a little soda, it's a great cocktail. With nothing at all, it's in a glass by itself."
—Jeff Landis, Atlanta.

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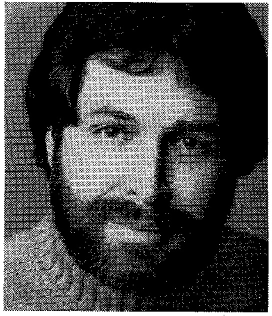
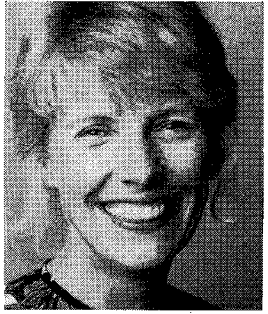
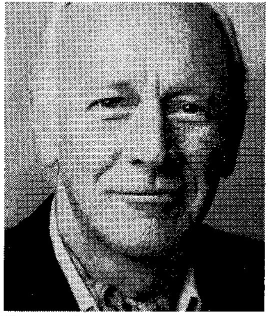
—Iby Korody, New York.



"Whenever I spot another Campari drinker I always honk my horn and wave."
—John Gray, Seattle.



"I first tried Campari on the Via Veneto in Rome and didn't care for it. But that was before I met Marcello."
—Greta Westfall, L.A.



"I never knew a foreign agent who didn't drink Campari."
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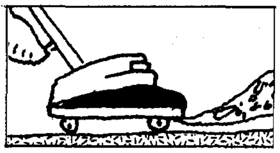


"...You may get money back if your air conditioning fails..."

tenant raises the landlord's breach of warranty. The well-tested legal theory here is that the duty to pay rent depends upon the landlord's duty to maintain habitable conditions; if the landlord doesn't perform, the tenant shouldn't have to either.

The worst that can happen is that the tenant fails to prove a breach of warranty. In that eventuality, the tenant can always defeat the nonpayment action and avoid eviction by paying whatever rent is due, even if payment occurs in court at the end of the trial.

However, if the judge decides there has been a breach of warranty, the tenant will be granted a "rent abatement"—a reduction in the amount of rent due the landlord. Usually the size of the abatement will depend upon how much the breach of warranty has decreased the rental value of the apartment. "The test," one judge has said, "is the difference in value of the apartment with and without the services."

For example, the tenants in the two air-conditioner cases both won abatements of $100 per month for each month they went without air conditioning. In a 1976 case, the tenant in a six-room apartment was unable to use his bedroom because the landlord had failed to eliminate a foul odor of cat urine emanating from the apartment next door. The tenant was granted an abatement of one sixth of the rent due. Of course, if the breach of warranty is a continuing one, the court can order the reduction of rent to continue month after month until the landlord performs the necessary maintenance or repairs.

The most important case yet to uphold the 1975 law, *Park West Management Corporation* v. *Mitchell*, was decided on May 2, 1978. The case grew out of the May 1976 strike by building employees (Local 32-B). For seventeen days, the tenants of Park West Village, a seven-building complex on Central Park West, suffered without the services of striking employees. Garbage piled up, hallways went uncleaned, the laundry room closed. Furious at having paid May rent and not having gotten their money's worth, a group of tenants withheld their June 1976 rent.

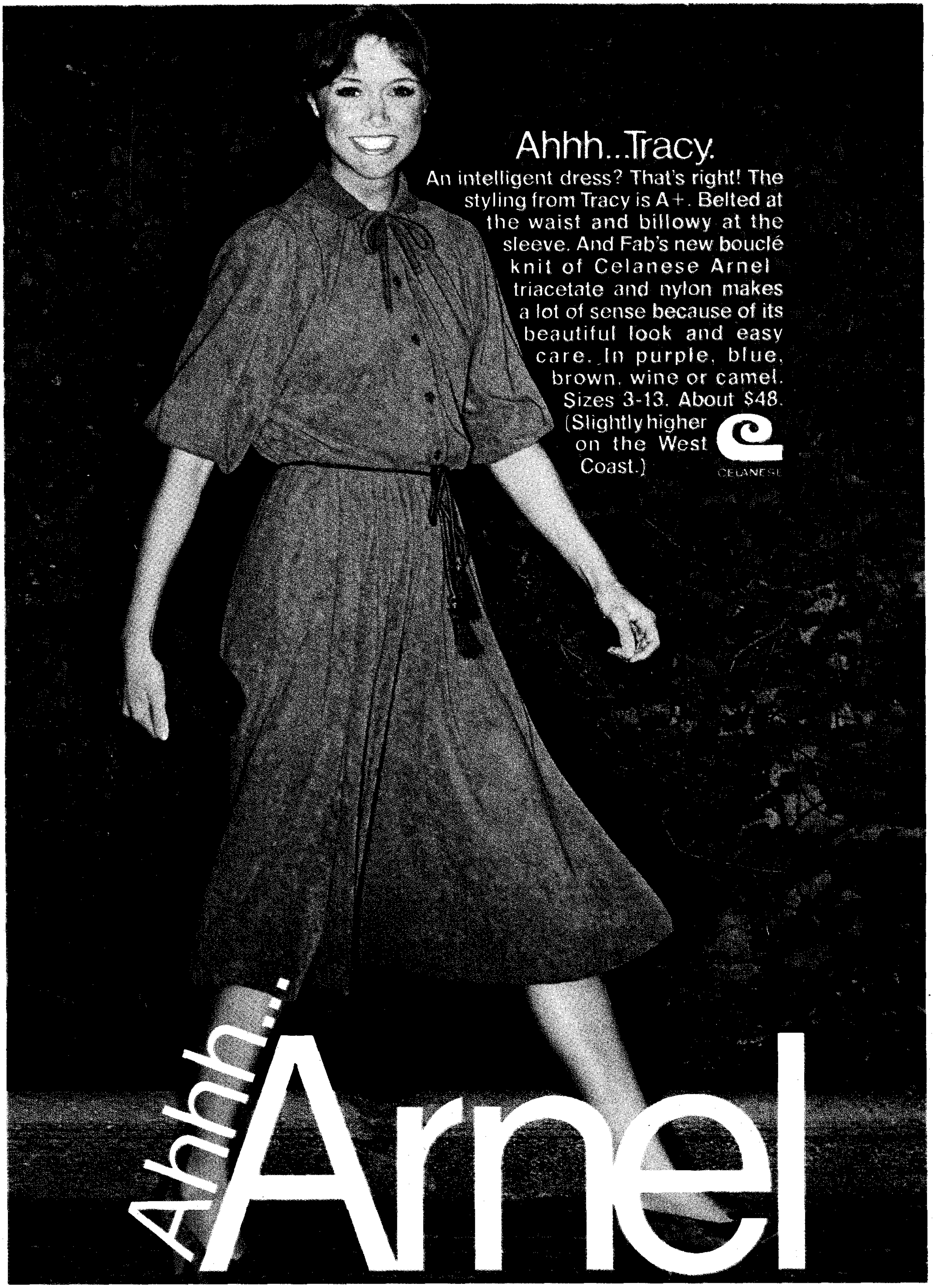
In the nonpayment action that ensued, the tenants claimed a breach of warranty. The landlord argued that it should not be penalized because of circumstances beyond its control. Indeed, the landlord relied on a loophole in the tenants' leases which excused any cutback in building services caused by circumstances beyond the landlord's control. The argument was rejected both at the trial and on appeal.

On May 2, 1978, the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court unanimously decided that the interruption in services at Park West Village had resulted in a breach of warranty. The strike was no excuse. As for the lease loophole, it was unenforceable; no lease provision can limit or override a tenant's rights under the 1975 statute. About 400 Park West tenants won a 10 percent abatement on their June 1976 rent. "There is now virtually no escape hatch for landlords who violate the warranty," says Kent Karlsson, the attorney who represented the tenants.

Conceivably, hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers who suffered through the 1976 building employees' strike are entitled to rent abatements. (Their claims would not be barred under the statute of limitations for another four years.) The Park West decision suggests that the warranty of habitability may have been violated thousands of times during May 1976. Of course, the amount of the abatement that any tenant may be entitled to would depend upon how great a deterioration in living conditions he could prove.

If you believe your landlord has violated the warranty-of-habitability law—whether because of the 1976 strike or otherwise—and he shows no favorable response to your complaints, you should seriously consider the last resort: withholding your rent. When rent is withheld, it is always worthwhile to send the landlord a certified letter explaining why the action is being taken. (By all means, mention the 1975 law by name.) Try to negotiate an out-of-court settlement with the landlord, either by pressuring him into upgrading conditions or by seeking some voluntary rent abatement.

There is no guarantee, of course, that every deteriorating condition in your apartment violates the warranty of habitability, so you should get some advice from a lawyer or tenant organization before you actually withhold rent. While you can defend a nonpayment action on your own in New York housing court, it's wiser to have a lawyer or, at least, another tenant who knows the ropes. Paying legal fees makes sense if you've suffered a big enough loss, or if the breach of warranty affects a group of tenants who are willing to chip in. ■



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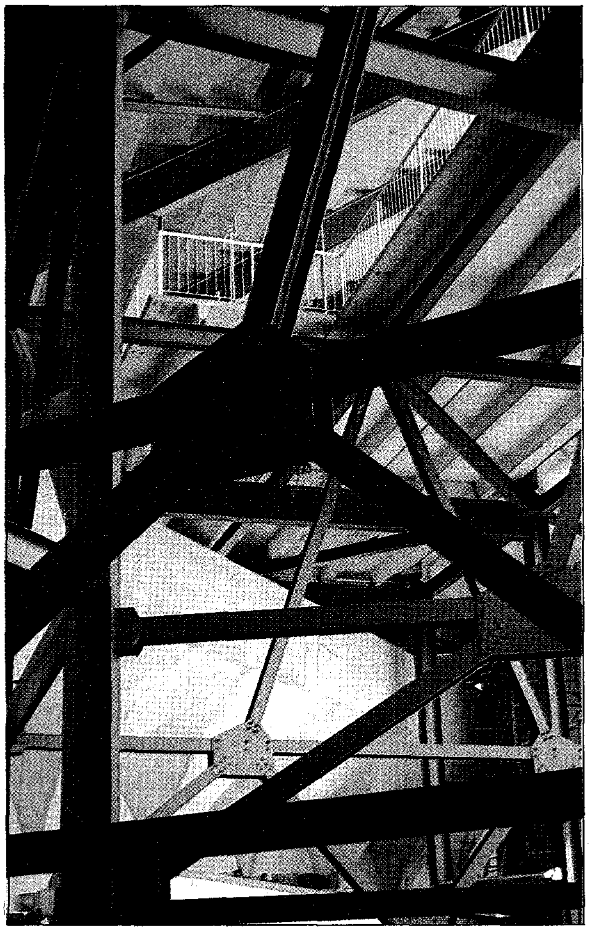
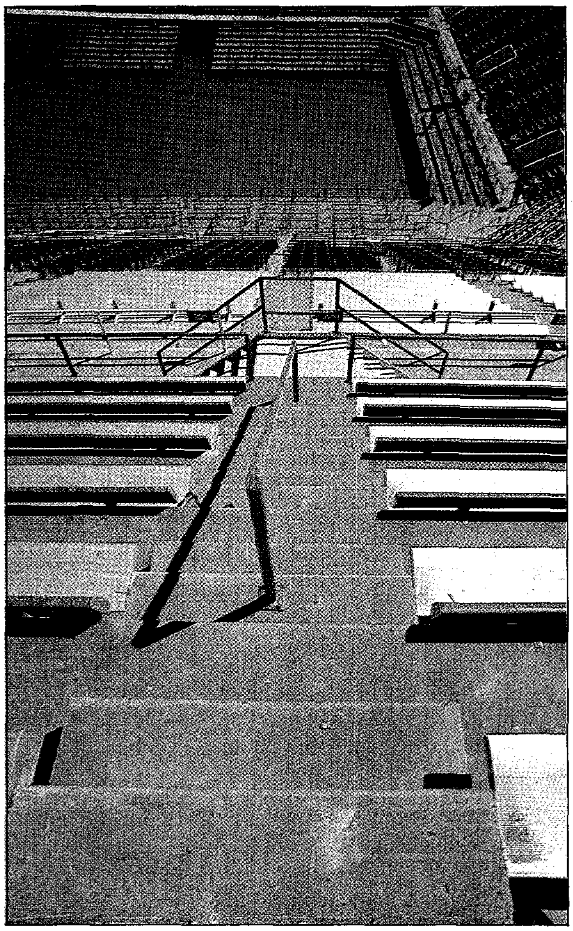




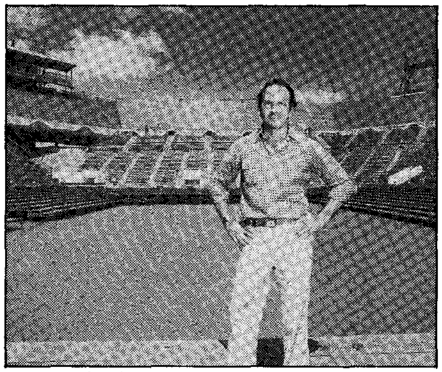
The frill is gone: *Far left, the new stadium's exposed outer superstructure; near left, the steep incline from the uppermost seats to the Decoturf court where the finals will be played; bottom, a grasshopper has a box-seat view of the main court.*

Photographed by Peter M. Fine

Cityscape/John Duka

THE U.S. OPEN: A WHOLE NEW BALL GAME

"... In a daring architectural stratagem, a new stadium has been superimposed over the Singer Bowl, a 1964 World's Fair relic ..."



Master builder: *Stadium architect David Kenneth Specter with his handiwork.*

When spectators take their seats at the eleventh U.S. Open, which begins August 29, they will become participants in what amounts to a major revolution in professional tennis as it is known in New York today. The revolution stems from the fact that the United States Tennis Association has taken the quantum—and, to some, heretical—leap of moving the Open from the private confines of the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills to a new $10-million facility in Flushing Meadows that, when the tournament is over, will be open to the public year round.

By bringing tennis to the public in this way, the USTA has benefitted a number of people, except, of course, the people at West Side. The new complex, called the National Tennis Center, represents first of all an innovative financial marriage between the USTA and New York City, a marriage in which the city will rake in a substantial share of the facility's annual revenues without having had to invest any of its own money.

Just as innovative a move, from a design point of view, is the new complex itself. Its stadium, which seats approximately 26,000 people, was not built from scratch but, in a daring architectural stratagem, was superimposed over the old Louis Armstrong Stadium, formerly known as the Singer Bowl and one of the lonely relics that survived the 1964–65 World's Fair. As a result, a structure that was doing no one any good has been recycled. Tennis politics and urban renewal, as it used to be called, rolled into one structural ball.

It's a safe bet that no one who sees the new complex will fall in love with it at first sight. Or even at second sight. It is not pretty. In fact, the stadium with its exposed steel superstructure and the nearby corrugated-steel buildings that will house indoor tennis courts are downright ugly. But beauty, architectural or otherwise, is not what the USTA or David Kenneth Specter, the architect, had in mind.

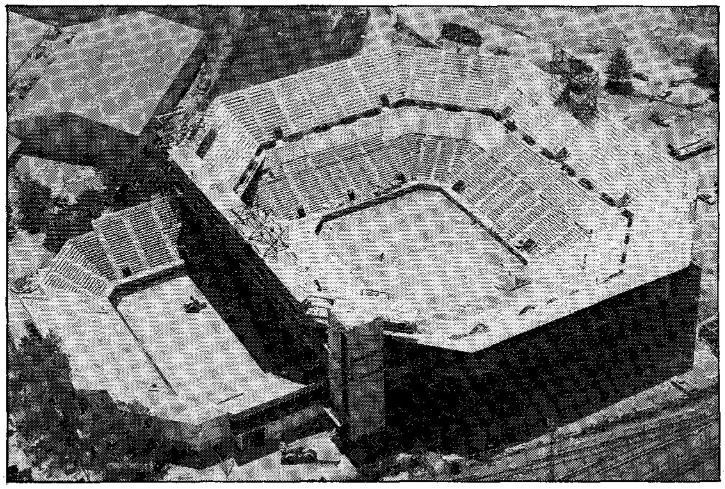
Theirs was not an attempt to emulate the sylvan gentility of West Side. Instead, they were moved by expediency, an expediency born when the contract between the USTA and West Side expired September 15 of last year, leaving the U.S. Open, in effect, homeless.

The moving force behind all of this has been Slew Hester, president of the USTA. A southern businessman who is over 65, he is described by those who know him as "full of beans," and describes himself as having been in this "unpaid tennis racket since 1964." He is also, he says, in the "ahl business, but I haven't had a chance to find any ahl for the past fohteen years."

In 1976, Hester became aware that, as contract-signing time drew near at West Side, major changes might be in store for him and the U.S. Open if the friction that had traditionally existed between the USTA and West Side was not eased. It is well known that West Side did not always act the perfect host for the Open. Players griped that the locker rooms were inadequate, that they had no privacy, that there weren't enough practice courts. U.S. Open or no, life at West Side usually went along at its old, familiar, slowly elegant pace.

"After three months of negotiating with them," said Hester in his office, "we got the feeling they had no intention of negotiating a reasonable agreement. They wanted a ten-year contract, and they wanted us to build a new stadium on their property with our money. So I said, 'To hell with it, let's go.' "

Hester and the USTA considered 59 different sites before they decided on the Louis Armstrong Stadium. Coincidentally, for some five years the city of New York had been looking for someone to renovate the old structure, which had been used primarily for high school graduations since the fair closed. After some dickering, the USTA agreed to build a new stadium—with a few conditions. For 60 days of each year, the USTA has exclusive use of the stadium and control of incoming revenues. For the remaining ten months, the stadium becomes a public tennis facility operated and maintained by the USTA, which has agreed that, whatever revenues it reaps, it will pay the city a guaranteed minimum of $125,000 a year. (Court fees have not yet been set.) For all of this, the city has only to rehabilitate the sizable park area around the tennis center, an investment that pales



Overview: *Octagonal stadium of new USTA tennis center sits atop the old Singer Bowl.*

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in comparison with the USTA's expenditure.

Gordon J. Davis, parks commissioner, couldn't be more pleased by the deal. "The stadium is a substantial addition to public tennis," says Davis. "And the city will get more out of this arrangement than anything I can think of. There were certain constraints on what could be built, time- and moneywise, so the USTA opted for a structural look, something handsome but functional."

Architect Specter, who designed the 57-story Galleria complex on 57th Street in Manhattan, the building with the fabled Stewart Mott penthouse, winces, like a good father, at the suggestion that his latest architectural offspring may be something less than handsome. "We had a budget [originally $6.25 million] and a certain time span to work in. In ten months, we had to build something that normally would take two years. So we chose to execute a stadium and indoor courts with an industrial aesthetic in mind."

The line between an industrial aesthetic and ugliness is a fine one, but never mind. What Specter has accomplished is monumental. By superimposing a massive octagonal shape (with seats at its top) over half of the existing stadium, he has created two championship stadiums on one site. The larger of the two, which surrounds only one court (the stadium at Forest Hills surrounds three), holds 19,500 people. The smaller, known as the Grandstand, holds 6,200.

A promenade constructed at midheight on the outside of the new superstructure allows spectators to move freely from the large stadium to a view of the match being played in the Grandstand. It also gives them excellent views of matches in progress and practice sessions taking place on the surrounding 25 outdoor courts. Beyond the courts, there is the Unisphere, another World's Fair relic finally getting some play, and a view of Manhattan.

Sitting inside the stadium, you get an idea of what Specter has done. The arms of the new octagonal shape sweep around you, forming a small, steep arena. Because of the steep incline of the stadium—"My idea," says Hester—there are no obstructed views. Under the west and east curves of the arms, the structure of the original stadium is visible as another set of sweeping lines.

One day last week, Specter, wearing a construction hat, took another one of his inspection tours around the sixteen-and-a-half-acre site. By the outdoor courts, which surround a grove of sycamore trees planted for the 1939 World's Fair, he advised a member of the con-

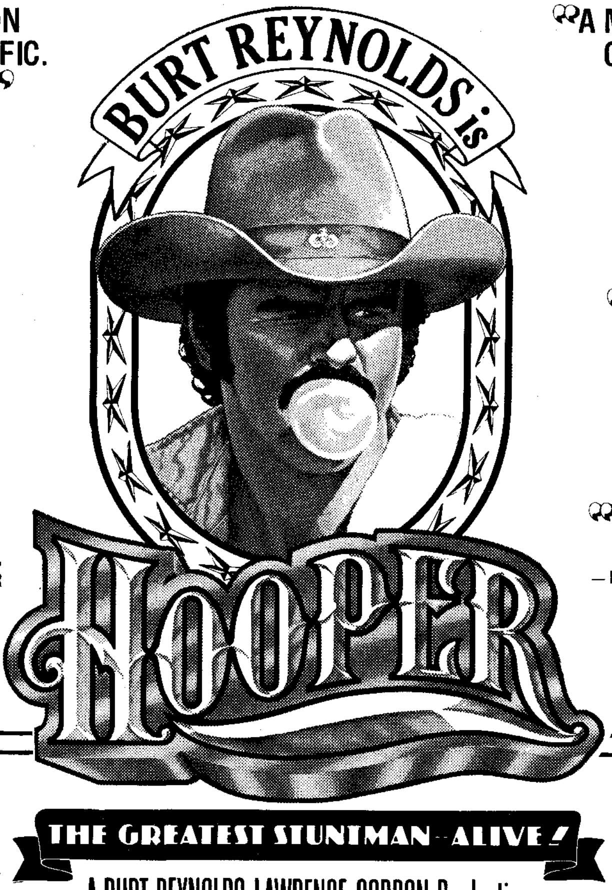
“THE MOST ENJOYABLE PICTURE OF THIS SUMMER. ‘HOOPER’ IS THE ONE FOR PURE OLD-FASHIONED, LET’S-PUT-THE-KIDS- IN-THE-CAR-AND-GO-TO-A-MOVIE PLEASURE.”

—NEW TIMES MAGAZINE

“A VERY EXCITING ACTION COMEDY. BURT IS TERRIFIC. ‘HOOPER’ IS A CORKER!”
—Bob Lape, WABC-TV

“ONE OF THE MOST ENTERTAINING MOVIES OF THE YEAR... BURT REYNOLDS GIVES HIS FUNNIEST, MOST HEARTFELT PERFORMANCE IN ‘HOOPER.’” —David Denby, NEW YORK MAGAZINE

“‘HOOPER’ IS A SUPERIOR SUMMERTIME DIVERSION.” —David Sterritt, CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR



“A MOVIE TO PLEASE FANS OF ALL PERSUASIONS... GENUINE HUMOR... THERE IS REAL VITALITY IN THE LARGE-SCALE ACTION SEQUENCES.”
—Janet Maslin, N.Y. TIMES

“FAST, GOOD-NATURED AND LIGHT, ‘HOOPER’ SHOULD CREATE A SUMMER BREEZE AT THE TURNSTILES.”
—PEOPLE MAGAZINE

“A SLAPDASH RAUCOUS COMEDY.”
— Kathleen Carroll, N.Y. DAILY NEWS

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STATE PORT JERVIS
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SUFFOLK
UA EASTHAMPTON EASTHAMPTON
UA N. BABYLON N. BABYLON
UA PATCHOGUE INDOOR PATCHOGUE
CENTURY'S SHORE 2 HUNTINGTON
UA SMITHTOWN OUTDOOR NESCONSET

ROCKLAND
LAFAYETTE SUFFERN
ORANGEBURG ORANGEBURG

CONNECTICUT
NORWALK NORWALK
PALACE DANBURY
TRANSLUX 2 STAMFORD

NEW JERSEY
ABBY 2 WEST MILFORD
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UA CINEMA 46 TRIPLEX TOTOWA
CINEMA 10 SUCCASUNNA
UA COLONY LIVINGSTON
COMMUNITY 2 EATONTOWN
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DOVER TOMS RIVER
DUNELLEN DUNELLEN
FREEHOLD 3 FREEHOLD
HILLSBORO BELLE MEADE
LOEWS TWIN PARSIPPANY
LYRIC ASBURY PARK
MALL HACKETTSTOWN
MEADTOWN KINNELON
UA MIDDLETOWN 2 MIDDLETOWN
MORRIS COUNTY MALL 2 HANOVER TOWNSHIP
OAKLAND TWIN OAKLAND
PALACE ORANGE
CENTURY'S PARAMUS 2 PARAMUS
UA PASCACK WESTWOOD
UA PLAINFIELD INDOOR ISELIN
ROCKAWAY 6 ROCKAWAY TOWNSHIP
ROOSEVELT D.I. JERSEY CITY
ROUTE 3 D.I. RUTHERFORD
UA SHOWBOAT 3 EDGEWATER
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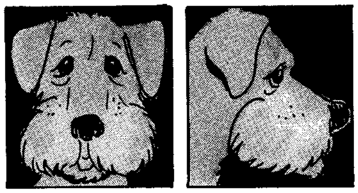

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struction crew that one of the large green directional signs was crooked. It was adjusted immediately and the man, with a smile, looked at Specter for approval. All of the crew, in fact, seemed determined to win his approval. Because of, or in spite of, pressure to meet the construction deadline, a camaraderie existed on the site that one would normally find backstage.

"I'm not sure it's bad, working under this pressure," said Specter. "Everyone developed an incredible energy level. Because of the time factor, we built this with a method called 'fast track.' While drawings were being completed for one part of the stadium, we were completing construction on another. Everything—the pre-cast concrete forms for the seats, the pre-drilled steel girders—had to fit when put in place. There was no room for error."

Apparently, there has been little error, but despite efforts by Specter and the USTA to ensure the comfort of the spectators and the players (they have a private waiting room under the stadium), there are some features of the complex that will cause grousing. The incline of the larger stadium makes walking down the inside steps treacherous (the steps are only ten inches deep). The 863 box seats, because they are situated where the benches were in the old structure, are only twelve inches deep, and uncomfortable. Only one of the two elevator shafts may ever work. Only 62 toilets have been installed, and portable stations will have to be used during the tournament.

And there are still many things uncompleted. The buildings which will have inner courts do not have them yet. During the tournament, they will house a catering service capable of serving 10,000 at one time. Much of the interior painting had not been done when this went to press, and decorative elements, such as photographic supermurals which are to grace the entry to the inner courts and the players' lounge between them, had not been put up.

Specter's standard riposte to this is "not this year." Then, "We didn't have time. Certain things had to be put off or eliminated. We couldn't, for example, compete with the nostalgia that Forest Hills offers. Some of the pageantry, this time around anyway, will be missing."

Hester, on the other hand, thinks his new stadium will be offering more than enough in the way of amenities, and scoffs at the USTA's break from tradition. "Amenities? We've got nine practice courts. Forest Hills only has four and Wimbledon, two. Hell, our amenities will make the British go home and start building. If people want tradition, we'll plant some ivy." ■

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LOCATION	FREE SESSIONS (come to any one)	SEMINAR STARTS
MANHATTAN		
Barbizon Plaza Hotel 106 Central Park South Corner 6th Avenue	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 12:30 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 12:30 pm
Biltmore Hotel 43rd Steet and Madison	Tuesday Sept. 12 or 19 6:00 pm	Tuesday Sept. 26 6:00 pm
Chelsea Hall 575 Avenue of Americas Room 704 (Corner 16th St.)	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 7:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 7:00 pm
Gramercy Park Hotel Lexington at 21st Street	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 7:30 pm	Monday Sept. 25 7:30 pm
Hotel Barbizon 140 East 63rd Street Corner Lexington Avenue	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 7:30 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 7:30 pm
Park Ave. Methodist Ch. 106 East 86th Street	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 7:30 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm
Warwick Hotel 54th and 6th Avenue	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 6:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 6:00 pm
Walden School 1 West 88th Street	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 7:30 pm	Monday Sept. 25 7:30 pm
BROOKLYN		
Borough Park YM & YWHA of Boro Park 4912 14th Ave. at 50th St.	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 8:00 pm
Brooklyn Heights First Unitarian Church 50 Monroe Place Near the St. George Hotel	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 8:00 pm
Canarsie Seaview Jewish Center 1440 East 99th Street Between Seaview & Ave. N	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 8:00 pm
Sheepshead Bay Golden Gate Inn Belt Pkwy., Exit 9 at Knapp St.	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 8:00 pm
BRONX		
Riverdale Whitehall Club 3333 Henry Hudson Pkwy.	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 7:30 pm
Throgs Neck Tardi's 737 Throgs Neck Expwy. Cor. Philip Ave.	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm
QUEENS		
Astoria Oyster Bay Caterers 31-01 Broadway Corner of 31st Street	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 8:00 pm
Bellerose/Queens Village Bell Park Jewish Center 231-10 Hillside Avenue Opp. Martin Van Buren H.S.	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 8:00 pm
Flushing Free Synagogue of Flushing 41-60 Kissena Blvd. at Sanford Avenue	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 8:00 pm
Maspeth Spartan Restaurant 73-20 Grand Avenue at 73rd Street	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 8:00 pm
LONG ISLAND		
Commack/Smithtown Howard Johnson Mtr. Ldg. L.I.E., Exit 54 at Wicks Rd.	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 8:00 pm
Great Neck/Lake Success Elk's Club 47 Grace Avenue 1 Blk. N. of LIRR	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 8:00 pm

LOCATION	FREE SESSIONS (come to any one)	SEMINAR STARTS
Islip/Bay Shore Castle Inn of Islip 712 Main St., West of Rt. 111	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 8:00 pm
Levittown/Farmingdale Israel Community Center 3235 Hempstead Turnpike 1 Blk. W. of TSS	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 8:00 pm
Locust Valley/Bayville The Tides Motor Inn Bayville Rd. at Bayville Ave.	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 8:00 pm
Massapequa/Seaford Community Methodist Ch. 100 Park Blvd. Bet. Merrick Rd. & Sunrise Hwy.	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 8:00 pm
Plainview/Syosset Pickwick Motor Inn L.I.E., Exit 48 on Service Rd.	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 8:00 pm
Rockville Centre/Oceanside Holiday Inn—Oliver's Rest. 173 Sunrise Highway opposite LIRR station	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 8:00 pm
Stony Brook/Port Jefferson Holiday Inn 4089 Nesconset Hwy. (Rt. 347) West of Old Town Road	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 8:00 pm
Valley Stream/Elmont Valley Stream Park Inn 130 West Merrick Rd. across from Hendrickson Pk.	Tuesday Sept. 12 or 19 8:00 pm	Tuesday Sept. 26 8:00 pm
Westbury/East Meadow Holiday Inn 369 Old Country Road E. of Meadowbrook Pkwy.	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 8:00 pm
STATEN ISLAND		
Staten Island Norway House 4653 Hylan Blvd. Corner Arden Ave.	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 7:30 pm
WESTCHESTER & DUTCHESS CO.'S		
Dobbs Ferry Dobbs Ferry Hospital 128 Ashford Avenue (Corner Washington Ave.)	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 7:30 pm
Greenville Greenville Comm. Reformed Ch. 270 Ardsley Road (At Central Avenue)	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 7:30 pm
Mt. Kisco Mt. Kisco Holiday Inn Saw Mill River Pkwy. & Kisco Ave.	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm
New Rochelle Sheraton Plaza Inn One Sheraton Plaza (Exit 8 on I-95)	Tuesday Sept. 12 or 19 8:00 pm	Tuesday Sept. 26 7:30 pm
Poughkeepsie Holiday Inn Rt. 9 & Sharon Drive ½ mile south of Mid Hudson Bridge	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 8:00 pm
White Plains Peter Pastors Downtown Rest. 149 Mamaroneck Avenue (Corner Post Road)	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 7:30 pm
Yonkers Red Coach Grill Cross County Shopping Ctr.	Tuesday Sept. 12 or 19 8:00 pm	Tuesday Sept. 26 7:30 pm
ROCKLAND CO., N.Y.		
Nanuet Sheraton Inn —Diamond Jim's Rte. 59 East & Rte. 304	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm

LOCATION	FREE SESSIONS (come to any one)	SEMINAR STARTS
NEW JERSEY		
Freehold Sheraton Gardens Route 537 West, Enter on Gibson Pl.	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 7:30 pm
Glen Rock Community School Harristown Rd. (¾ mile E. of Maple Ave.)	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm
Hackensack Oritani Motor Hotel Hackensack Ave.—N. of Rte. #4 Bet. Riverside Sq. & Two Guys	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 7:30 pm
Livingston Holiday Inn Mt. Pleasant Ave. (Rte. 10 West) Rear lobby entrance—4th floor—Hanover Suite	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 7:30 pm
Maplewood Columbia H.S. Adult Sch. 17 Parker Ave. (Corner Valley St.) Room A-239	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm
Morristown The Governor Morris Inn Whippany Rd. & Lindsley Dr.	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm
Montvale Ramada Inn Chestnut Ridge Rd. at Exit 172 GSP	Saturday Sept. 16 or 23 10:30 am	Saturday Sept. 30 10:00 am
Somerville Howard Johnson's Rest. U.S. Hwy. 22 (Center Isle) & North Bridge St.	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 7:30 pm
Wayne Howard Johnson's Rte. 23 at Ratzer Rd. Circle	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 7:30 pm
Woodbridge The Townehouse Rte. 9 Northbound—opp. SYMS 1 mile south of Woodbridge Center	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm
CONNECTICUT		
Branford Branford Mtr. Inn I-95 Exit 55	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 7:30 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm
Bridgeport Bridgeport Holiday Inn Intersection of I-95 & Rte. 25 (Exit 27)	Wednesday Sept. 13 or 20 8:00 pm	Wednesday Sept. 27 8:00 pm
Danbury Ramada Inn Exit 8 off I-84	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 8:00 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 8:00 pm
Glastonbury Buckboard Restaurant 2941 Main Street	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 7:30 pm	Monday Sept. 25 7:30 pm
Greenwich Sheraton Greenwich 1114 Post Rd., Exit 5, I-95	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 8:00 pm	Monday Sept. 25 8:00 pm
Hamden Howard Johnson Mtr. Ldg. 2260 Whitney Ave.	Tuesday Sept. 12 or 19 7:30 pm	Tuesday Sept. 26 7:30 pm
Norwalk Norwalk Holiday Inn 789 Conn. Ave., Exit 13, I-95	Tuesday Sept. 12 or 19 8:00 pm	Tuesday Sept. 26 8:00 pm
Plainville Holiday Inn 400 New Britain Ave. Exit 34 off I-84	Monday Sept. 11 or 18 7:30 pm	Monday Sept. 25 7:30 pm
Vernon Quality Inn I-86 Exit 95	Tuesday Sept. 12 or 19 7:30 pm	Tuesday Sept. 26 7:30 pm
W. Hartford JCC 335 Bloomfield Ave.	Thursday Sept. 14 or 21 7:30 pm	Thursday Sept. 28 7:30 pm

11 E. 44th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

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BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

Twofers

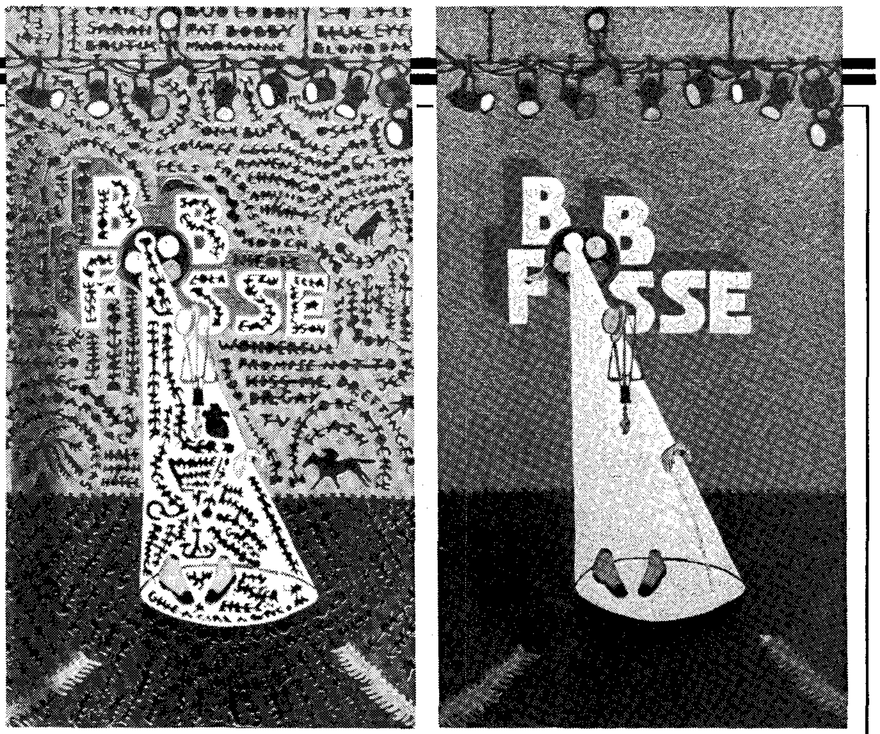
Nobody, no, nobody, is going to rain on your parade—or on anything else—when you carry this navy-blue umbrella for two ($41).

BLOOMINGDALE'S/*Main floor*

Onward and Upward

The Hunter College Center for Lifelong Learning, whose concern is "continuing education," has announced these additions to the faculty: Earl Wilson, Suzy, Enid Nemy, Liz Smith, Bess Myerson, Eugenia Sheppard, Oscar de la Renta, Grace Mirabella, Pablo Manzoni, Donald Brooks, Barbara Walters, Bobby Short, Arlene Francis, Skitch Henderson, Allie Sherman, Phyllis Cerf, Wagner, Geraldine Stutz, Kitty Carlisle Hart, and Charlotte Ford.

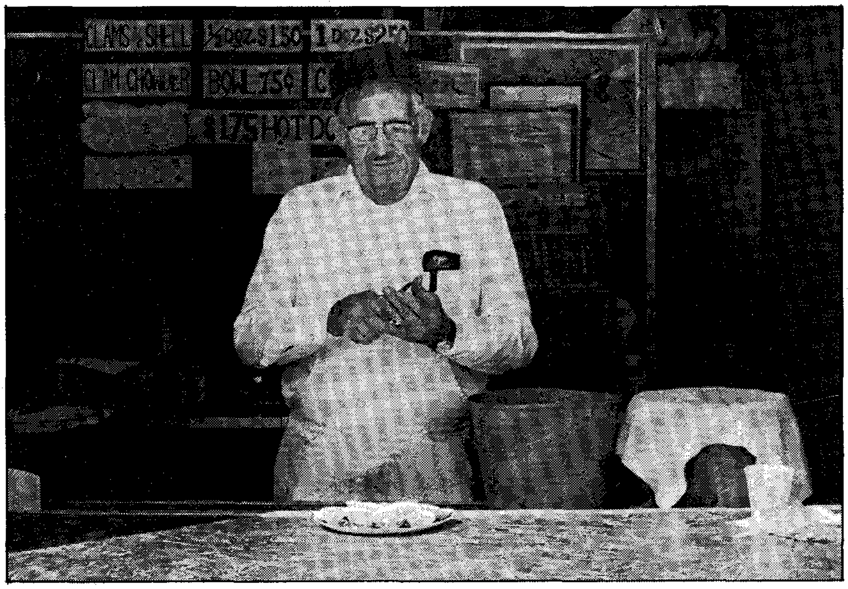
HUNTER COLLEGE CENTER FOR LIFELONG LEARNING/*466 Lexington Avenue, near 45th Street/949-4361*



Piece Offering

When he creates jigsaw puzzles, Frank Bara puts a mistake in every one. "It's an old New England quilting thing called the 'Devil's Eye,' " he says, "because only God can make a perfect thing." But Bara comes close. His poplar puzzles are most intricate and witty. Pieces aren't just pieces; they are phrases and key words, animals and cars, show tunes and nicknames, anything and everything. This is the one Bara made for Gwen Verdon to give Bob Fosse; it is shown done and partly undone. Personalized puzzles like it are about 16 by 24 inches and cost anywhere from $1,500 to $5,000. The recipient gets the 1,000-or-so pieces jumbled in a plastic bag; the assembling can take eons. Bara's goal: to create one for Stephen Sondheim.

FRANK BARA/*246-5908*

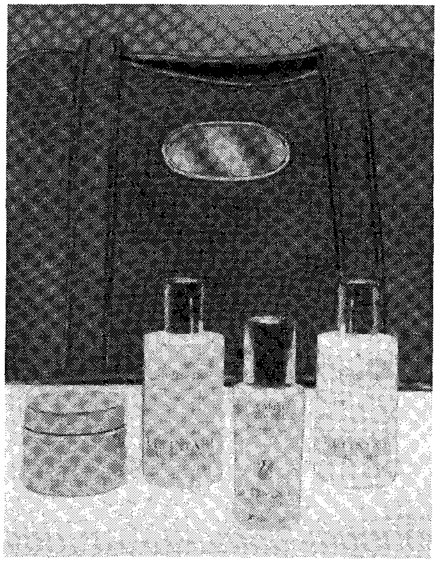


Souped Up

Mrs. John Powles makes the chowder. She uses Long Island clams, tomatoes, potatoes, onions, and bacon. It is marvelous chowder. A cup is 55 cents, a bowl is 85 cents. Her husband, John, who opened his stand in the Veterans' Marina fishing station after retiring from Grumman, thinks it's the best chowder in the country.

JOHN POWLES/*74 Main Street (Route 25A)/Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island*

Photos: left, Larry Williams; bottom right, Mark Haven



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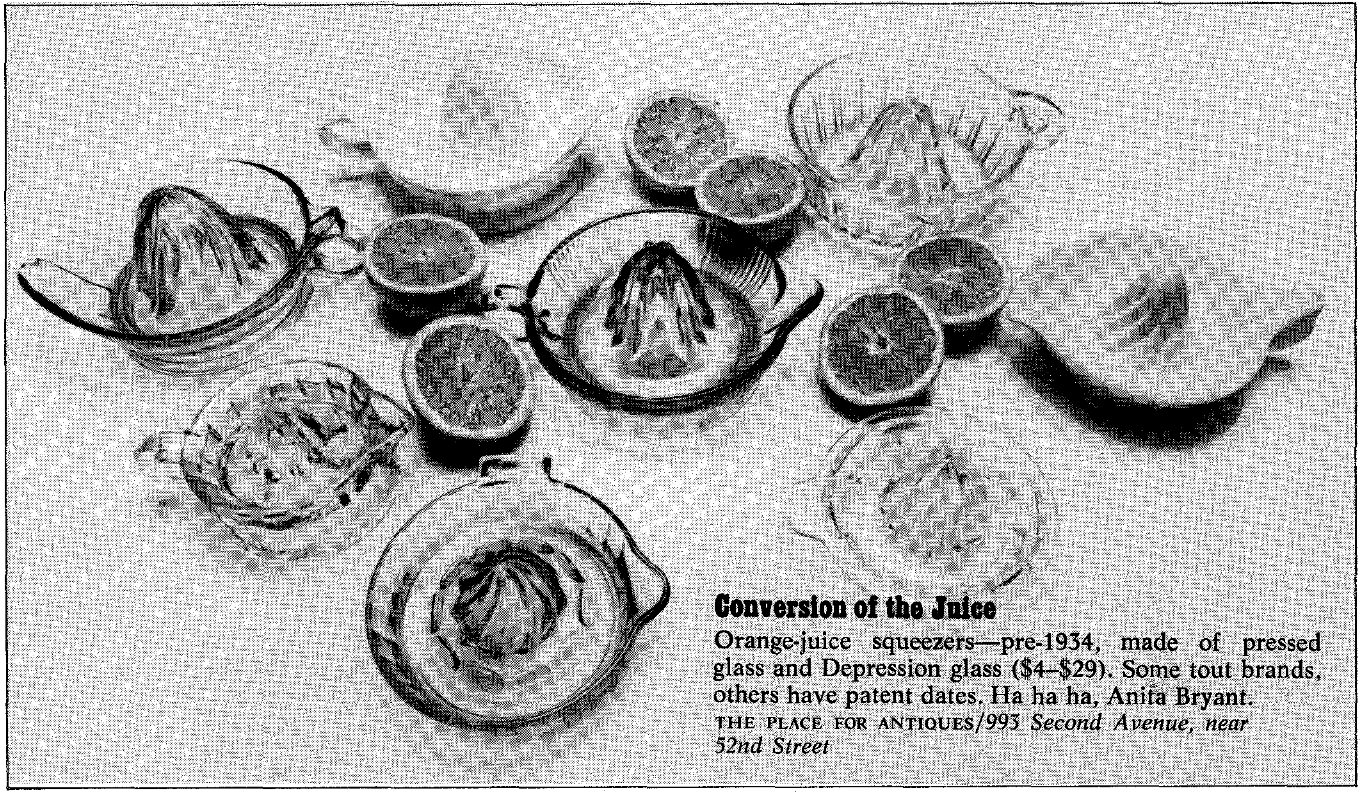
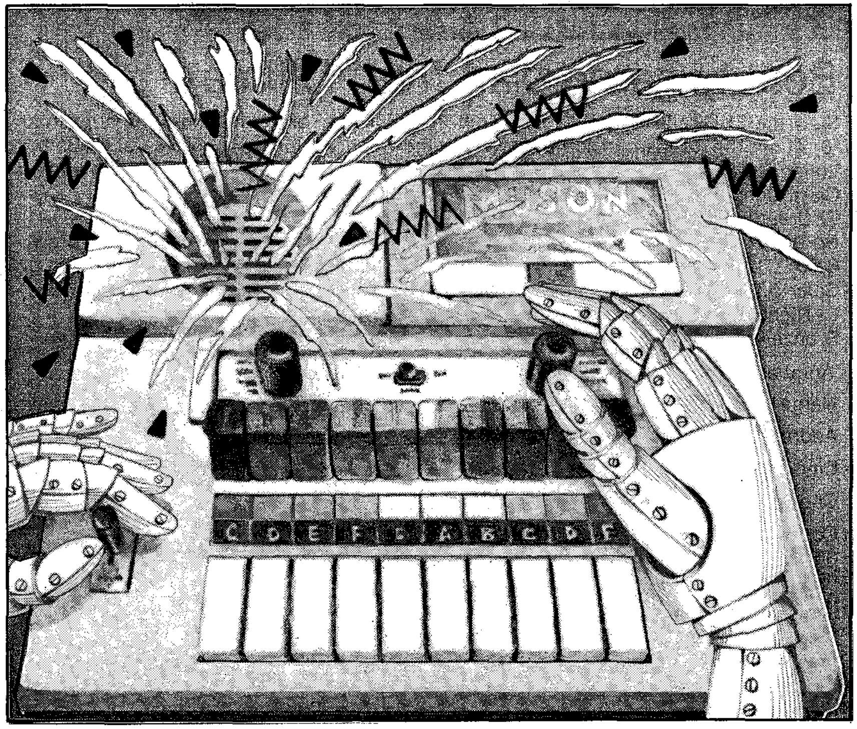


Conversion of the Juice

Orange-juice squeezers—pre-1934, made of pressed glass and Depression glass ($4–$29). Some tout brands, others have patent dates. Ha ha ha, Anita Bryant.
THE PLACE FOR ANTIQUES/*993 Second Avenue, near 52nd Street*

Ah, Tweet Mystery

I have seen the future, and it tweedles. There's this thing called the Muson; it's a battery-run toy electronic music synthesizer that makes sounds like when you run up a long-distance call on your push-button phone. There are faucets on it to make the sounds high or low, fast or slow, twoodle-tweedle-gleeb, or vice versa. There's also a keyboard for playing tunes and, thank the Lord, a volume control. When Artoo-Detoo makes his Carnegie Hall debut, this is the instrument he'll probably play; what's really amazing is that it's no bigger than the phone book, and weighs half as much. **—Alan Rich**
MUSON SYNTHESIZER/*Korvettes, Sam Ash Music Stores/About $30*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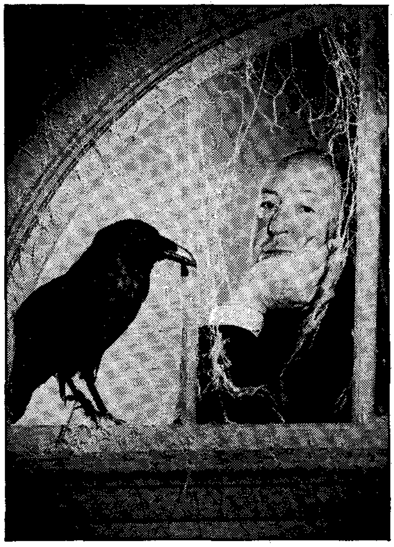
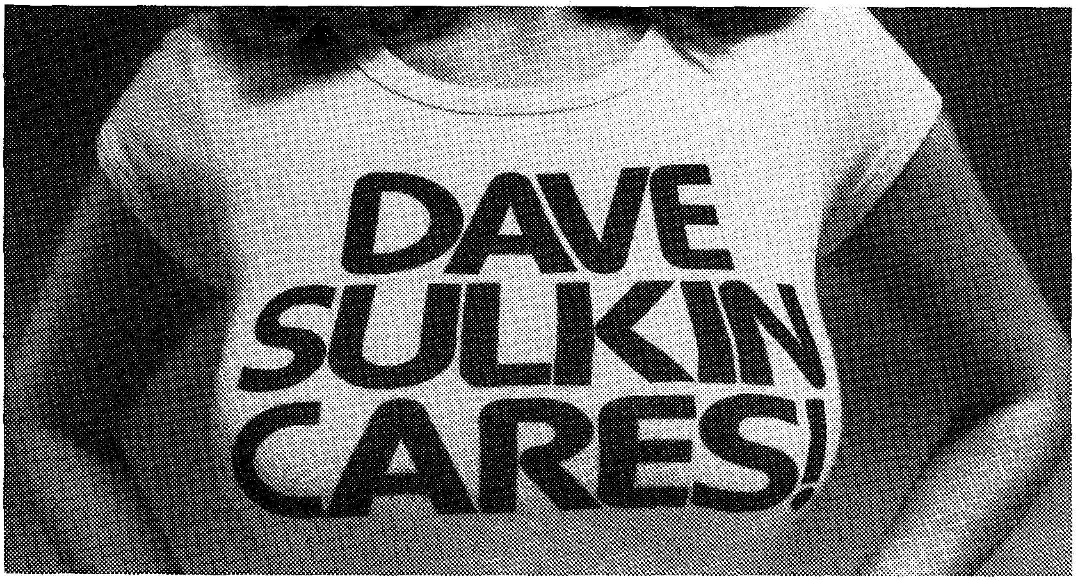


MacGuffin Reader

"If I made *Cinderella*," Alfred Hitchcock once said, "the audience would be looking out for a body in the coach." He didn't, of course, but he did make *Blackmail* (England's first talkie), *Murder* (with screenplay by Alma Reville, Mrs. Hitchcock), *Rich and Strange*, *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, *Sabotage*, and *Young and Innocent*. All of which will be shown in a dear little TV festival.
HITCHCOCK: THE EARLY YEARS
Saturdays at 10 p.m. starting September 9/Channel 13

Photo: top, Richard Pan; illustration by Bernard Bonhomme

JOHNNY GURU, CON-MAN SUPREME, HAS FINALLY MET HIS MATCH.



THE WORLD'S GREATEST CON-PERSON.

Gail Sunderling, formerly of Bethesda, Maryland, stole her election as high school prom queen and has been ripping people off ever since. When she runs across "Budama" (formerly John Michael Wicspolski of Philadelphia) and his band of sexy followers on the lush Hawaiian Island of Kauai, she sees it as a meeting of true scams, a swindle made in heaven. And Budama sees it pretty much the same way, with an island grab thrown in for good measure. As the two fall passionately, though warily, in love, a neon sign remembered from his Philadelphia youth lights up in Johnny's mind. And the light of a double doublecross begins to dawn on Gail.

Erotic, exotic, tropical and topical, DAVE SULKIN CARES! is a brilliant change of pace for the author of bestsellers from Seven Days in May to The Bottom Line—a "sting" crossed with the battle of the sexes, set in one of the loveliest spots on earth. And a delight to read from start to finish.

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DOUBLEDAY

Theater/John Simon

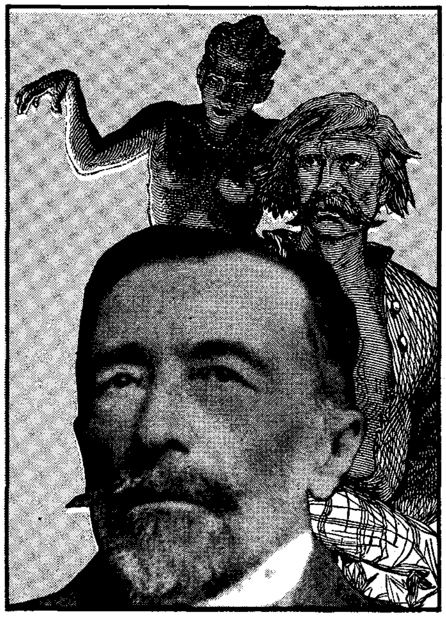
THE HORROR! THE HORROR!

"... Arthur Reel and his associates have hit on the unhappy idea of adapting Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* for the stage..."

Drama Committee Repertory Theater—a singularly inauspicious name—has resumed performances of **Heart of Darkness,** the adaptation of Joseph Conrad's novella by DCRT's guiding spirit, Arthur Reel, who also directed. One hates to savage a showcase production half of whose actors are non-Equity, performed under circumstances for which "modest" would be too lavish a term. Nevertheless, such misguidedness and mismanagement cannot go by undiscussed.

Reel and his associates have hit on the unhappy idea of adapting famous fiction for the stage, an aberration that is neither novel nor infrequent, the recurrent folly of adapters being something I shall no doubt have to keep denouncing to my dying day. But it takes a folly compared to which Almayer's was as nothing to try to dramatize (as opposed to make into a movie, a somewhat less hopeless undertaking) a novel by Conrad—in particular *Heart of Darkness,* whose strength lies largely in long descriptive passages; whose characters are shadowy and elusive, often flitting in and out without so much as a name; whose dialogue is convolutedly literary and not really stageworthy; whose action, minimal in any case, cannot be rendered theatrically, though it could be handled cinematically; and whose mystical-moral meaning is couched in parallels between the physical and mental landscapes. For conveying the former, a bare acting space (not even a stage) and a few props are worse than inadequate, while for the conjuring up of the latter the poor or inexperienced actors are grossly insufficient.

Add to this—or, rather, subtract from it—Reel's ineptitude as an adapter, which includes, for example, the creation of a clumsy second narrator, although so very much depends on Marlow's being the sensibility through and within which the moral drama is assessed, re-enacted, and clarified, if anything in *Heart of Darkness* can be said to be clear. It includes, further, the creation of a number of straw men whose function is to ask dumb questions, repeating certain words of Marlow's as if the house were full of echoes, or to keep urging Marlow to go on and not skip about, or simply to react with astonishment or indignation to everything he says.



And Reel persistently cheapens Conrad's language. Someone is made to say "splendid" every five seconds. A nautical image of two people making contact like becalmed ships rubbing sides (which Conrad has in a descriptive, rather than dialogue, passage) is repeated by the Russian, here turned into a vaudeville character, over and over again in a ludicrous accent that has two "sheeps" rubbing against each other in ovine bliss. We get even such an obvious anachronism as a character who does not exist in Conrad accusing another of "snide insults."

Reel is every bit as clumsy a director as he is an adapter, but, in all fairness, he does not have much to work with by way of actors. Ron Lee, Ted Swetz, Ken Bachtold, Mitchell Yaven, and Peter von Berg I sincerely hope never to encounter again in any capacity even remotely resembling acting, such as, say, impersonating Santa Claus for Macy's. Of the rest, only Russell Duffy and John Peter Barrett show unmistakable signs of professionalism, but the latter has an irritatingly actorish way of speaking, which includes a phrasing so mannered that it often obscures the meaning, and the prolongation of final consonants to an extent suggesting either severe intoxication or an attempted impersonation of W. C. Fields.

Off–Off Broadway showcases are deserving enterprises, and DCRT is doubtless not lacking in heroism (four years of operation without funding), but nothing can justify the reduction of Joseph Conrad to a Polish joke.

In even worse taste is a one-man show by Jonathan Hadary entitled **Pushing Thirty**—a supposedly traumatic experience for the writer-performer, and an unquestionably traumatizing one for the audience. Hadary is an actor currently appearing uptown in the Circle Repertory Company's *Gemini*—in which he struck me as one of the weaker links—who, after CRC gets through doing *The 5th of July* on its Sheridan Square stage, is allowed to take over with his quasi-autobiographical act. This was originally done in a nightclub—though, alas, not the Bottom Line, which would seem to be the appropriate place for an act containing a quite gratuitous exposure of Hadary's bare bottom to the spectators. Hadary, in fact, keeps changing from one unsightly outfit into another, for no other purpose except the displaying of himself in various stages of undress. One wonders why he prefers this method to advertising in the personal columns of specialized publications.

Rather more damaging, however, is the exposure of a scantily outfitted wit and of a talent that can all too easily be contained in a mere G-string. Hadary has a flip, campy humor, roughly on the level of Rex Reed's, and he can occasionally get off a funny one: By actual count it is three and a half jokes per 75 minutes, which is the length of this short but seemingly interminable exhibition. He also sings some of his own songs and ruins some by other people while accompanying himself on a barbarous little piano, and here he does achieve a first. Singers have been known to be drowned

Illustration by Jim Harter

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THE WINGS OF MAN

out by other musicians, but this must be the first time a singer drowns out himself. Then again, Hadary, for this once, may know what he is doing.

A long closing section of the even‘ is taken up with the projection of slides: views of Hadary's apartment, parents, selected activities, and so forth, accompanied by arch commentaries. Some of this could be amusing for friends and relatives—who constituted most of the opening-night audience—but even they might admit that the stuff does not travel well out of the living room. It crossed my mind that the intention may have been some form of autotherapy, catharsis, confessional, but no real self-revelation occurred. Frankly, that came as quite a relief.

I walked out with a feeling of heavenly deliverance after the first act of **Momma's Little Angels,** by Louis La Russo II. This is a drab, dreary, and deeply unoriginal little play about skeletons in the closet and infighting among the members of an Italo-American petit bourgeois family in Hoboken. The "little angels" of the title are the two Mastice brothers—Larry, the poet, and Tony, the prosaic fellow—and their sister, Patsie, who have just come back from their beloved mother's funeral.

There are also present an overeager, low-comedy aunt and a suspicious-looking family doctor who treated Momma during her last illness, and over it all hovers the unseen presence of Poppa, who left home long ago and lives with another woman. Since the time is not given as "the Present" but as "Summer of 1969," and since La Russo is of the right age, from that part of New Jersey, and formerly a poet of sorts, one smells autobiography, which renders the proceedings even more depressing. "I miss you, you bum!" exclaims the prosaic brother, whereas the poetic brother declares, "For the next week I can just lay [*sic*] down and let the pain drain out of me." That does, at least, sound like a better plan than letting it drain out through this play.

Under Ernest Martin's threadbare direction, the cast, headed by David Proval, performs predictably or worse; the one exception is Matt Landers, an actor who brings freshness and conviction to whatever he does. The critics who hailed La Russo after his feeble *Lamppost Reunion,* on the strength of whose reviews he has proceeded to proliferate off and on Broadway and as far away as in Hollywood (among other things, he rewrote *Saturday Night Fever*), will have much to account for. I hope, however, that they do make it to heaven: Momma Mastice's company is just what they deserve. ■

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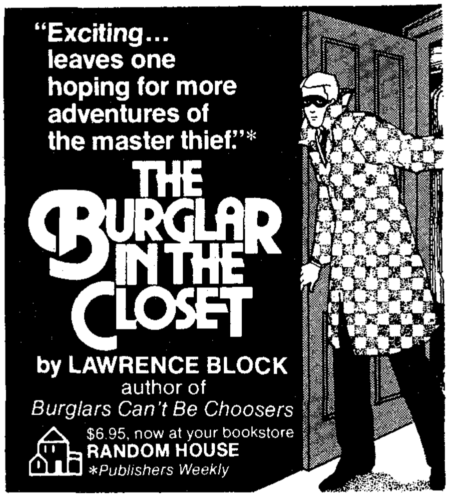
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Wine / Alexis Bespaloff

ONE BUBBLES, THE OTHER DOESN'T

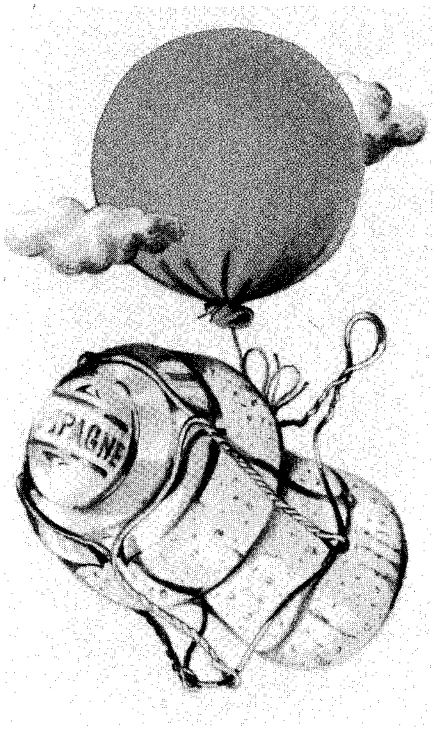
"...Until recently, the rare non-sparkling wines of the Champagne region were almost impossible to get outside of France..."

Champagne Without Bubbles

For many years, one of the most intriguing French wines was also one of the most difficult to find. Informed wine drinkers knew about the comparatively rare non-sparkling wine from the Champagne region known as "Vin Nature de la Champagne," and they also knew that the wine, infrequently encountered even in France, was almost impossible to obtain outside that country. One shipper told me that he occasionally sent bottles to a favored customer in Italy in cartons labeled "Chablis." Château de Saran, where Moët & Chandon receives visitors, was one of the few places where one could expect to drink that shipper's still champagne, Saran Nature, and only a few top restaurants, even in France, were able to provide their customers with still champagne.

I had always assumed that the wine was too delicate to travel, even within France. Actually, the scarcity of still champagne was due primarily to the fact that almost all of the wine made in Champagne was transformed into sparkling wine to meet the increasing worldwide demand. Also, shippers were reluctant to export a non-sparkling wine with the word "champagne" on its label. Then, in 1974, when new plantings had nearly doubled the size of the Champagne vineyards, champagne sales dropped drastically. Consequently, for the first time since the 1930s, there was some interest in using part of the expanded production of the Champagne region to make still wines.

In 1974, the appellation "Coteaux Champenois" officially replaced Vin Nature de la Champagne, and sales of this wine increased from 1 million bottles in 1974 to 4 million in 1977. This is still not much compared with the 170 million bottles of champagne sold in 1977, but it indicates the interest among champagne producers in a wine that is obviously cheaper to produce than champagne and which does not require years of aging.



When the Coteaux Champenois appellation was created, only two shippers—Bollinger and Moët & Chandon (with Saran Nature)—made a real effort to market their wines here. Today there are at least eight shippers whose wines can be purchased in New York, most of them at $4 to $6. The rising prices of some previously inexpensive French wines—$6 for Mâcon Blanc, $4.50 for Muscadet—have undoubtedly encouraged many firms to try to share in the growing white-wine market.

Since Coteaux Champenois represents the excess of the wines used to make champagne, it is necessarily made from the same grapes as those used for champagne—Pinot Noir, Pinot Meunier, and Chardonnay. After the harvest, a *cuvée,* or blend, is prepared by each shipper using wines from different villages within the region. It's likely that the *cuvées* for Coteaux Champenois are less complex than those prepared for champagne, but the basic *cuvée* contains the same proportion of black and white grapes—about two-thirds black Pinot grapes (pressed quickly so that their skins impart no color to the juice) and one-third Chardonnay. A Coteaux Champenois made entirely from Chardonnay grapes can be labeled Blanc de Blancs; one made entirely from Pinot grapes can be labeled Blanc de Noirs.

The wines are bottled young to retain their fruit and freshness; the taste, though similar to champagne's, differs in several respects. The most obvious difference is that the wines do not undergo the second fermentation that eventually produces the bubbles in champagne. Nor need they be aged in bottle for a year or more, as is required of champagne. Most important, they do not get the slight *dosage* of sugar syrup that is added to each bottle of champagne (with very few exceptions) before the traditional champagne cork is inserted and the bottle prepared for shipment. Consequently, Coteaux Champenois has as its main characteristic the light body and the crisp acidity typical of wines grown in northerly vineyards.

I recently purchased nine Coteaux Champenois for a blind tasting that included Bollinger ($5.99), Canard-Duchêne ($3.99), Louis Roederer ($6.99), and Ayala ($4.99); four Blanc de Blancs—Saran Nature ($12.79), Robert Billion ($4.25), Deutz et Geldermann ($4.99), and Charbaut ($4.49); and Deutz et Gelderman Blanc de Pinot Noir ($4.99). The best of these was Saran Nature, which was appealing and well balanced, with fresh acidity and fruit. The wine, perhaps the most famous of the Coteaux Champenois, deserves its reputation, although many consumers will consider it way overpriced as a white wine (it's actually more expensive than Moët & Chandon Brut champagne).

Two other wines that I liked were Charbaut and Robert Billion, both of which were clean, crisp, and light-bodied. Canard-Duchêne was also an attractive wine. Bollinger was good, but somewhat fuller and not quite so lively. The other wines were all disappointing for one reason or another, and not typical of Coteaux Champenois. Some bottles were simply too old and had become dull and oxidized. The problem with non-vintage wines, especially light-bodied, delicate ones that are at their best when young, is that the consumer has no way of determining

Illustration by Bernard Bonhomme

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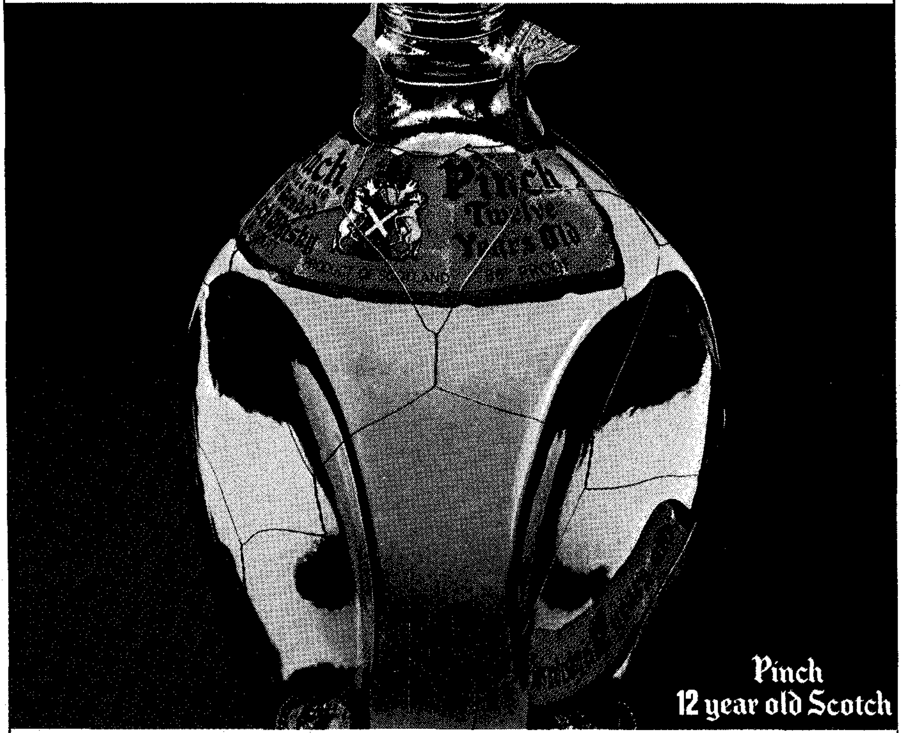

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the age of the wine in a specific bottle.

The acidity of even a good Coteaux Champenois makes it too austere to be enjoyed by itself, without food. With shellfish or other light dishes, however, I think it makes an unusual and interesting departure from such dry white wines as Muscadet, Mâcon Blanc, and Chablis.

Sweet and Sparkling

Many wine drinkers never think of buying Asti Spumante, the sweet, intensely grapy sparkling wine produced in Northern Italy. My experience, however, is that when I do serve this wine, most of my guests enjoy it, often to their own surprise. Served well chilled by itself on a summer afternoon, or with fresh fruit or cake at the end of a leisurely meal, this unique wine pleases even those who claim they don't like sweet wines.

The special taste of Asti Spumante is determined not so much by its sweetness as by the grape from which it is made. *Spumante* means sparkling, of course, and there are dry sparkling wines produced throughout Italy. Only Asti Spumante, produced in and around Asti in the Piedmont region, is made from the Muscat, perhaps the most distinctive and readily identifiable of all grape varieties. Its pronounced aroma and taste are virtually unique among wines and obviously enjoyed by a great many consumers: More than 8 million bottles of Asti Spumante were shipped here last year, almost twice the amount of French champagne.

Martini & Rossi is the leading brand, followed by Cinzano—they account for a third of all Asti sales. These and other major brands sell for $7 to $8 a bottle, but there are also a number of less expensive Astis available for $4 to $5. A few months ago I had occasion to taste twenty Astis, and more recently I arranged a blind tasting of a dozen readily available brands. I found Martini & Rossi to be the most attractive wine—ripe, aromatic, and with an opulent and pronounced Muscat taste. Fontanafredda and Cinzano were both well-made wines, though lighter and less intense than Martini & Rossi. Among the Astis selling for $5 or less, Bosca and Barberini were both appealing, although on a smaller scale. Rolar and Leonardini were bland wines with too little flavor to be considered good value, despite their low prices.

Asti Spumante is hardly a wine that can be described as complete or distinguished, but you may be happily surprised by its intense aroma and luscious, opulent taste. ■

Dance/Marcia B. Siegel

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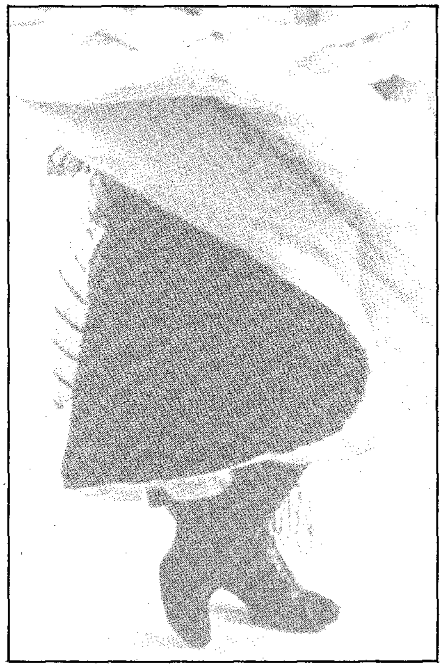
Founded by Broadway choreographer Lee Theodore, the ADM has a mission more worthy than wish fulfillment: preserving the dance numbers from musicals as an "endangered species." Members of the company give breezy but respectful lead-ins to each number, attaching it to show-biz history, invoking forgotten shows, beloved stars, bygone excitement. But the glitter is all in retrospect.

Musical shows are the largest of the larger-than-life theater forms—more immediate than movies, more colorful and kinetic than plays, and more like our own selves enhanced than that other, super world of ballet. Show dancing is a function of the show in which it appears, and, most often, it's been validated entirely by the force of a star's personality. Even in the pre–de Mille/Robbins days, when singing and dancing weren't knit right into the plot, the numbers in a show acquired as much radiance and allure from the show as they put into it.

When you think of Broadway's really big days, you think of lavish production—the spectacle and sex appeal of the Ziegfeld Follies, the wit and charm of the Astaires, Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence being terribly clever and blasé. More recently, you remember Mary Martin washing that man right out of her hair; Carol Channing, the world's most unlikely flapper, in *Lend an Ear* and *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.*

The Broadway musical form is a fusion, with dancing—because Americans express themselves so genuinely in dancing—as a means of focusing and heightening all the forces that the show is made of. Except in a very few instances, Broadway musicals weren't *about* choreography at all.

If you're in the preservation business, any item you pick to save is debatable, but ADM's choices seem particularly arbitrary. There are many possible Golden Ages of the American musical—in just the twentieth century, think of Victor Herbert, Vincent Youmans, and the operetta form; Gershwin, Porter, Kern, and the shows of the twenties and thirties that get revived periodically on the strength of their scores alone; the transitional forties and fifties, when choreography really came into its own on Broadway. Then there's the revue form, which threads its way through all of Broadway history and would seem a natural because the numbers are self-contained and don't depend so much on plot continuity.



Except for three Agnes de Mille dances from the forties, none of these styles is represented. I can understand the difficulties in retrieval, the tangled questions of right to scripts and music as well as choreography, the suitability and range of what gets included in an evening. Jerome Robbins, for example, is a serious omission, but Robbins is parsimonious about letting other people produce his works. But I have trouble finding the greatness in trivia like the "Rich Kid's Rag" from *Little Me,* or the cancan from the show of the same name that's no more interesting than your average ballet or movie cancan. The importance of the "Whip Dance" from *Destry Rides Again* escapes me, since it consists of three men mostly standing in place and brandishing whips unpleasantly.

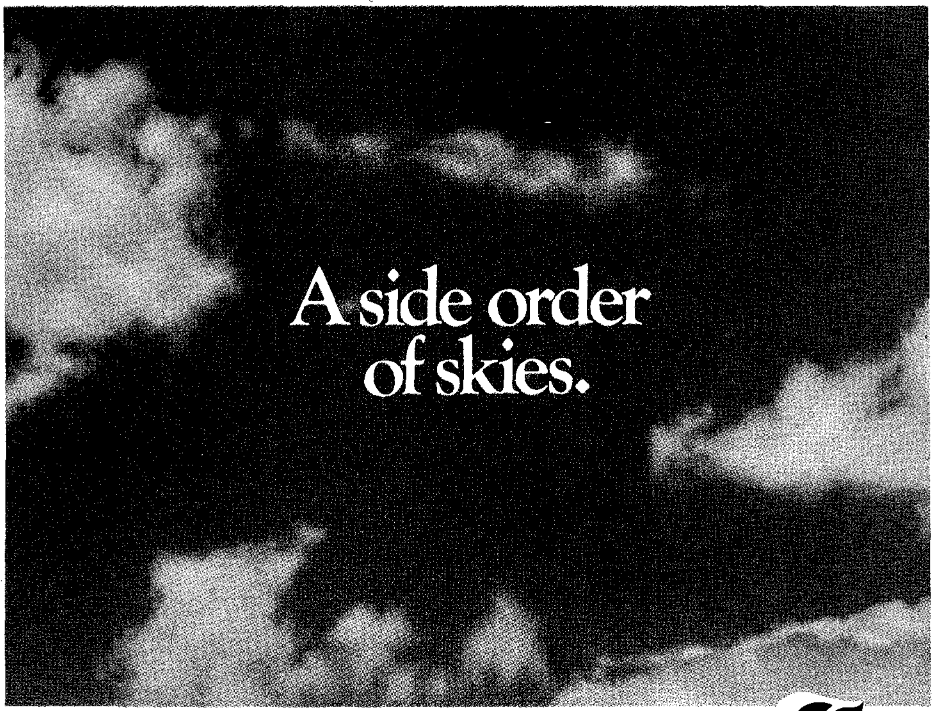
I suppose the program was put together for variety as much as anything, but I was surprised at how ew real differences there were among the dances. Most of them were drawn from social dancing—the Charleston, maxixe, two-step, waltz—and exhibition forms of vernacular steps like the clog and tap. Since these forms aren't primarily meant for stage display, a choreographer using them depends a lot on floor patterns, costume, great musical accompaniment, and the personalities of the performers to make his effect.

When real glitz is crucial—as in the raunchy "Telephone Dance" from *Cabaret*—things tend to look strained and careful. When "character" is at issue—as in the awfully cute scene from *The Boy Friend* or the drunken clog dancing in *Walking Happy*—the switch is so abrupt and the number is so short, I haven't got time to accept the idiom as anything more than shtik.

As a dance image, Carol Haney's "Satin Doll" was the strongest piece on the program, and it wasn't a show number at all. The dance was made for television in 1962, and, partly because of the confines of the small black box, I suppose, it's a dance of plastique—of clear, contrasting changes in body shape, a style that's erroneouly called jazz dance.

Actually jazz dance comprises a long line of forms developed in minstrel shows, vaudeville, and variety shows, and guest artist Harold Cromer cruises through several decades of them in an intermission spot. Cromer is a funny man, zanily tapping, singing, explaining things to the audience, and singing the missing musical instruments. There was something vaguely patronizing about Cromer's being stuck in that special, not at all favorable time slot, when there wasn't another black in the company and no substantial black dance was incorporated within the regular format. Cromer performed his part off-

Photograph by Nathaniel Tileston



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handedly, like the gloss it was obviously meant to be. Some real hoofing routines might have lent style—as well as credibility—to the ADM's premise.

Costuming is accomplished through an ingenious multi-component uniform designed by John David Ridge—skirts, tops, accessories, and so forth are added and interchanged to give a feeling of period. But the colors are neutral, the effect modest, like a budget wardrobe for travelers. There are no scenic designs; the lighting is busy and obtrusive but doesn't transform anything. Squeezed into the pocket-size stage of the Century Theater, the routines look shrunken and over-refined.

Most of all, these numbers need their original contexts. The appeal of Broadway as it used to be lay in its ability to create worlds—of other times and places, other lives more glamorous than our own. We're living in a much more real world now. We're used to the intimacy of television, and the company's show-biz delivery of songs, dialogue, and introductory material seems huge and artificial. This is not the company's fault—it's been directed as if it were playing the Palace.

This medicine-show presentation seems to constitute the ADM's principal idea of Broadway "style." But there's little personal idiosyncrasy or magnetism, even among the guest artists, Janet Eilber, Denny Shearer, and Patti Mariano. They're all good, workaday trouper types who don't steal the spotlight. They come out as George M. Cohan one minute and as mincing coeds the next, followed by decadent 1930s Berliners. They have technique, versatility. But they don't set off our imagination or shower us with romance.

The American Dance Machine talks a lot about preserving "a unique and original American art form," and training people to do these numbers and become a "living archive." This lends a certain tone, an air of class and artistic merit, and the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council on the Arts have given their support to the enterprise.

Broadway musicals, now and when the ADM's "repertory" numbers were made, are a commercial venture. They're meant as entertainment and they're intended to make money. The choreographers whose work is being done here are not starving artists; they're Peter Gennaro, Michael Kidd, Bob Fosse, people like that. Why are we paying our tax money to enshrine their work when we don't even have a true ballet or modern-dance-archive company? And why—if we want to preserve a popular theater form—aren't we preserving the whole show? ▬

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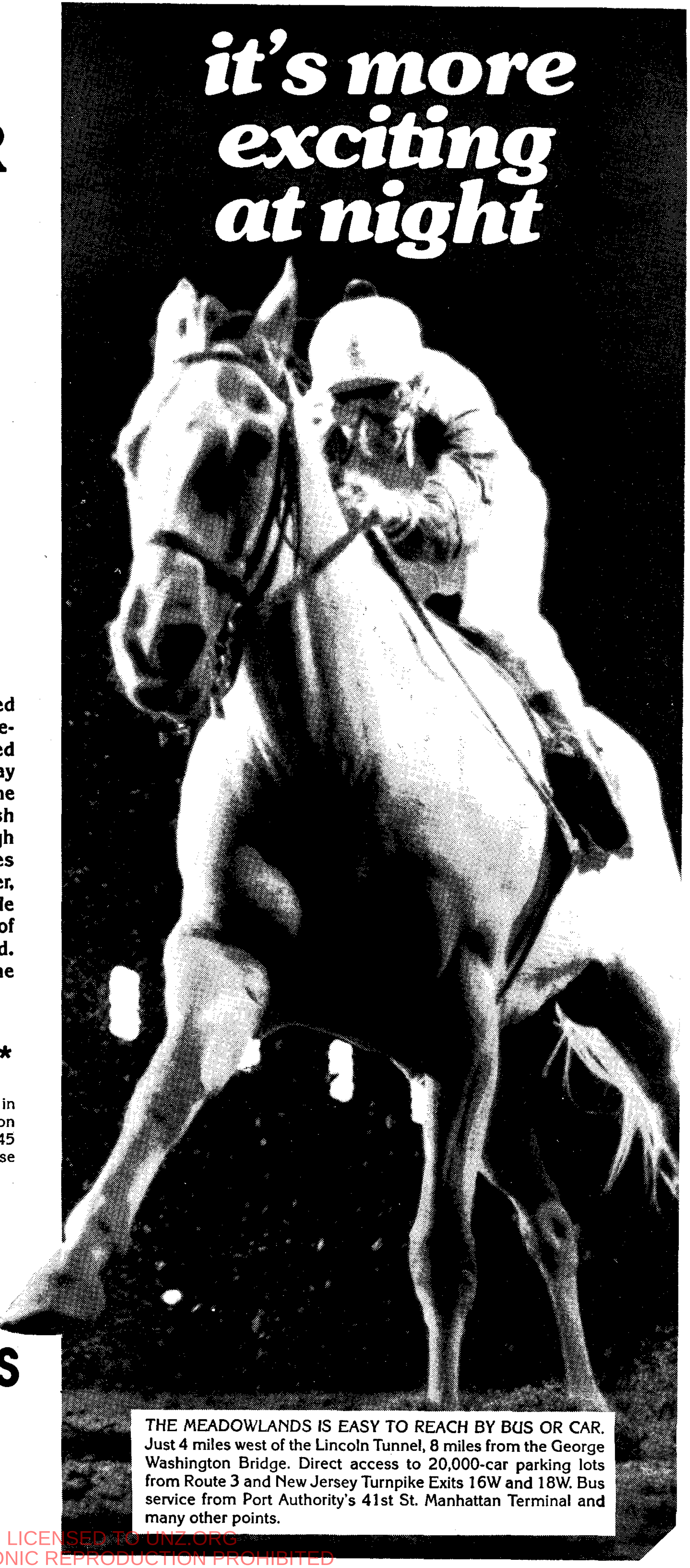
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Movies / David Denby

A MAN OF HONOR

"...Nick Nolte gives a smashing star performance as a brutally heroic man of action in Karel Reisz's *Who'll Stop the Rain...*"

In the last five or six years, the macho movie hero—the man of action—has been ridiculed so frequently that we are in danger of forgetting how important physical heroism remains in a pictorial medium like the movies. Some of this bantering of machismo has been crude, merely fashionable, or falsely moralistic. I admit that an actor like Clint Eastwood or Charles Bronson offers little that an adult can take seriously, but there are more complex images of male physical authority and violence that we should continue to admire as a possible ideal of conduct.

An actor with physical authority and, yes, a touch of cruelty brings something beautiful to the screen. Except for prigs, everyone feels this to be true. Jean-Luc Godard, for instance, once remarked that as much as he despised John Wayne's reactionary politics he could not help but be moved by the way Wayne swept into his arms the young Natalie Wood in John Ford's *The Searchers*. And a few years ago, Pauline Kael, an old-line feminist, spoke without apology of "that little bit of male fascism that makes an actor like Robert Redford or Jack Nicholson dangerous and hence attractive."

In the last few years, Burt Reynolds has both parodied and glorified that bit of male fascism; Harvey Keitel has presented a cruder, street-hustler's version; and Marlon Brando in *Last Tango in Paris* showed us the burnt-out butt end of it. And now Nick Nolte. In **Who'll Stop the Rain,** a hip, volatile adventure movie about heroin smuggling in the Vietnam period, Nolte, an actor I never expected to praise, gives a smashing star performance as a brutally heroic man of action, taking the whole Lone Ranger–Samurai tradition of the American cinema right down to its roots in obsession and near pathology.

Who'll Stop the Rain is an adaptation of Robert Stone's brilliant novel *Dog Soldiers,* the National Book Award winner for 1975 and a very uncompromising work to make into a movie. Nolte has the pivotal role of Hicks, the fearless ex-marine who agrees to carry two kilos of pure heroin from Vietnam to Berkeley for his old buddy Converse (Michael Moriarty), a war correspondent who has lost his moral bearings in the endless chaos of the war. The plan calls for Hicks to turn over the scag to Converse's wife, Marge (Tuesday Weld). But when Hicks and Marge are set upon by a couple of vicious goons working for a crooked narcotics agent (Anthony Zerbe), they take off with the dope on a violent, stoned, increasingly bizarre journey through California and the Southwest that finally ends in an apocalyptic shoot-out in the mountains of New Mexico. In this inferno, only the instinctive gallantry of Hicks saves the Converses from death.

The movie is a nightmare about that savage time (roughly 1971) when the drug euphoria had come crashing down and Nixon had outlasted the anti-war movement, a time when, in certain circles in California, values collapsed so quickly that people weren't sure whether they were exhilarated or sickened or both. In its depiction of the drug scene—a world of uncontrollable moral squalor—the movie is implicitly a portrait of the Vietnamization of America.

The director, Karel Reisz, and his screenwriters, Robert Stone himself and Judith Rascoe, don't re-create that Raymond Chandleresque texture of corruption that made the book, for some of us, a definitive account of a good scene gone bad. Opting instead for action and violence, they have simplified the characters of Converse and Marge in ways that are damaging; but it's still a scary piece of work, with knife flashes of sardonic wit and a mounting sense of dread that leaves one exhausted and impressed by the end. And the great character of Hicks has been preserved for all time.

One of those quiet, solitary, fiercely proud military men with a grandiose idea of their personal fate (he reads only one book, the *Portable Nietzsche*), Hicks relies on extreme self-discipline as a way of controlling the rage inside. As naïve and romantic in faith as he is devastatingly effective in action, he is an example of Zen-Buddhist-macho, a very sixties-California mixture of spirituality and violence. For him there is no distinction between thought and action; whatever he thinks or feels he

Illustration by Jeanne Grundberg

must act out. In other words, he is crazy. And also, in his moments of loyalty and courage, intensely noble.

It's a great role, and Nick Nolte is completely up to it. Which comes as a considerable surprise. As the jock-adventurer in *The Deep,* he had seemed petulant, overbearing, trivially self-satisfied; when he raised his voice, he sounded like a USC frat boy arguing over who had the fastest bike. Obviously Nolte needed to play a man. Powerfully built and graceful, his swinger's mustache now shaved off and his blond hair combed straight back, he creates an aura of danger and an impression of physical power that takes you back to the young Burt Lancaster and even to Brando. And he's a lot less pretentious than either of those fellows.

Nolte's work is so modest in spirit that he holds our sympathy for Hicks through a scene of stunning cruelty: Enraged by a swank Los Angeles writer who wants to try heroin just once in order to have an experience to write about, Hicks shoots uncut scag into the man's veins, nearly killing him out of contempt. If Nolte had stepped out of character for an instant, commenting on the scene in any way, the moment could have seemed insufferably callous and fake-cool. But he pulls it off by playing Hicks's viciousness as a military man's simple outrage over anyone's trifling with extreme experience while men are dying in war. For Hicks, this ass of a writer is doing something that insults *him*—and what's more, it's practically *unpatriotic.* His crazy revenge convinces us that he's a man of honor.

In Stone's book, the self-hating Converse is a character equal in power to Hicks. Too clear-sighted to be fooled by life but too cowardly to act on his knowledge, Converse provides a bitterly wised-up commentary—probably the author's voice—on the whole sorrowful Vietnam and California scene. Except for a patch of voice-over in the Vietnam section of the film, Stone and Rascoe haven't found a way of preserving Converse's reflections, and Moriarty's performance—watery voice, slack body, weak stare—is unpleasantly recessive; he conveys all of Converse's fear but little of his intelligence. And so the moral and psychological significance of the story slips away from us. Why, after all, does Converse get involved in heroin smuggling? In a repeated, friezelike bombing sequence, Reisz tries to show how the violence of war has destroyed Converse's ethical sense, but this is inadequate; the sequence suggests terror or possibly shell shock but not the

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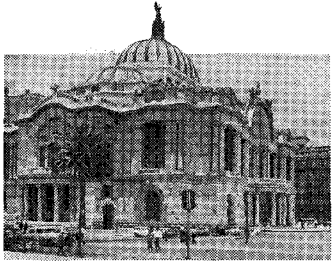

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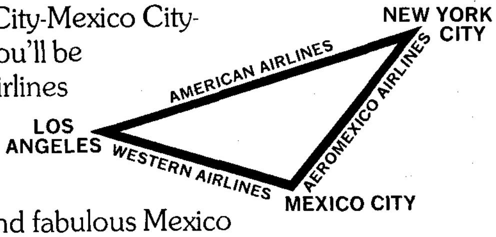

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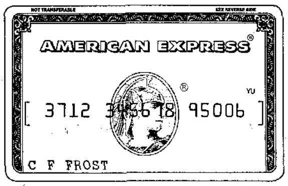

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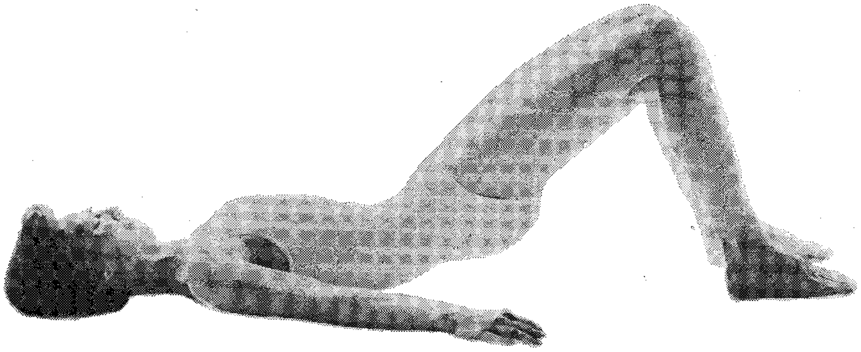

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coruscating nihilism in the man that Stone evoked.

For Stone, the Converses represent the ironically dark side of California sophistication: They perceive the futility of life so clearly that they can't find a single reason for respecting themselves; and in the California of 1971, people without self-respect had more than enough freedom to screw up badly. In the book, Marge—a masochistic, bitchy woman with a sly, needling sense of humor—works as a ticket taker in a porno-movie house. In an attempt to create sympathy, Stone and Rascoe turn her into a nervous but genteel bookstore clerk who gets trapped in a scene—drug dealing—that she knows nothing about. She flees with Hicks because he simply forces her to go and not—as Stone originally wrote it—because she's turned on by his brutality and because he fills the vacuum created by her self-disgust. This is a dull, sexless Marge, and Tuesday Weld runs through her emotions mechanically, without much specific personality.

In brief, the filmmakers have taken a few steps back from the abyss. And their relative timidity throws the movie out of whack: Since Marge and Converse aren't very complex, our interest shifts to Hicks and the criminals, and the movie becomes a cool, intellectually hip variant on an old gangster picture.

Karel Reisz, the Czech-born, English-trained director, started out as a kitchen-sink realist (*Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*); his specialty now, in *The Gambler* and in this movie, is abrupt, offhand violence and bizarre underworld characters. Reisz doesn't prepare you for violence with a melodramatic atmosphere the way earlier directors did. His style is lean and matter-of-fact; he keeps the light very bright, the focus sharp. That's the way California feels—very beautiful, very bright, and clean, and then suddenly things collapse.

Violence in this movie is often horrifying and hideously funny at the same time. Richard Masur and Ray Sharkey, as the two semi-psychotic hoods who chase Hicks and Marge, must be among the most humanly appealing lowlifes in movie history—yet they are also scary and obscene. These two gunsels are the comic-pathetic side of Nolte's macho obsessiveness—the Shakespearean buffoons who set off and comment on the hero's noble infirmities. In *Who'll Stop the Rain*, machismo is seen as pathological but also as one of the vivid possibilities of life—like Macbeth's ambition. And it has never seemed more central to what American movies are all about. ■

“‘Who’ll Stop The Rain’: A Knockout Adventure Destined to Become a Classic

If “Who’ll Stop the Rain” isn’t a knockout, destined to take its place among such rarefied, thought-provoking adventure classics as “the Treasure of Sierra Madre” and “The Wages of Fear,” I haven’t been movie-crazy all my life. The movie is a stunning example of collaborative fidelity and artistry directed by Karel Reisz.

Suddenly you find yourself in the grip of an overwhelming cinematic and melodramatic undertow, at once thrilled, astonished and dreadfully uncertain of where it may set you down.

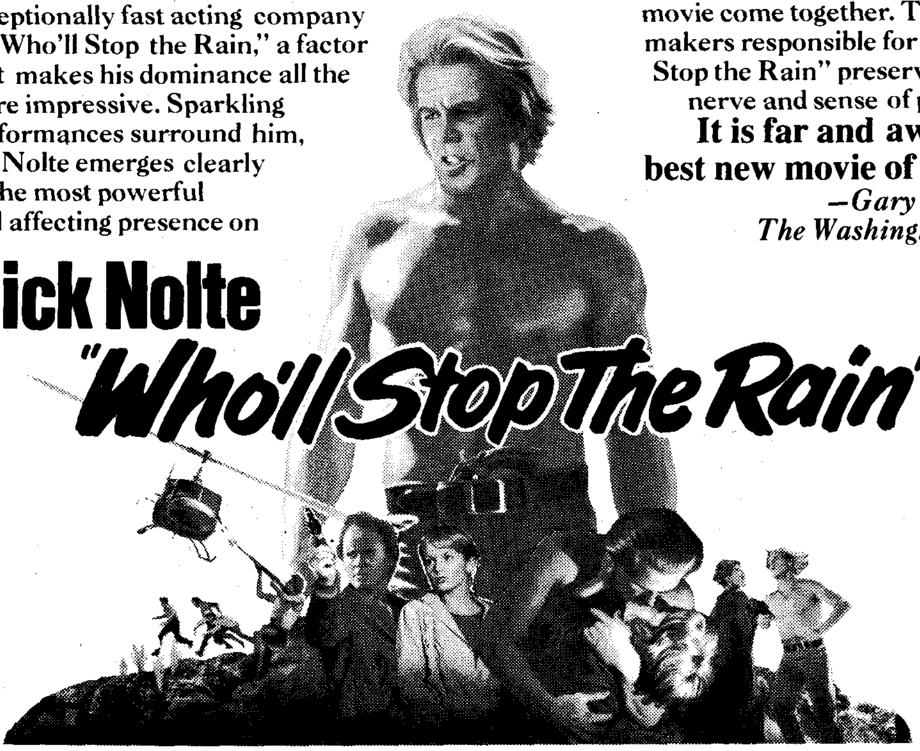
It doesn’t set you down gently. The circumstances are too sinister and perilous and the implications too sobering to permit either the audience or the misguided but essentially decent characters to come out unscathed.

Nolte may have been born to embody diamonds-in-the-rough. He is in exceptionally fast acting company in “Who’ll Stop the Rain,” a factor that makes his dominance all the more impressive. Sparkling performances surround him, yet Nolte emerges clearly as the most powerful and affecting presence on the screen. Nolte’s sheer physicality becomes more potent by virtue of his expressive control.

Contemporary moviegoers may feel as wowed by Nolte in this role as their counterparts were by Brando as Stanley Kowalski a generation ago. He makes Hicks an impressive and even mean-looking stud. You would not want to tangle with this guy.

A remarkably faithful and astute adaptation of a strong novel, the film condenses Robert Stone’s book, which won the National Book Award for fiction. The screenplay by Stone and Judith Rascoe strips the book for action and suspense without sacrificing philosophical and polemical dimensions. The filmmakers don’t stop for digressions. “Who’ll Stop the Rain” illustrates what can happen when Hollywood doesn’t blow it, when all the ingredients for a classic popular movie come together. The filmmakers responsible for “Who’ll Stop the Rain” preserved their nerve and sense of purpose. **It is far and away the best new movie of 1978.”**

—Gary Arnold,
The Washington Post



Nick Nolte

"Who'll Stop The Rain"

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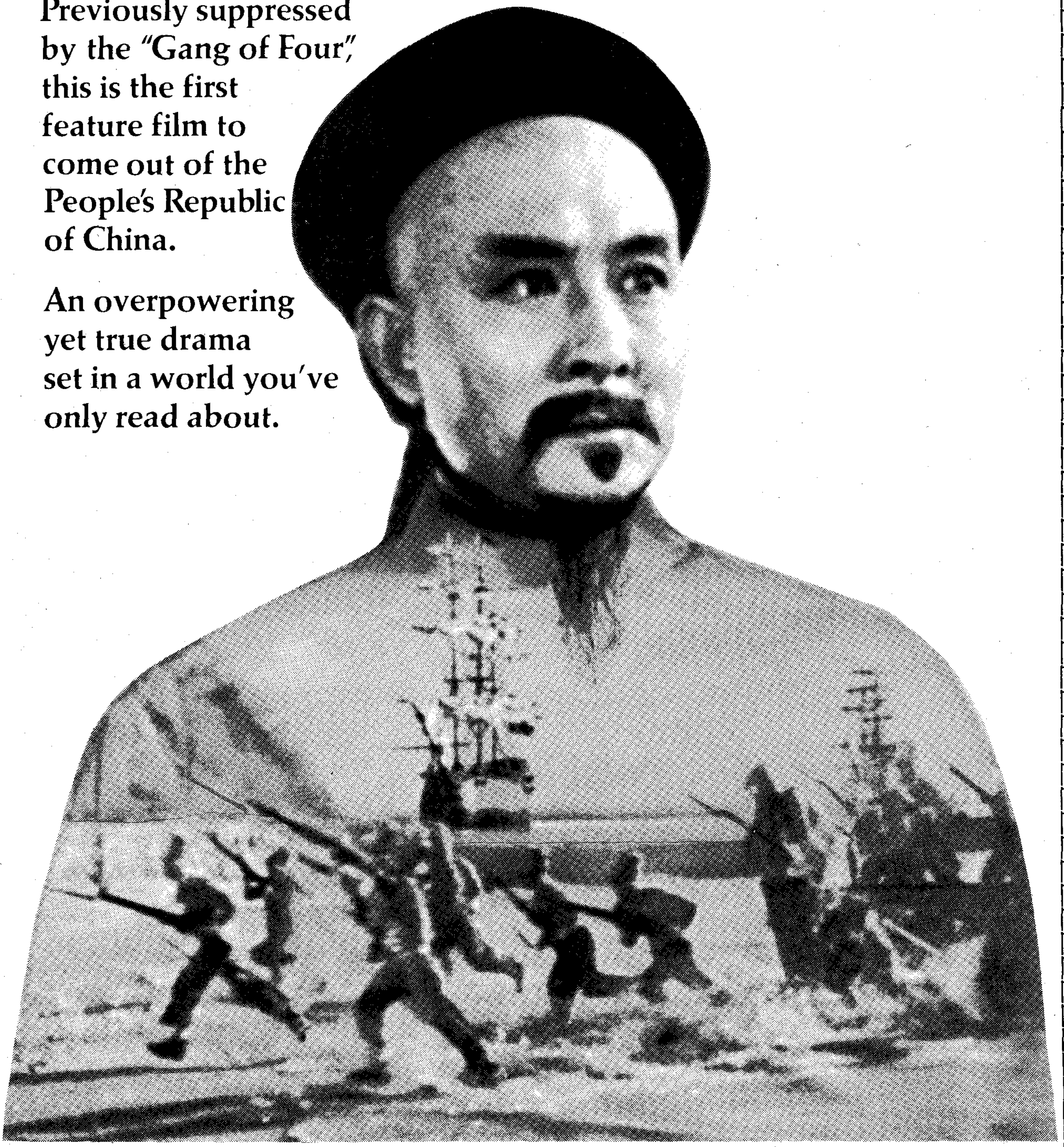


LIN TSE–HSU
(the opium war)

English Subtitles

Produced at the Shanghai Film Studio, People's Republic of China. Released by Sino-American, Inc.

Continuous performances start Monday, August 28.

GUILD 50th ST.
33 West 50th ST. PL7-2406

Mon.-Sat.: 11, 12:35, 2:10, 3:45, 5:20, 7, 8:40, 10:20
Sun.: 12, 1:40, 3:20, 5, 6:40, 8:20, 10

SALES & BARGAINS
BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

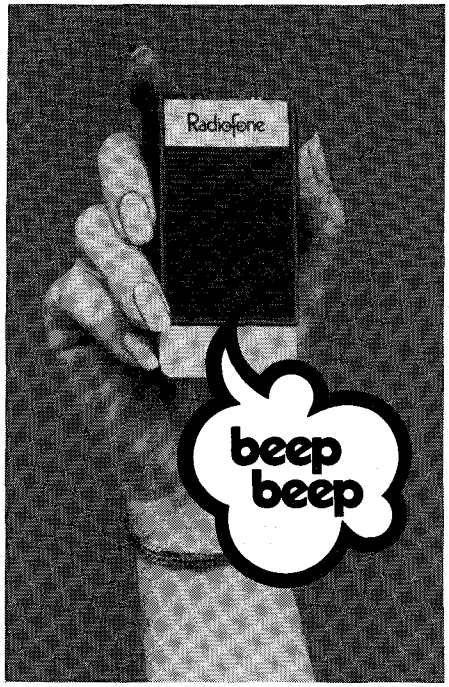
Blinds—We wrote up this store last November because their roll-up blinds were such a good value. Now an anniversary sale lowers the prices we quoted by 20 percent, and a good selection of furniture in rattan, wicker, palm, bamboo, etc., is also being marked down 20 percent. Some prices for blinds are: white lacquered matchstick, 84 by 120 in., was $98.50, now $78.80; natural wooden roll-up, 24 by 72 in., was $11.95, now $9.56; wooden Roman, 60 by 72 in., was $34.99, now $28; tortoise-and-black matchstick, 84 by 84 in., was $49, now $39.20. Many, many sizes and styles are available, all with automatic cord locks, hanging hooks, and, except for the wooden roll-ups, with valances. Among the furniture on sale: palm étagères with four shelves and two doors, were $159, now $127.20; wicker chaise longues, were $125, now $100; Victorian-style fan chairs, now $135.20, $151.29 in white lacquer; peacock chairs with black trim, were $159, now 20 percent off, as are baskets, magazine racks, wall shelves, hampers, room-divider screens, many styles of chairs, wicker lamps, headboards in rattan, and other accessories. American Express, Master Charge, Visa accepted; no checks; exchanges possible on everything except customized items. *New Frontier Trading Corp., 2394 Broadway, near 88th St. (799-9338); open daily 10 a.m.–7:30 p.m.; closed Labor Day; through 9/15.*

Plastics—Lucite, acrylic, etc., accessories are inexpensive here. Lucite-and-butcher-block rolling tea cart, now $105; small cylindrical Lucite-and-butcher-block knife rack, $8.75; Lucite bed trays, $35; cosmetic organizers, $2.75; ⅛-in. plastic clipboards with large clips, $3.75; flatware-and-napkin caddies, $8.25; paper-towel holders (hold jumbo rolls), $3.95; flat trays in clear plastic, 12 by 18 in., $5.50; smaller oval trays, $4.98; photo "flips" that hold 36 photos, $3.75; wall telephone caddies, $6.95; hair-dryer caddies, $4.95. Matched desk accessories in smoke-colored plastic (some are also available in clear plastic) are 30 percent off list, including desk organizers, $2.98; ashtrays, $2.25; letter trays, $2.75; stationery caddies, $2.98. Box frames are cheap here too: 5 by 7 in., $1.49; 8 by 10 in., $2.47; 9 by 12 in., $3; 11 by 14 in., $3.87; 12 by 16 in., $4.87; 14 by 17 in., $5.50; 16 by 20 in., $7.50; 18 by 24 in., $11.50. Many, many other accessories and gift items are all competitively priced. Master Charge, Visa accepted; no checks; all sales final. *Ain Plastics, Inc., 300 Park Ave. South, near 22nd St. (473-2100); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m.; Saturdays after Labor Day 9:30 a.m.–3 p.m.; closed Labor Day; through 9/30.*

Music—Here's an interesting plan. Instead of renting a secondhand musical instrument for your youngster, buy a brand-new brass or woodwind instrument from Sam Ash at a sizable discount, and if the budding musician fails to flower, you may return the instrument at any time within seven months for a refund, minus the leasing price for seven months. Example: If you return a flute, clarinet, trumpet, trombone, or violin, your refund will be for all but $7.50 per month times seven, or $52.50, plus tax; for an alto sax, $11 a month, or $77, plus tax; for a tenor sax, $12.75 a month, or $89.25, plus tax. Prices for new instruments include: Bundy flute, $146.70; Bundy clarinet, $134.70; Yamaha YTR 232 trumpet, $153; Bundy alto sax 1242, $279; Olds A15 trombone, $162; Suzuki violin, $115. Instruments carry a one-year factory warranty on parts and labor but no insurance. Master Charge, Visa accepted; checks accepted with driver's license. *Sam Ash, 160 West 48th St. (245-4778); 1101 Kings Hwy., Brooklyn (645-6614); 124 Fulton Ave., Hempstead, L.I. (516 485-2151); Mon.–Sat. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Brooklyn store open Thursdays till 9, Hempstead store open Fridays till 9; prices quoted above also apply at other suburban Sam Ash stores.*

Massage—For women only, a special on massages through October includes the use of a redwood sauna and a needle-spray shower, relaxation in a cyclo-vibrating chair, and a one-hour Swedish hand massage. The package comprises five such sessions within a three-week period and costs $80. Checks accepted; no credit cards. *Betty Dean's Health Spa, 24 West 57th Street (974-9512); call for appointment; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. till 3 p.m.; through 10/31.* ■

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*



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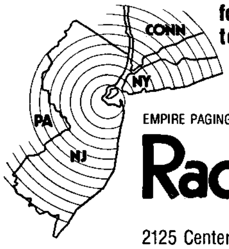

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For further information, call Toni Schwer - or send a $30.00 non-refundable deposit.

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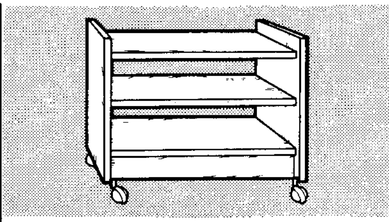

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East 62nd—3 bedroom, 2½ bath Duplex, private garden. $2,000 month. References required. Peter 1-313-995-5232 or 1-313-995-5221.

Country Elegance—Spacious and luxurious 6 room town apartment on exclusive North Street in Litchfield, Connecticut. Newly decorated, 2 fireplaces, New England setting. (203) 567-0495.

On Sutton Place—Exquisitely furnished 1 bedroom sublet. Color TV, stereo, doorman. $650 a month. Available September 1st. Weekends and Evenings 752-0010; Weekdays 354-9050 Mrs. Felden.

Unique Westside Brownstone—Floor thru plus duplex loft to roof garden, large living room, dining alcove, 2 bedrooms plus study, newly renovated, private and quiet. $1,000 month. (212) 595-4641 evenings.

APARTMENTS TO SHARE

Apartment Sharing for Particular People—Call LESLIE HARPER, LTD, 794-9494. As featured in... N.Y. *Times*, Careful screening, brochure. 127 East 69th Street.

Andrea Gershwin Inc.—The personalized Apartment sharing service. In-depth interviews, selective referrals. 223-0798. Appointment only. 127 East 59th Street, NYC.

A Comfortable Approach for Selective New Yorkers—PREMIERE MANHATTAN ASSOCIATES, 581-6976. Emphasis on lifestyle. Thorough screening. Ask about our "fee refundable policy". Midtown at 119 West 57th Street.

APARTMENT WANTED

Two professional Men—Late twenties, need large 1 or 2 bedroom Village brownstone apartment. Around $600. 986-4600, x237 weekdays; 255-7372 evenings/weekends, Bob.

Mature Police Officer will apartment sit. Excellent references. Box 1307 NYM.

Professional Couple needs 1 or 2 bedroom Eastside apartment. Barbara or Jay (212) 981-8687; 442-3565.

CO-OPS/CONDOMINIUMS

24 West 70th—Luxury Co-ops. Newly renovated brownstone. 874-0614.

NEW YORK CLASSIFIED

Lakeridge—4 bedrooms, 3½ baths, furnished. Year-round recreational community. (203) 482-3345.

Riverside Drive - 90th Street—5½ rooms, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, new kitchen. 724-1426.

Stamford, Connecticut! Luxury Hi-rise. $79,500. 2 bedrooms, 2 baths; extras galore. Evenings (203) 323-4049.

70's East Exclusive Pied-A-Terre—Small studio, WBF, maintenance $257 includes utilities, $18,000. Also 1 bedroom apartment, maintenance $390 includes utilities, $28,000. Call Joseph Yadgaroff. DAVID DAY REALTY, (212) 935-8700.

SUBLETS

Corporate Apartments—Fully furnished, with maid service. Eastside locations. Flexible terms. 586-6575.

3 Rooms—Midtown, Park view, partially furnished. $428. 867-4980.

Furnished for lovely river view, September 1st, $600. For information (212) 799-0196.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Bar - Cafe - Steak House, land and building included; Torrington, Litchfield County, Connecticut. 135M yearly; 80% liq.; $25M cash required; opportunity for working partners; (203) 489-3176.

HOUSES AVAILABLE FOR SALE/RENT

Key West, Florida—(Old Town), 6 new townhouses with pool. January occupancy. $79,500. (703) 683-0090.

Westhampton Beach—Dune Road bay front, principals only. 2 bedrooms, sleep porch, large panelled living room, new appliances. $65,000. (516) 288-1374; (212) 573-5064.

Rare Rental—7 room Carriage House apartment on splendid Tuxedo Park estate. $650. 40 miles midtown. (914) 351-2954.

Freeport, L.I. - Meister Beach—Beautiful house and garden. 8 room split, 45 minutes to Broadway. $49,000 - Owner (516) 623-0029.

Scarsdale Vicinity—Immaculate 1965 Colonial, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, den, play room, walk railroad, $89,500. (914) 723-1564.

COUNTRY HOMES/FARMS

Cragsmoor, N.Y.—Artist Home, Barn. (914) 647-7253; (201) 935-4842 - $49,500.

Berkshires—Fabulous farmhouse, circa 1785. 12 acres, tennis court, pool, near Tanglewood/Skiing. Perfect for 1-2 families. $99,900. (413) 269-4598.

Dutchess County—Spectacular House, Barn, Privacy, Views, Sunsets. $59,900. (212) 628-6887.

Hunter - Windham, N.Y.—Skiers paradise. 5 bedroom Colonial, 4 baths, stone fireplace, country kitchen, completely restored, 10 acres, $49,000. With guest house $69,000. HOPE SHERIDAN REALTY, (518) 734-3242.

West Lebanon, N.Y.—1830's restored, 10 rooms, 3 baths, beautiful 20-acre setting, pond. $59,900. (518) 273-5588 evenings.

Vermont, Northern Berkshire Skiing—Four bedroom contemporary, six acres, energy-efficient, spiral stairs, conversation pit, fireplace, decks, $62,500. Immaculate duplex, three acres, two bedrooms each, appliances, $32,500. FOUR SEASONS REALTY (413) 663-6217; (413) 663-9596.

LAND AVAILABLE

New City, Rockland County—45 wooded acres, 25 minutes NYC. Breathtaking views. $5,000/acre. Box 1305 NYM.

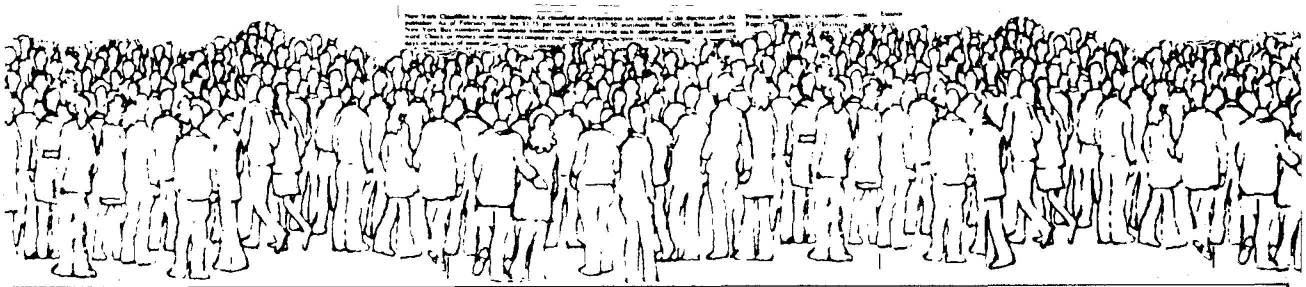
Watermill, Long Island—Two 1-acre lots, beautiful farmland, $25,000 and $22,500. (516) 725-0368.

FOREIGN REAL ESTATE

Acapulco, Mexico—Luxurious Villa overlooking bay. Pool, waterfall, gardens, servants. 2 master bedrooms, sunken baths, air-conditioned. Rental $150 daily or sell, $135,000. (212) 249-2622.

Majorca—Modern 3 bedroom Penthouse on fantastic beach. (212) 454-3187.

NEW YORK CLASSIFIED



New York

NEW YORK MAGAZINE, 755 SECOND AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017

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This is a biweekly Section for Travel Agents & Tour Operators, limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The rates for this Section are as follows: 1 time ad—$147 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$129 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$120 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during the year—$110 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Closing is every other Monday at 1 p.m., for following Monday's issue.

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Play tennis with pro instruction, ride horseback, ski, sail, climb our mountain, canoe the Housatonic, try pottery or yoga. Choose up for a zany game of volleyball or softball. Relax on an airbed afloat on our own lake or in our huge redwood hot tub. Disco, entertainment, great food, wine, a barbecue. $115 pays for it all including a party bus to and from Kent, Conn. in the Berkshires. For more information and free brochure

(212) 935-0222 CLUB Getaway

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This year, VISIT RUSSIA!

Visit Moscow and Leningrad. See Samarkand or Kiev. Five different tours starting at $599* including airfare, first class hotels, daily sightseeing and three meals a day. See your Travel Agent or call (212) 751-5616 (out of New York Call 800-223-9707).

*Per person, double occupancy from N.Y.C. 7 days Moscow/Leningrad

General Tours

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Magnificent Contemporary Estate on 12 acres, close to Princeton Univ., 4 bedrooms, 6 baths, spect. 180° 8 mile panoramic views. Horse country & wildlife. Cathedral ceiling sunken LR, huge Thermopane glass panels & rare ceramic tile thru-out. Plus every luxury feature. Pond, evergreens, 900' drive. Unmatched value. $350,000.

KING'S GRANT Realtor
10 Nassau Street (609) 921-1411

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

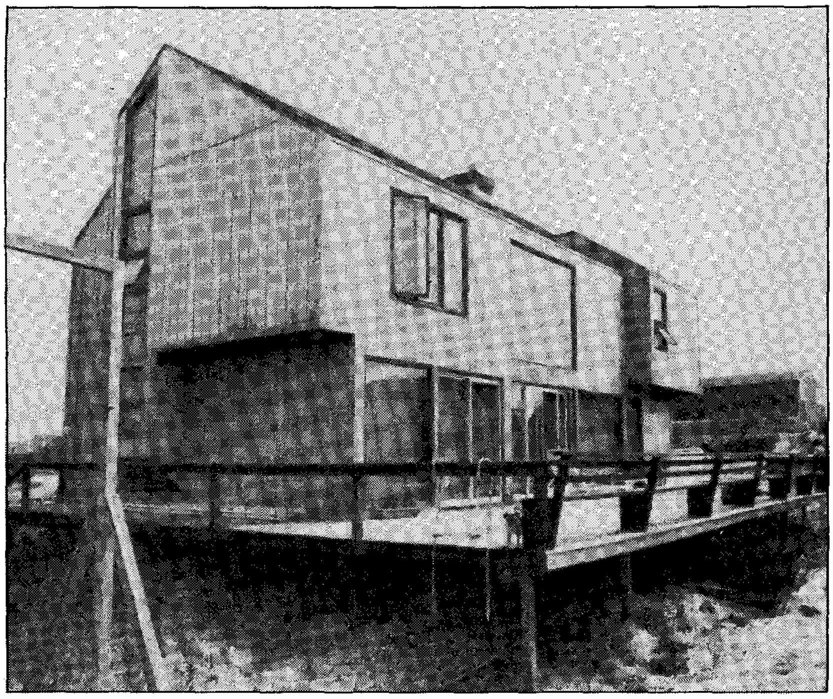
45 Minutes to Broadway!!
Visit our Georgian Colonial. Elegant white brick with slate roof - never to be reproduced in todays market. Comfortable & elegant, situated on 3.5 acres. Flagstone terraces overlooking a 2 acre lake. All appointments are the very finest, random width floors, master bedroom/fireplace, living room/marble fireplace. Shown by appointment. $325,000.

COUNTRY HOMES
480 Bedford Street (203) 348-8565

CHAPPAQUA, N.Y.
ROUND HILL POND

Luxurious 13 year old modern colonial. Beautifully designed, constructed and maintained. Features 9 oversized rooms with gorgeous views for easy living and elegant entertaining. Includes 5 bedrooms, 3½ baths, spacious all electric eat-in kitchen. Beautiful fireplaces in living room, library and entertainment area, with fabulous bar and wine cellar. There is a total security system and specially designed 2-zone central air conditioning with electronic air filters and humidifiers. This handsome home is set on 3 magnificently landscaped acres with skating pond, tool house, and underground sprinkling system (pond fed), affording utmost privacy and seclusion without isolation. $295,000; call your broker or
Owner (914) 238-4084

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES



AMAGANSETT DUNES EXCLUSIVE

A bright, airy Contemporary, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, cathedral ceiling-fireplace-oil heat, all appliances, deck, basketball court. Partially furnished. All this & a peek at the ocean. $130,000.

EDWARD A. POSPISIL REALTOR
(516) 267-3030

LANDMARK MASTERPIECE ON CROTON RIVER

Contemporary stone estate, 5 skylights, in hand carved beamed cathedral ceilings, 6 large fireplaces, 2 sunken terraces, 5 large bedrooms, chandeliered dining room with fireplace, breathtaking heated glass solarium overlooks river, balcony library in huge den, plus 2 bedroom luxury apartment with kitchen, many extra features. Low taxes, easy commute, immediate occupancy. $189,500. Call Owner (914) 271-3235.

SOUTHERN BERKSHIRES

MUST SELL by September 10th. Beautifully wooded - White Birch/Pine... Antique stone fences... Deeded lake rights - private 60 acre Lake... 1,000 feet from Lake. 1.6 acres - $9,800. 4 acres - $13,400. Entire 5½ acres - $21,000. 15 year bank financing available. Owners, negotiable. Call: (212) 751-6751.

FEDERAL HOUSE - 163 ACRES

Near Middletown, N.Y. - 1½ hours NYC - Low taxes. Restored 4 bedrooms, 3½ baths, living room, dining room, country kitchen. Heated 20' x 40' pool. Pond, fantastic views. New 36' x 72' horse barn with apartment. Will divide. $225,000. Mornings & Evenings, (914) 386-1483.

BARRYVILLE, N.Y.

Classic and inspiring year-round house, built at turn-of-century, fieldstone, Tudor style, living room ceiling chestnut wood, arched cathedral style, stone walls and floor. Slightly under 1 acre, covered bridge crosses a lagoon which leads to lake; own dock and boat; 3 bedrooms, 1 overlooking waterfalls, 2-3 baths, 2 fireplaces, 2 smaller stone houses, one on each side of main house, own well 175 feet deep, stone patio, boating, fishing, hunting, swimming. $100,000. (914) 557-6192 or no answer (212) 253-4908.

GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

Brick Regency on secluded acre near town. Spacious 4 bedroom, 5 bath home with large panelled room and bath over 2-car garage for guests, teenagers or in-laws. Countless extra features. $287,500.

NEWHALL & OGILVY
(203) 869-8100

BEAUTIFUL BARN - NORTH STAMFORD

Imaginative conversion featuring spacious living room, spectacular country kitchen, both with fireplaces. Separate dining room, 3 bedrooms, 2½ baths, lots of nooks & crannys. $235,000. Principals only. Call Owner (203) 329-8659.

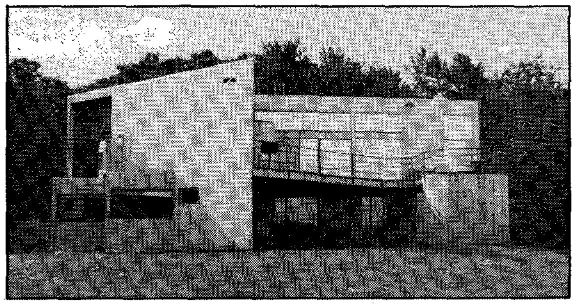
WARREN - NEAR KENT

188 acres of old scenic farmland with 1500 feet of frontage. Some fields, much wooded with Pines and Oak, excellent terrain to create a large pond. $129,500.

LA GROTTA REALTY
Warren, Conn. (203) 868-2137

POCONO MTS. - PENN.

Mini-estate, summer/winter vacation home, cobblestone house, park like setting, 6 wooded acres, 5 bedrooms, fieldstone fireplace, enclosed porch, 2-car garage, between Stroudsburg & Camelback. $54,900. Owner (717) 421-5613.



BEDFORD, NEW YORK

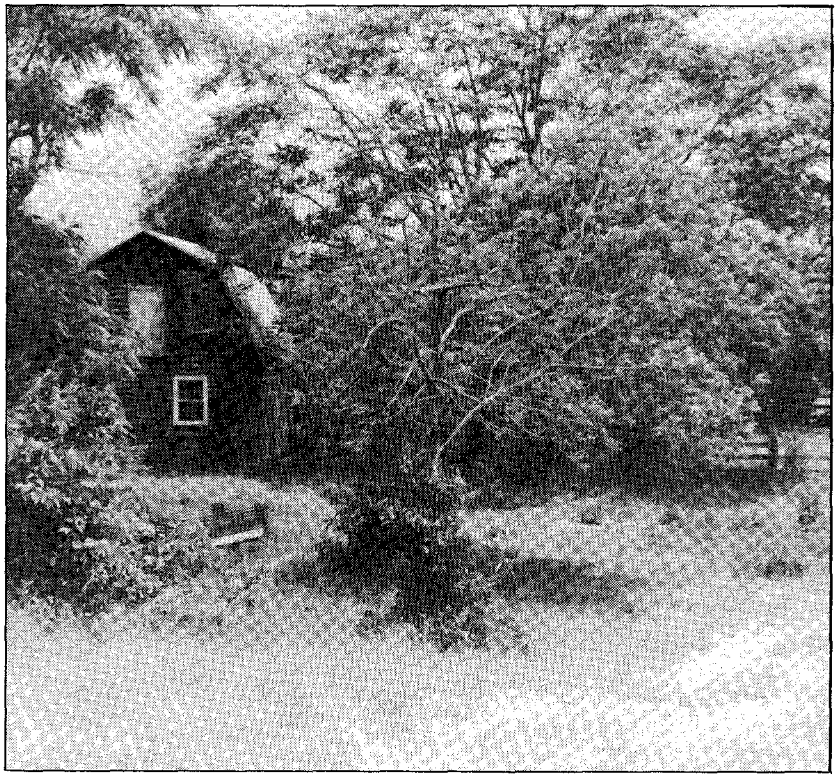
Unique Waterfront Contemporary

A truly unusual contemporary designed to take advantage of 450-ft frontage on large private lake with protected views of unobstructed woodlands across the lake. Huge areas of glass provide vistas from each room. Master suite includes circular sunken shower bath & dressing room. Triangular living & dining rooms have travertine marble floors; circular breakfast room, 2 fireplaces, intercom, vacuum system, burglar & fire alarms, inground lawn sprinker system, central air conditioning, and more. 5 bedrooms, family room, huge decks. $239,500.

BIXLER GALLERY OF HOMES

BIXLER BUILDING
BEDFORD VILLAGE, N.Y. 10506
(914) 234-3647; (212) 584-3474

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES



Amagansett – an acre of green and a sweet barn waiting for conversion by someone with imagination and $55,000. Adjoining land available. Talk to Roma Martin at

TINA S. FREDERICKS, REALTY

East Hampton, N.Y. **(516) 324-4418**

FREEPORT

Beautiful Southwest area - 5 bedrooms, 2½ baths, living room with fireplace, teak-floored entrance hall, and teak-floored dining room with sliding glass door, kitchen and family room, 16 x 19 screened porch with 10 ft. ceiling overlooking patio and beautiful garden. Approximately ¼ acre. Convenient for boating and beaches. Excellent schools. Owner moving out of state. Asking $52,500. Call (516) 379-2133.

DUTCHESS COUNTY
DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.

Consider this favorable investment, fight inflation, enjoy the dividends of a scenic retreat, nearly 7 acres, 40% woodland, landscaped, 90 miles Manhattan. Spacious Ranch, 2 large bedrooms, 1½ baths, dining room, large living room, eat-in kitchen, panelled sun porch, full basement, garage. Suitable commuting RR, Rt. 22, Taconic Parkway. Private offering, low $50,000. Appointment (201) 534-2940; (914) 877-3374.

BERGEN COUNTY NEW JERSEY

TOP BERGEN BUYS

Call or write for your complimentary brochure featuring information on schools, town facilities and community affairs in Northwest Bergen County. Excellent communities with easy commute to NYC. Houses from $55,000 to $300,000.

BEIR HIGGINS REALTY

67 Allendale Ave. Saddle River, N.J.

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Serene panoramic views from spacious deck completely surrounding this custom built 6-year old Contemporary home. 4 Bedrooms. Spacious Study. Huge Living Room with high open beam ceiling. 2 outstanding Fieldstone Fireplaces. All-electric Kitchen. Full Basement. Hardwood floors and panelled throughout. Greenhouse. Outbuildings. Two Horse-stalls. Trout and swimming Pond. Authentic Log Cabin as charming guest house - 168 beautiful acres of rolling meadows and hardwood forests. Asking $170,000. Inquiries (802) 875-2490.

Spectacular Ocean Views

Sagaponack. 4 bedroom
contemporary, 2 acres.
$139,000.

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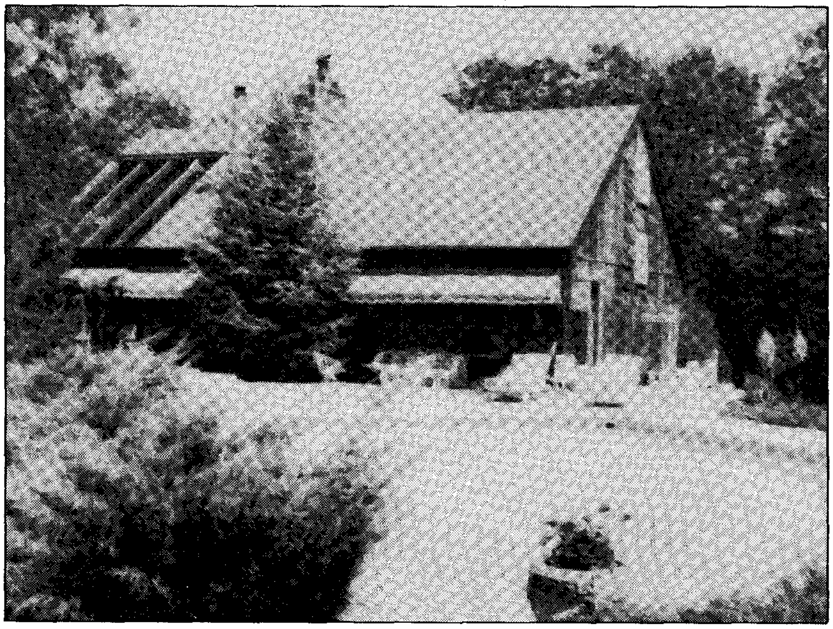

EAST HAMPTON

3 bedrooms, 3 baths uniquely placed for privacy, all glass dining room, 2 fireplaces, heated pool, $130,000. Exclusively with

JACK DOUGLAS REALTY

76 Woods Lane **(516) 324-1133** **East Hampton, N.Y. 11937**

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

N.Y.C. CO-OP APTS

5th Ave .... 6 Rms
PH Views wraparound planted terraces. Large LR, wbfp, formal din rm, oversized mod eat-in kit, 2 masters + mds. Entire flr. Ask $300,000 neg. Low maintenance. For details call Mrs. Cardozo.

5th Ave, 60's .... 4½ Rms
2 baths, super cond. $120,000. Mnt $510 & elegant 3½ rms w/1½ baths. Mnt $354. Please call Irina Urban.

70's East.. 6 Rms
SPECATCULAR CITY VIEWS
Great layout, LR, DR, 2 bedrms, 2 bths, mds/bth. Grt kit. Maint $1,000 includes utilities. Please call Tom Woodard.

70's East (off Madison) .... 7 Rms
INCREDIBLE VALUE
3 large masters, 4½ baths, 1 servt rm. Excellent kitch w/lrg breakfast area. $175,000. Maint $1,065 includes utilities + garage. Call Suzanne Mosby.

70's East.. 6 Rms
Great Layout! Great space! LR, wbfp, libr w/ wbfp, DR, 2 huge masters + 2 baths, kitch pantry, maids w/bath. Top building. Price is right. Maint $750. *Immed Occup. Flora Eskenazi.*

Gramercy Park .... 3½ Rms
EXCLUSIVE. 22 x 15 LR w/beamed ceilings, *mullioned windows, mantle, dining gallery, new* kitch, 16 x 12 bedrm. Charming. $55,000. Mnt $285. Barbara Van Camp.

Murray Hill.................................. 4½ Rms
EXCLUSIVE. Move-in cond., wbfp, two BRs, new kitchen and baths. Asking $110,000. Only with Pauline Kunstler.

Park Ave, low 70's .... 10 Rms
ELEGANT AND EXCITING
Magnificent rms, extra high ceilings, wbfps, enormous gallery, 3-4 bedrooms plus library. Top bldg. Owner desires quick sale. Mt. $1400's. Mrs. Herskovitz.

Sutton Place S .... 6 Rms
PENTHOUSE RIVER VIEWS
Lrg terrace. Liv rm w/wet bar, 2 master bedrms, formal dining rm. Mint cond. $250M. Call Mary-Jane Weiskopf.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN
SELLING YOUR APARTMENT,
Call MARILYN HARRA, V.P.
Director Co-op Sales Dept.

L.B. KAYE ASSOCIATES
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MANHATTAN CO-OP

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5 rms: 2 bedrms, 2 baths. Beautifully & completely furnished: carpets, color TV, dishes, linens. $135,000 furnished. Maintenance $722... Call JOAN BIEL, 832-5887

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NEW! UNIQUE! ELEGANT!
5TH AVE (low 80's). In mint move-in condition and in 1st class fully serviced bldg. Owner relocating. An excellent buy. 3 BRs, LR/wbfp, formal DR, den, excellent kitchen w/separate breakfast rm, 3 servants rms. High ceilings. Thru-wall A/C. Maint $1,100.

SENSATIONAL 8 ROOMS!
PARK AVE (80's) Maint in $700's. 3 BRs, LR/ wbfp, formal DR, fabulous kitchen, 2 maids rms. Owner relocating.

Call FREDA GREEN, PL 4-9300
Evenings & Weekends 263-0518
CHARLES H. GREENTHAL CO.

N.Y.C. CO-OP APTS

57 St (Sutton Pl Vicinity) 9 Rms
NEW LISTING FAMILY APT
expansive layout, 3 masters + libr, FDR, WBF, south expo. hi flr, eat-in Kitch, 2 maid's, 4 bths, excel cond, maint $1,000; $250,000. Call David Yadgaroff.

68 St CPW Exclusive 3 Rms
1 BEDROOM PIED-A-TERRE
Needs work & love, maint $149, incredible, $42,000, high TD. Call Alicia Bailey.

70's East 4 Rooms
TNHSE DPLX PH TERRACE
1 bdrm + small den, new kitch, 1 bth, elev bldg, $65,000, maint $443.

GARDEN TNHSE DPLX
Double ht liv rm, 1 bdrm, 1 bth, maint $440, $65,000. Call Joseph Yadgaroff.

80's East Pre War 6 Rms
Beautiful full service bldg, hi flr, lrg gallery, liv rm, FDR, 2 mstrs, 2 bths, maid's rm w/bth, kitch w/ pantry, maint low $600's. Call Terry Blumenfeld.

90's East (Park/Madison) 6 Rms
EXCLUSIVE 1ST OFFERING
Immac 2 mstr bdrms, liv rm w/wbf, FDR, 2½ bths, maid's rm, renov kitch, washer/dryer, relocating, maint $498. Call Ellie Frommer.

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED
IN SELLING YOUR APT
CALL JOSEPH YADGAROFF

**DAVID DAY REALTY
(212) 935-8700**

GREENWICH VILLAGE CO-OP

Brevoort East (20 East 9th Street). 24 hour doorman building, concierge, etc. 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, windowed kitchen, parquet floors, beautiful sunny southern exposure. Great view. Principals only. $100,000. Maintenance $653. (212) 477-0605 after 6 p.m.

N.Y.C. TOWNHOUSES AND BROWNSTONES

50's EAST. Commercial zoned townhse for business & living, terraced duplex, s/s elev. $1,000,000. Call Yau Choy Lin.

70's EAST. Marvelous 3 BR/Libr, new mod kitch, glass encl solarium on beaut garden. Immac & only $235,000. Mrs. Dunbar.

70's WEST. 3-sty pvt hse. 3 bedrms, gorgeous garden. A charmer. Flr-thru LR, orig detail. Ask $295M. Barbara Myers.

80's EAST (off Mad) 1st Offering! Elegant 5-sty townhse 22 x 100. Ideal for family or consulate use. Asking $625,000 all Cash. Call Mr. Galett.

90's WEST. 4-sty renov brownstn w/owner's duplex + income. Orig detail. Asking $185,000. Call Peggy Arthur.

GR. VILLAGE. 4-sty double townhse w/owner's spectacular renovation. 5 bedrm triplex + incm. Wbfp, C/A/C. Large garden. Move-in condition. Asking $370,000. Call only Ilene Klasson.

MURRAY HILL Prime. Lovely one fam hse. All orig detail. $235,000. For details call only Anita Allen.

We Have Hundreds Of Fine
East & West Side Listings

L.B. KAYE ASSOCIATES
655 Madison Ave., NY, NY 10021
(212) 838-9330 or 838-1578

70's E-River: Luxury Co-op

Exceptional Duplex, E/W/S expos. Beautiful sunny 7 BRs, 7 Bths, Din rm, Study, Liv rm, Gallery. Circular Stairs. Extra lge Kitch, Serv quarters. Rec rm. Stereo piped thru major rms. Top decorator.

Many Exclusive Co-ops & Rentals
Herbert Charles & Co., 980-4706

INCREDIBLE 1st OFFERING

70'S E. Prestigious CO-OP Bldg. 7 sun-filled rms; lge LR, wbfp, formal DR, 3 mstrs, mod kitch, servant's quarters, thru-wall a/c. Maint $800. Priced at $225,000.

SEEN ONLY WITH
Helene Fields or Elinor Brisbane
ALICE F. MASON Ltd 832-8870

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- PROMPT PERSONAL SERVICE

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BRAND NEW 36-STORY APT. TOWER
A/C 24-HR DOORMAN BUILDING

Immediate Occupancy

CARNEGIE MEWS
211 West 56th Street
(Between 7th Ave & B'way)

THE CONVENIENCE
IS MARVELOUS

STUDIO & 1 BEDROOM
APARTMENTS FOR RENT

AGENT ON PREMISES, 757-2470

N.Y.C. PARK AVE (Low 80's)
NEW EXCLUSIVE LISTING

10 RMS. Freshly decorated co-op apartment. Move-in condition. Large marble & paneled entry foyer welcomes you to a wonderful family apartment. 4 Masters + library, 4 M. Baths, beautiful Living Room & formal Dining Room (52 ft. expanse), large kitchen & breakfast area, double maids room & single maids rm. Unusual circumstances make this apartment available immediately. Priced for quick sale. $285,000... Call
JANE NYE (212) PL 4-9300
or (516) 324-5968

CHARLES H. GREENTHAL CO.

N.Y.C. CO-OPS & CONDOS

60's East.................................Condominium
Dazzling city sights. $415 maint for oversized LR/DR, 2 master BRs, 2 baths. Furn/Unfurn. Ask $125,000. Call Miss Syms.

East Side .... 3 Rm Co-ops
Two gracious apts in attended bldgs. Perfect locations & security. Well priced. By appt only with Mr. Lynch.

L.B. KAYE ASSOCIATES
(212) 838-9330 or 838-1578

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(516) 324-4040.

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Colonial garden, stone terraces, pool surround restored 1760 center hall 5 bdrm gem. New MASTER SUITE w/loft, double bath/greenhouse. 4 fireplaces, beams, pine, stone floors & sky lights! Additional property available. Suffern, N.Y. $200,000.
Kirchner/Bryant Realtors (914) 359-0550

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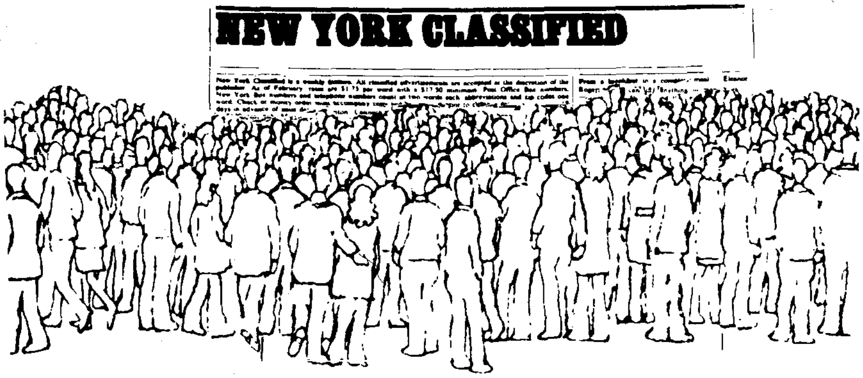

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 328

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

"Our land cries out. Why? It is hard to say who or what is at fault. Each of us: Each man, each child, must share the blame just as we share the rich gifts of our earth. How soon will our air be foul, the sun burnt out and our time in this realm made brief. Act now. Send your thoughts (plus ten cents) to *Face Lift, U.S.A.* care of The Globe Press."

Above, monosyllable glutamate. Competitors are invited to create a brief prose extract from a newspaper, magazine, or the like, written entirely in one-syllable words so as not to tax the reader. Limit 75 words.

Results of Competition 325, in which you were asked for up to two appropriate items or services for our advertising supplement.

Report: Rent-a-Competition-Result. Repeat-O-Matics: Nose and Ear Floss. Instant Water. Dehydrated Water. Artificial Dandruff. Portable Parking Space. Instamatic Cloner, Shark Attractant. Biodegradable Tires. Monogrammed Fertilizer. Artificial Dirt. Industrial-Strength Flowers. Dial-a-Tone, -a-Dirge, -a-Disease, -a-Divorce. Left-Handed Baseball Bat. Do-It-Yourself Competition Reports. One size fits all. Batteries not included.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

Silent Bat Call
Plastic Pop-Up Casket
Oliver M. Neshamkin M.D., NYC

Pet-Rock Obedience School
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

Anthill Foster-Care Booklet
Dream-Interpreter Chicken
Ida P. Northrup, Pocono Pines, Pa.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

Louis Vuitton Stencil Kit
YSL Insect Strip
John Kroll, Morgantown, W. Va.

Braille "Nothing" Book
Charles E. Madanick, Louisville, Ky.

Self-Winding Cereal Box
Anne Frank Coloring Book
Peter S. Alterman, Denver, Colo.

And Honorable Mention to:

Men's Formal Evening Mittens
Crushable Irish Bog-and-Trotting Hat
Helen Toor, Baltimore, Md.

Bologna Helper
Spyros Sakellariadis, Munhall, Pa.

"I Love Torquemada" T-Shirt
Anna Lambiase, Brooklyn

Aerosol Baptismal Spray
Slo-Cook Microwave Oven
Ruth McCarroll, New Hope, Pa.

Hypoallergenic Bullets
Florence Hathaway, Downsville, N.Y.

Cup O'Therapy
Rent-a-Dial-Tone
Gail Kramer, NYC

Extra-Strength Cotton Candy
Maxine B. Fresh, Sacramento, Calif.

Margarine Substitute
Evelyn Thompson, Upper Montclair, N.J.

No-Knock Panty Hose
L. Kramer, Ridgewood, N.J.

Personalized Cheese
Amanda Raymond, NYC

Inflatable Building of State
Leila Monaghan, Brooklyn

The Barbie & Ken Mausoleum
Sara K. Alterman, Denver, Colo.
sp. mention: Frank J. Denara, Blairsville, Pa.

Fast-Food Mortuary
Solomon Taibi, Brooklyn

Absolvo-Matic: Voice-Activated Confessional
Mary A. Prady, Brooklyn

Portable Great Lakes
His-and-Hers Turnstiles
Richie Tully, Monsey, N.Y.

Digital Grandfather Clock
Moon Socks
Syl Damianos, Knoxville, Tenn.

Battery-Operated Labyrinth
Faster Instant Coffee
Henry Morgan, Truro, Mass.

Tick-and-Flea Day Care
Jess Levin, Raleigh, N.C.

Sugar Canes for the Temporarily Lame
Amplified Rice Krispies for the Hard-of-Hearing
Cookie Gray, Closter, N.J.

Iridescent Meatloaf
Dr. Robert Gargano, Mobile, Ala.

Solid-State Lingerie
Self-Cleaning Doorbell
Patrice Smith, Hicksville, N.Y.

Speed Listening Institute
Peek-a-Tronic Self-Leveling Window Periscope
Barbara Allen, Ridgewood, N.J.

Neon Frame-a-Loved-One (Blinker Optional)
Computer Helper
Sean Nelson, Brooklyn
sp. mention: Ruby Marriott, Athens, Ga.

Mickey Mouse's Little Laetrile Pills (For Curing Laboratory Rats)
Extended Parachute Warranty
David G. Stankow, Carson City, Nev.

Bottled Plains Water
Your Old Car Compacted Into a Coffee Table
Paul Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Original Wheels—Start New Civilizations
Ruth Migdal, Brooklyn

Can't Sleep? Dial-a-Sandperson
Deborah Rogers, NYC

Personalized Currency
W. H. Mock, San Francisco, Calif.

See-Thru G-Strings
Steve Brody, Yorktown Heights., N.Y.

Williams New Lectric Vinyl
Woody Elmore, Bronx

Invisible Dog Leash
Barbara Poppiti, NYC

Biodegradable Neutron-Bomb Shelter
Michael Kirschen, Rochester, N.Y.

Hide-Away Pianos
C. A. Cross, NYC

Penguin of the Month Club
Gerry Struckman, Westwood, N.J.
similarly: Steven Palmer, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Triple Crown Oatmeal
Seeing-Eye-Dog Vodka
George Fairbanks, Nutley, N.J.

The Columbia School of Miracles
John Lippman, Tacoma, Wash.

Morris the Cat Memorial Tape
Don Kelly, Fairfield, Conn.

San Andreas No-Fault Insurance
Physics Building, SUNY, Albany, N.Y.

Coma-Matic
Doberman Pincher
Lorraine and Scott Herzog, South Charleston, W. Va.

Sportnik Denim Yarmulkes
Norton Bramesco, NYC

Petrified Mood Rings
John C. Williams, Fairport, N.Y.

Cricket Bat—Kills Crickets at One Blow
Rose Corbett, Long Island City, N.Y.

Plane-Off Removable Landing Strip
J. Bickart, NYC

Scented Mace Sprayers
Jay McDonnell, NYC

No-Frills Insulin
Miles Klein, E. Brunswick, N.J.

Famous-Name Prayer Beads
Neon Disco Codpiece
Lydia Walshin, Boston, Mass.

Perpetual Pretzel
W. J. Zapic, Lincroft, N.J.

Bury Mart
Do-It-Yourself Headstone Kits
Helena Piccolis, Unalaska, Alaska

Stun-a-Wart
James E. Lee, Salem, Mass.

Official Starsky & Hutch 1979 Police Blotter
Lifetime Golf Tees
Syd Kweller, Augusta, Ga.

Portable All-Vinyl Polo Field
Frank D'Astolfo, NYC

Take-Out Double-Knits
Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

Large-Print Eye Charts
Dr. Arnold Diamond, Bay Terrace, N.Y.

Black-Daisy Suicide Notepaper
Eleanore Padnos, Woodmere, N.Y.

Discomuffs
Brian Plante, Staten Island, N.Y.

Frank B. Campbell's Xmas In July Club
George G. Hankoff, NYC

Pigeon Call (Genuine Cedar)
Stuart T. Baird, King of Prussia, Pa.

Sculpt-by-Numbers Kit
Elbow Grease
Nancy L. Jaffer, Newark, N.J.

Quadraphonic Headphones
Steve Cuprill, Newark, N.J.

Electric Fork*
Disposable Wheat Germ
T. J. Medrek Jr., Hartford, Conn.
**also: Jim Bittman, Chicago, Ill.*

Liquid Ice
Jell-O Cozy
Ron Green, Yonkers, N.Y.

Volcano Rentals
Kriss Frenger, Huntington Beach, Calif.

Pocket Innovator
Primal Cream
Berle B. Decker, Omaha, Nebr.

Custom-Fitted Frisbee Glove
David Felmet, Columbus, Ohio

Lucite Garbage Truck
Lil Wilen, NYC
sp. mention: Sal Rosa, NYC

No-Deposit No-Return Boomerang*
Customized Effigies
Oscar Weigle, Whitestone, N.Y.
**similarly: Amy Stoner, St. Louis, Mo.*

Computer By-Products
Definitive Apparatus Guide
Robert Lagerstrom, NYC

Rent-an-Egg
Bonita Friedman, El Toro, Calif.

Designer Pacemakers
Robyn Cozewith, Hoboken, N.J.

Glow-in-the-Dark Sundial
Karin Butterworth, Swampscott, Mass.

Reversible Hairpiece
Andrew Mezzetti, Flushing Meadows, N.Y.

Milk-Fed Doorknobs
Beatrice Malon, Rego Park, N.Y.

Mail-Order Pancakes
Paul B. McGinley, St. Louis, Mo.

Instant Fossils
Day-Old Wine
Mark Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

Invisible Wedding Rings
Kim Fuller, Miami, Fla.

Easy-Storage Collapsible Lung
Amy Schreiber, Brooklyn

Two-Way Pocket Mirror
similarly: Jack Paul, Brooklyn;
Robert Tobinski, Chicago, Ill.

Day-at-a-Time No-Wind Disposable Watch
Ruth Katz, NYC

Solar Ballet Slippers
Moochie Crowe, Throgs Neck, N.Y.

Flameproof Cigarettes
Glynn Weiner, Whitestone, N.Y.

Live Boll-Weevil Good-Luck Charm Bracelet
Permanent-Press Road Maps
Rose Abrams, Brooklyn

Seven-Speed Stethoscope
Eleanor Paul, Brooklyn

Let Us Print Your Service Directory Ads—If Your Ad Were Here, Someone Would Be Reading It Now!
Ben Kessler, Brooklyn

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 328, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by September 8. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York*, and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of October 9. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards, please.** ■

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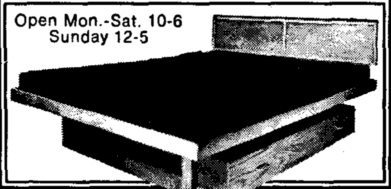

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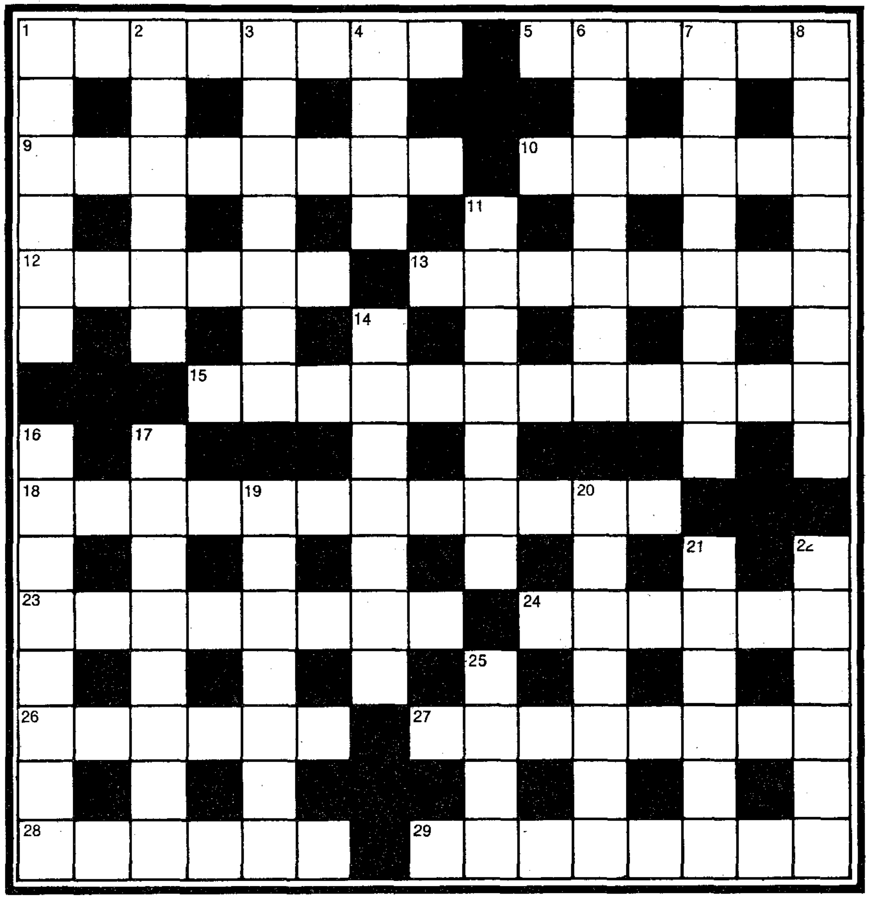
WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON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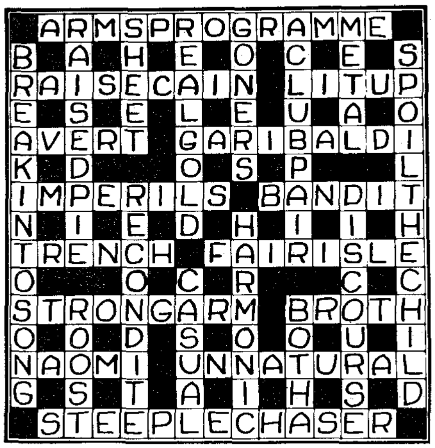
Solution to last issue's puzzle: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O O C R C C
STRONGARM BROTH
O O D S O O U I
NAOMI UNNATURAL
G S T A I H S D
STEEPLECHASER

Clues

ACROSS

1 Spend a lot of time in corridors. (8)
5 Gets an engagement in the nets? (6)
9 Lawmakers take a line in factories. (8)
10 Headless kind of faun running round donkey north of Cuba. (6)
12 Guides the animals. (6)
13 Taking up arms forcibly in joint action? (8)
15 Girl jumps up down-under! (5, 7)
18 Do scouts especially make such medicines? (12)
23 Misfortunes concerning poetry. (8)
24 Perform jazzily one note with beat! (6)
26 Undiminished in diplomacy. (6)
27 Just a shillings-worth for the owl, courtesy of the pig. (4-4)
28 Sinning with King Edward's circle? (6)
29 So calm, they always say, before the big race. (8)

DOWN

1 Pear is distributed by way of commendation. (6)
2 Method of organisation for my sets. (6)
3 At the top of the tree where craft is concerned? (7)
4 Fish from a canoe elsewhere. (4)
6 Charm in love in France. (7)
7 Mercenaries dressed in cloth up to a point. (8)
8 Habitually lazy—so like a pest. (8)
11 Peel a stick, and you've more than enough to make a stretcher. (7)
14 Gets with difficulty into threatening predicaments. (7)
16 Estimate the worth of the odd couple in the recess. (8)
17 River's to be stirred up by this adherent. (8)
19 Fair sort of tin in America for another foreigner. (7)
20 Second-hand plan which Roosevelt carried out? (3, 4)
21 During archaeological exercise, love to discover this dyeing plant (6)
22 Grieved, perhaps? I took no part, but was on edge! (6)
25 Eastern ascetic 'sounds bearish! (4)

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New York Magazine and Possible Postal Strike

If there is a postal strike, subscribers can pick up the next issue of *New York* Magazine by bringing the cover of the September 4, 1978, issue with mailing label as identification to: 755 Second Avenue, at 41st Street, New York City. We will give you the current issue. We don't expect any postal strike to be long. As soon as it is over, all subscribers will be mailed any copies they missed.

Merit Matches Flavor Giants!

—New National Smoker Study

High tar smokers report: low tar MERIT delivers flavor of leading high tar brands.

Read how 'Enriched Flavor'™ MERIT has been endorsed by the results of a new national smoker study.

Results Confirm MERIT Breakthrough

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers rate MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading high tar cigarettes tested! *Cigarettes having up to twice the tar.*

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers confirm taste satisfaction of low tar MERIT.

Detailed interviews were also conducted with current MERIT smokers.

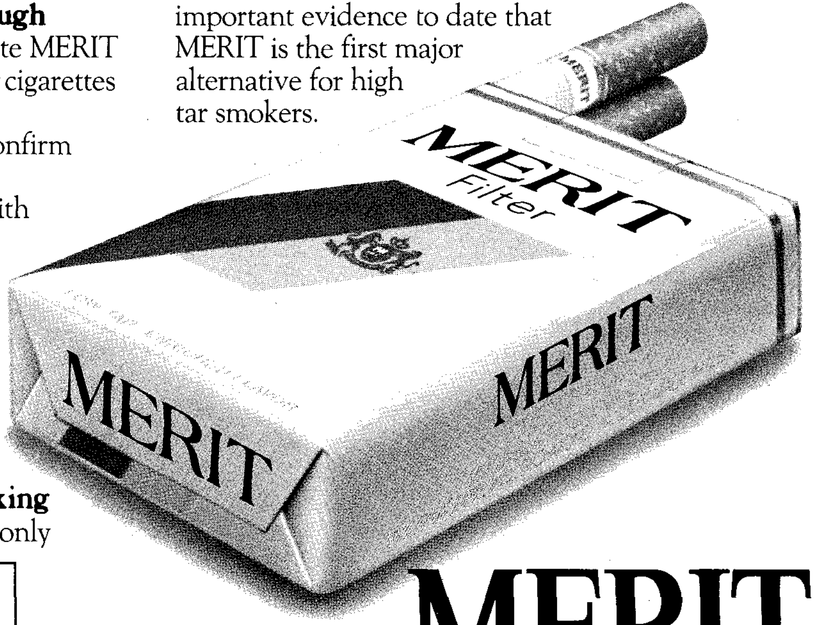
Confirmed: 85% of MERIT smokers say it was an "easy switch" from high tar brands.

Confirmed: Overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers say their former high tar brands weren't missed!

Confirmed: 9 out of 10 MERIT smokers not considering other brands.

First Major Alternative To High Tar Smoking

MERIT has proven conclusively that it not only delivers the flavor of high tar brands—but *continues* to satisfy! This is perhaps the most important evidence to date that MERIT is the first major alternative for high tar smokers.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

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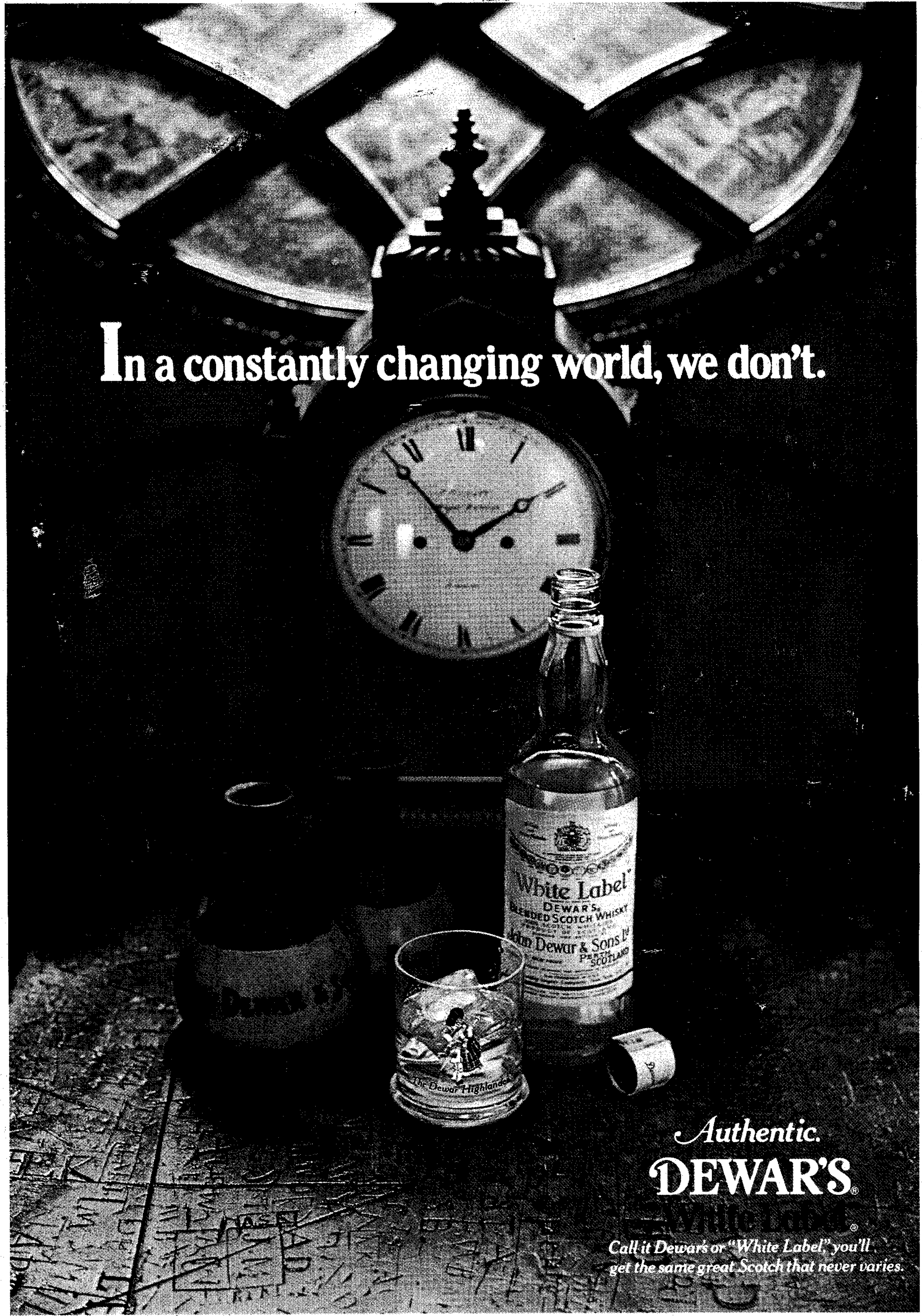
MERIT

Kings & 100's



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